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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

THOMAS PRENTICE KETTELL,

SOLE EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. XXIV.

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1849.

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THE

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

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DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

VOL. XXIV. JANUARY, 1849. NO. CXXVII.

CALIFORNIAN GOLD.*

The lust of gold has been in all ages the chief incentive to daring enterprises, and the most magnificent of these was the attempt to discover a new world, supposed to abound in the desired object; yet the bold adventurers who undertook its exploration, were but partially rewarded for the perils and hardships they encountered. Nevertheless, but one opinion seems to have been entertained in relation to the existence of the metals upon this continent, and this opinion has been supported by the inadequate quantities that from time to time continued but parsimoniously to reward the toil and privation of its seekers. That Cortez, Pizarro, and De Soto were foiled in the object they so eagerly sought; and that the rich prize should at last have fallen to the lot of those who did not neglect industry in its search, is apparently one of those retributive dispensations which sometimes present themselves in the history of mankind. While the Spaniards, after a lingering and barren settlement upon this continent, are being driven back from the rich inheritance of which they have proved themselves unworthy, the Americo-Saxon race, having opened every resource of wealth, made active every means of production, overcome the wilderness and peopled the plains, have now opened, as it were, the national strong-box, and are prepared to fill every channel of trade with the "constitutional currency" in such quantities, as probably may elicit surprise from those who have held the opinion that there is "not coin enough in the world to transact its business." Gold will now come to the American people, not as it presented itself to the indolent Spaniards, viz.: as a means of indulging an inglorious ease, or pampering a voluptuous pride, but as the great instrument of that national progress so compatible with the genius of the people. It is the motive power which will put in operation the already-prepared vast machinery of American enterprise, and be but a means of accelerating the march to national supremacy.

* Official Reports to Congress—Memorial of the citizens of California to Congress.

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The Mexican war, which was supposed to be the knell of the Union, has been scarcely concluded before the object of three centuries' search has been brought to light, and the conquered territory is found to be literally "made of gold." The richest mineral country in the world is that of which Daniel Webster spoke as follows, in his speech on the loan bill, March 23d, 1848:—

"There are other things that seem to affect one's consciousness of being a reasonable man, and evince a disposition to impose on his common sense. And of this class of topics or pretensions I have never heard of anything, and cannot conceive of anything more ridiculous in itself, more absurd, and more affrontive to all sober judgment, than the cry that we are getting indemnity. Indemnity by the acquisition of New Mexico and California! I hold them not to be worth a dollar, and we pay for them a vast sum of money. We have expended, as every body knows, large treasures in the prosecution of the war, and now what is there to constitute indemnity?"

This was certainly said in that spirit of federal prophecy which uniformly is stultified in the event. While the honorable gentleman was yet denouncing the territory as "not worth a dollar," immense sums were being daily extracted from its bosom by American pioneers, and that "manifest destiny" being fulfilled of which the federal party have ever been skeptive.

The fact appears to be well-established, that gold of great purity, and in considerable abundance, exists in the newly acquired territory. Large sums have been already received on the Atlantic border, and being analysed, are found to be nearly of the purity of the United States gold coin; that is to say, the coin is 900-1000ths fine; and of three different lots received from different persons and assayed at the mint, the 1st was 897-1000th, the 2d 894-1000th, and the 3d 894½-1000th. This gold is produced in a quantity averaging $12 per day to the seekers, who have hitherto been destitute of all proper facilities for extracting the metal from the stones and earth in which it is found. The supply is supposed by all parties who have had an opportunity of inspecting the localities, to be almost inexhaustible; and the accounts have stimulated the greatest enterprise in all sections of the United States—so much so that probably 100,000 persons, with every proper instrument for thorough work, will be on the spot in the course of next summer; and from the accounts of the richness of the mines or deposits, very considerable sums, possibly not under $30,000,000 per month, may be expected to arrive in the United States.

The course taken by the excitement is singularly illustrative of the American character, and of that great skill and promptness in applying the principles of "association" to all the concerns of life, which attracts the attention, and awakens the admiration of foreign observers. When the news reached the Atlantic States of the vast mineral wealth of the countries of the Pacific, the first impulse caused a general movement of individuals, all desirous of reaching the spot as soon as possible, and very many vessels were put up to take passengers, as well to Chagres, to cross the peninsula, as to double the cape and reach the desired region, by the most tedious, but probably more sure method of a long sea voyage. The lapse of a few weeks brought reflection. The difficulties to be encountered and the dangers to be incurred, began to be considered, and the means of overcoming them to be devised. The gold regions, situated in a wilderness several hundred miles remote from the small settlements of San Francisco and Monterey, were not only without the protection of any government, but absolutely incapable of sustaining even the population already there. The neighboring countries

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could furnish no supplies, nor could the government ensure the right of property. In such a state of affairs, to await the action of government was impossible; but association afforded the ready means of supplying its functions and overcoming physical difficulties Thus, some 50 industrious and trustworthy men associate together, subscribing $500 each, with which is purchased a fast schooner, of light draft, suitable to ascend the rivers. She is then furnished with a frame-house, ready to be put together on landing, India-rubber tents, clothing, provisions, tools, and machinery of the best description for the working of the ores and extracting the metals. These men, then, fully armed for mutual protection, embark, independently and fearlessly, for a savage wilderness, carrying with them all the necessaries of life and many of the comforts of civilization; amply able to protect themselves and secure their own rights, and if need be, combine with other companies, and govern the country. Hundreds of disbanded Mexican soldiers and desperadoes of all sorts, and from all nations, will mingle doubtless with the adventurous throng, and many an isolated individual may fall a victim to their violence. The larger portion of the mines will, however, be occupied by these companies of the most energetic and enterprising of our citizens, accustomed to self-government, alike ready to administer law or assay metals, to dispense justice or dig gold, and in sufficient strength and numbers to secure the general interest.

It will not be the least curious among the many wonderful changes that take place on this continent, to witness the sudden appearance in the wilds of California, in regions where scarcely an abode or hut was ever before erected, of hundreds of comfortable houses raised as if by magic, and swarming with industrious men, who ransack every ravine, overhaul every rock, and turn every stream from its bed in search of mineral wealth, of the existence of which but vague suspicion has been entertained for centuries. Somewhat similar results, on a smaller scale, were exhibited a few years since on the remote islands of the ocean, which it was discovered abounded in guano; not unfrequently, small islands, never before visited by man, were surrounded with ships, the crews of which thronged the surface, and fiercely fought for the accumulated ordure of ages that constituted its soil, and which ultimately fertilized the fields of most civilized countries. The gold, like the guano, will stimulate production in all nations, and add to the rewards of industry. But the locality of its extraction will not, like the islands, be abandoned when denuded of its present attraction, but will have acquired in the population which that attraction has drawn thither, a far greater wealth than it will have lost by their means. With every element of a most extensive manufacturing and commercial country, the vast expanse of the Pacific and Indian oceans will be commanded by its ships, the commerce of Asia opened to the American world, and civilized commerce, like the boastful "drums of England," will have encircled the world. It is not a little singular that the mineral treasures of California should have been reserved for centuries as a bait to lure at a fitting moment the Americo-Saxon race to its shores, and thus advance the progress of the country by at least fifty years.

This is, however, by no means the first gold fever which has affected the American mind, and it becomes the prudent to take counsel of experience. In fact, there is scarcely a state in which gold, in greater or less quantities, has not been discovered. The United States census for 1840, mentions seven states as producing gold, viz: Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, and

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Illinois. The first gold was discovered in North Carolina as early as 1801, and in 1803 a negro discovered, on the land of Mr. Reid, a lump which weighed 27lbs., and yielded, at the United States mint, some $4,868; other lumps were subsequently discovered. One of 75 ounces yielded the owner, Mr. Peck, of Lancaster, S. C., $1,000. Mines continued to be opened, both "vein mines" and "surface mines," or alluvial deposites, in all the states above mentioned, and, in 1830, great excitement prevailed throughout the country. Many companies were formed, and much capital invested for the prosecution of business, guided by a report upon the subject by Professor Olmstead, of Yale College, who represented the gold country as 1,000 square miles in extent. The following extract from a New-York paper, in the year 1831, shows the state of things then existing:—

"It is not five years since these mines began to be worked to any considerable extent; indeed, it is hardly half that period. And yet many of them are worked upon an extensive scale, and mills for grinding the ore, propelled by water or by steam, are erected in vast numbers. One of the Messrs. Bissels, who are probably doing more at the business than any others, told me, recently, that their company employs 600 hands. And he stated that the whole number of men now employed at the mines, in these southern states, is at least 20,000. He also estimated the weekly product of these mines to be equal in value to $100,000, or $5,000,000 annually. But a small part of the gold is sent to the United States mint. By far the larger part is sent to Europe, particularly to Paris.

"The chief miners (I mean laborers) are foreigners—Germans, Swiss, Swedes, Spaniards, English, Welsh, Scotch, &c. There are no less than *thirteen* different languages spoken at the mines in this state! And men are flocking to the mines from all parts, and find ready employment. Hundreds of land owners and renters work the mines on their grounds on a small scale, not being able to encounter the expense of much machinery.—The state of morals among the miners or laborers is represented to be deplorably bad.

"The village of *Charlotte*, in Mecklenberg county, is in the immediate vicinity of several of the largest mines. It is growing rapidly.

"Before I conclude this brief account of the gold mines, I ought to state one fact, which is of deep interest; that is, that there are indubitable evidences that these mines were known and *worked* by the aboriginal inhabitants, or some other people, a long period since. Many pieces of machinery which were used for this purpose have been found. Among them are several *crucibles* of earthenware, and far better than those now in use. Mr. B. told me that he had tried three of them, and stated that they last twice or three times as long as even the Hessian crucibles, which are the best now made."

In 1840, Mr. J. R. Wheeler, superintendent of the branch mint, at Charlotte, N. C., which, with the branch at Dahlonega, Geo., had been established in 1838, to coin the metals extracted from these mines, made a report to Congress, by which it appeared, that although the vein mines continued rich, they were, to some extent, abandoned. The companies had been dissolved, the capital lost, the negroes withdrawn to cotton plantations, and the mines were worked only by neighboring farmers, and others, when the circumstances of regular employments permitted leisure. The census of 1840 reported 157 gold smelting houses in all the states, and the annual product at $529,605; 1,045 men were stated as employed, and $234,325 capital invested. The quantity of United States gold deposited at the mints for coinage, from 1824 to 1848, has been as follows:

YIELD OF UNITED STATES MINES, 1825 TO 1848.

Charlotte, N. C.	1,662,764	New-Orleans	$127,532
Dahlonega, Geo.	3,211,960	Philadelphia	7,739,391
Total			$12,741,647

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The highest quantity obtained in one year, was in 1846, reaching $1,139,357. In 1847, however, $889,081 only was produced—being less than in any year since 1842. The working of these mines has, by no means, fulfilled the hopes their discovery excited, but the actual product of the California gold already realized, is far in excess of anything ever obtained in the Atlantic states. Comparing the quality of the gold, that of California is as good. The following are comparative averages of all the gold deposited at the mint from different localties; all the mines vary greatly in the quality of the product. One mine, in Georgia, yields gold, uniformly, 980 *a* 990 thousandths; another, a few miles distant, 830 thousandths. In North Carolina, the difference is 580 to 980 fine. The averages are as follows:

Virginia, amalgamated	.....670 to 970	thousandths	920	mean.
North Carolina, washed grain	.....841 to 844	"	842	"
South Carolina	" .....900 to 990	"	925	"
Georgia	" .....820 to 995	"	950	"
Santa Fe	" .....941 to 952	"	950	"
New-Grenada	" .....825 to 875	"	850	"
California, recent arrivals,	" .....894 to 897	"	895	"

The fact of large quantities of gold of great purity existing in California, and of its rapid extraction by increasing numbers of miners, gives rise to many serious questions;—first, in relation to the duty of the government in the matter, and of its ability to act; and second, in relation to the effect which large supplies of gold will have financially upon internal industry and international commerce. In relation to the first matter there exists the most urgent necessity for the prompt action of the government. The great difficulty is, however, as to its mode of action. This is the great problem. All idea of force or restraint would seem to be to the last degree puerile, yet many such plans are presented. One of them, as an instance, requires the organization of a force of 10.000 volunteers to guard the gold region, and prevent the ingress of all but those licensed, and to require these to deposite two-thirds of their produce, one-third to go to the government, one-third to the volunteer force, the miner retaining one portion to himself. By this project a circumference of 2,000 miles is to be guarded by 10,000 men—say *five men to one hundred square miles!* to prevent people from digging gold! The difficulty of which may be estimated in the fact, that the best regulated gold mines in the world lose one-half their profits through the facility with which miners can conceal the choice lumps. It is however stated, that the gold region is accessible only by certain passes which can be easily closed. All the laws of Spain with the penalty of death, could not prevent gold from leaving that country at the calls of interest.

In relation to the share of the government, it may be remarked, that the worst possible evil which could befall the country would be for the government to command any considerable quantity of money. The guarantee of republicanism is governmental poverty. In the next place, the community at large can be benefited only by the freedom with which the metal can be made available for public use. The only safe principle for governmental action is conciliation; to avoid all approach to coercion or restraint, and to facilitate the mining by every means in its power, and this can be accomplished only by coming in aid of the diggers. This may be effected, first, by the speedy establishment of a mint or government agency. As soon as that is done, let the agency take all the gold that offers, giving the owner a certificate at a margin of ten or perhaps twenty per cent., payable to the

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order of the owner, say in four or five months, in New-York or some Atlantic city. All the gold thus collected and coined by the government could then be sent round in the government frigates to meet the drafts here. The important conditions to be fulfilled are:

First, to see that the government gets a per centage of all dug. In the case of the copper and lead mines this is fixed at six per cent.

Second, to see that the *miners get the full value of the gold* they dig.

Third, to see that the gold comes to the United States, to act for the benefit of the whole community in its operation upon the trade and prosperity of the Union, and that it is not stolen by foreign nations.

Fourth, to see that the gold is transported safely, and does not tempt swarms of pirates to infest the seas through which undefended merchant vessels, laden with gold, would come home.

All these conditions may be fulfilled by the plan indicated. The memorial of the California people to Congress sets forth the fact that they "cannot get a fair price for gold." It sells at $8 for an ounce, worth $16. If, now, the government gives $13 or $14 per ounce, in a certificate payable in coin in New-York, it will get its tax, the miner will get $5 per ounce more than he gets now, and, being saved all risk and expense of transportation, will be eager to avail himself of the privilege, and therefor yield up all he digs. The employment of the navy in transporting the coin to the Atlantic border will avert all danger of piracy, while the influx and disbursement of the money in our cities will impart a portion of its benefits to all classes of society. The only means of regulation is clearly to meet the interests of all parties; coercion or restraint is not only impracticable, but the attempt will be in the highest degree injurious. This matter of receiving the gold in exchange for the treasury drafts should not be delayed a moment. It is not necessary to wait until the mint is built. One or two frigates may be ordered to the spot, and Governor Mason, as assistant treasurer, aided by competent and sufficiently responsible officers, allowed under the existing law, to take the gold for drafts at once. A margin of twenty per cent. would readily be submitted to by the miners, and will be more than sufficient to ensure the government against loss.

Should the gold continue abundant, the resulting production may be approximated. Thus there are reported to be 4000 persons, one-half Indians, at work. Of the whites, one-half is composed of the New-York volunteer regiment, under Col. Jonathan D. Stevenson, and the remainder are individual adventurers. All these persons are at work without adequate utensils or tools. The fingers and hands of most are their only instruments. Poorly provided as they are, the lowest estimate of their actual average production, man, woman and child, is $8 per head per day. Mr. Cutting, a gentleman recently from that region, and who was in poor health, reports on his arrival at New-Orleans, that 42 days' labor produced him $1,500, which is at the rate of $35 per day, and on account of his health, he did not visit the best localities, which are in the streams. From November till March, on account of the rains, but little digging is done. By the time the working season commences 100,000 persons will probably be on the spot from the Sandwich Islands and the Atlantic states, as well as from Oregon and all the neighboring states of North and South America, with every instrument and means to facilitate the largest production; and these persons will not be satisfied with less than the minimum now produced, say $8 per day, in which case the product of the whole must be $1,000,000 per day, or, say $350,000,000 per annum. But the number of miners will constantly in-

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crease, and should the supply hold out, by March, 1850, *double that sum will have been produced!* The magnitude of such results is startling, and leads to the question of its financial effects upon the commerce of the United States, and ultimately of the world. In this connexion it becomes necessary to consider in some degree what the general production has hitherto been, the probable existing quantities of the precious metals, and the effect which the opening of rich mines has hitherto produced.

It is scarcely possible to arrive accurately at the production of the precious metal in any country. Thus a high Mexican functionary estimates the product in that country at $80,000,000, while no data can be found by which to estimate it at more than $12,000,000. Nevertheless, a respectable English authority has given the product for forty years, ending with 1830, as follows:—

	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
Mexico	£6,436.453	139,818,032	146,254.485
Chili	2,768,488	1,822,924	4,591,412
Buenos Ayres	4,024,895	27,182,673	31,207,568
Russia	3,703,743	1,502,981	5,206,724
Total	£16,933,579	170,336,610	187,260,189

This gives an annual product of £4,700,000, or $22,560,000. Since then, that is, in the last 17 years, the production of the United States' mines has reached $1,000,000 per annum, and those of Russia alone produce $20,000,000 per annum. The progress in that country is indicated in the following extract from an official paper, dated December 3, 1847:—

"The following appears, by the return of British consuls, to be the quantity of gold produced in the empire of Russia, in the ten years ending with 1846:—

1837	£ 900,673	1842	£1,848,808
1838	1,004,120	1843	2,635,386
1839	1,003,403	1844	2,730,647
1840	1,115,037	1845	2,792,156
1841	1,316,653	1846	3,414,427

"It is added, in this return, that "there is reason to believe that considerable quantities have not been declared." And, also, that new mines have been discovered in the Oural; while the fact that an Imperial Ukase has lately forbidden the sale of public estates in the region of the auriferous sands of Siberia, justifies the inference that the government has made successful surveys in that direction. In the Ukase of March 31, 1847, which orders the investment of £4,600,000 in the English and French funds, the "bullion fund" existing in St. Petersburgh is stated to amount to 114,000,000 of rubles, or nearly £20,000,000 sterling."

The whole production now, exclusive of California, is not far from $50,000,000 per annum. The proportionate value between gold and silver has also undergone a change, as well as the value of both metals as compared with other products of industry. Thus in Europe, prior to the discovery of America, gold was to silver as one to ten; as silver flowed in from America faster than gold, it depreciated in comparison, and by 1650, reached one to fourteen. At the organization of the United States mint, in 1792, it was held to be one to fifteen; and in 1834 was supposed to have still farther depreciated, from greater production, as indicated in the above table, and the gold bill of 1834 fixed the ratio at 1 to 16.215. This was found to be too low, and the bill of 1837 fixed it at 1 to 15.988 at which it has since remained. The total quantity of silver to gold has been esti-

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mated at 55 to 1, although the ratio is 1 to 15 relatively. This depends upon various causes, among which is the great demand for silver for use in the arts, gold being too dear for such purposes, and this fact lowers its value much below what it would be if the demand for it for use was proportionably as great as for silver, which, although much more abundant than tin or bismuth, is much superior in price to those metals. Under the joint operation of the Californian and Russian mines, the value of gold may again fall to the relative proportion it held to silver before the discovery of America, viz.: 1 to 10; both metals, however, being far cheaper in proportion to other products of industry. The mines of California, rich, numerous, and easily worked by augmenting the mass of gold and silver, must lessen the value of these metals as compared with the objects of commerce, so that, other things being equal, there will be required a larger amount of money to transact the same bnsiness. The productions of the Russian and Californian mines may also have the effect of causing many old mines to be discontinued, through the fall in the value of the metal, and not because the auriferous sands or veins become less rich. If a sufficient supply of the metals are obtained at one ounce for a day's labor, those mines that yield but one-fourth of an ounce for the same labor will be abandoned, and the supply thus curtailed. It will also result from the relative fall in the value of gold, that that metal will displace silver in many works of art. Gold plate will certainly be preferred to silver, if it can be obtained as readily. Gold is more easily hoarded and concealed than silver, and will therefore to a far greater extent bury itself among the savings of the people of Europe and Asia.

In relation to the quantities of precious metals in the United States, it is perhaps more easy to approximate a result than in the countries of Europe, but it must be still far from accurate. Thus, when the country was first settled, there was none here, yet as the population increased large sums were found to be here. Adam Smith remarks, in relation to exchanges, that through the operation of colonial laws, what is called "balance of trade," was found uniformly to be against the American colonies, which did not produce the metal, yet nevertheless always found sufficient wherewith to pay the balances. Very large sums came, doubtless, into the country in the hands of immigrants, particularly in New-England, as coin and as plate, some of which exist to this day. Down to 1820, there is no distinct record of the quantities imported and exported, in that year Mr. Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury, in his report on the currency, stated the quantity of specie in the banks to be $28,000,000, and estimated $4,500,000 in circulation, making $32,500,000 in the country. From that time to the close of 1847, the import and export of the precious metals have given an excess of $103,170,012 of importation* of foreign coins and metals.

* IMPORT AND EXPORT OF GOLD AND SILVER INTO THE UNITED STATES.

	Imports.				Exports.			
	Gold Bullion.	Coin.	Silver Bullion.	Coin.	Gold Bullion.	Coin.	Silver Bullion.	Coin.
To 1839	4,698,280	30,965,798	9,112,286	122,943,951	347,568	12,497,182	880,591	93,366,816
1840	273,127	469,434	3,812,030	5,138,222	—	1,468,300	47,689	4,665,982
1841	137,749	1,131,700	274,225	3,444,959	166,086	677,297	63,011	6,381,452
1842	56,365	700,929	39,458	3,290,264	—	1,134,002	—	2,508,783
1843	100,845	16,965,602	142,199	5,111,699	450	299,808	—	1,113,104
1844	33,150	1,530,154	208,694	4,008,431	—	1,183,116	—	4,087,693
1845	66,193	1,753,747	41,275	3,210,117	—	2,210,979	—	5,551,070
1846	14,150	892,263	33,589	2,833,740	—	1,629,346	—	1,852,060
1847	151,748	21,423,182	71,873	2,474,435	—	2,474,435	—	1,212,270
	5,585,388	74,821,809	13,735,619	152,645,817	514,124	21,373,127	991,291	120,740,609
Excess Import					5,071,394	53,448,682	12,744,328	31,905,208

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In addition to this sum, there has been derived from the United States' mines, and coined in the mint and branches, $12,711,647. There has also been received from abroad, in the hands of immigrants, very considerable and annually increasing sums, which cannot be estimated at less than an average of $1,000,000 per annum since 1820, making $27,000,000. These sums together will make $142,911,659 as the accession of the precious metals since 1820, when $32,500,000 was reported on hand. From that sum must be deducted $21,083,551 of United States coin exported from 1820 to 1847, leaving $11,416,449 to be added to the supply, making $154,328,108 as the present quantity of metals in the country. In this estimation the demand for the use of the arts is supposed to be supplied by old plate and jewelry, and by the quantities of such articles brought constantly into the country. The operations of the United States mint have, from its establishment, been as follows:—

UNITED STATES COINAGE.

	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
1793 to 1848	72,565,927 70	71,426,464 90	143,992,392 40
Prior to 1820	7,431,545 00	10,780,431 00	18,411,976 00
1820 to 1848	65,134,372 50	60,446,033 90	$125,580,416 40

Now, it is observable that the coinage of the mints, from 1820 to 1848, exceeds, by $22,410,404 the whole net import of the foreign metals in the same period, as follows:—

United States coinage		125,580,416 40
Foreign metals imported	103,170,012	
Supplied from United States mines	12,741,647	
mmigration coin, old jewelry, and re-coinage	9,568,457	
		125,580,416 40

In relation to the amount of coin brought into the country by immigrants, it will be remarked, that $9,668,457 more money has been coined at the mint than has been derived from the mines and from importation together. It would, therefore, follow that there was at the close of the year 1847, no foreign coin in the country; but we have the fact, that from the port of New-York alone there was, for the year ending with November 1848, a nett export of $13,000,000, nearly all foreign coin, which could have been derived from no other source than the hands of immigrants, who did not report it on arrival at the Custom House. We have only doubled this large apparent supply for one year, as the whole sum derived from that source since 1820.

It is probably the case, that in the last fifty years the demand for the precious metals has been, for purposes of commerce, quite equal to the supply. As all the nations of Europe have advanced in agriculture and manufactures and become more wealthy, they have required more of the precious metals, notwithstanding that *pari passu* with that advance inwealth, the supply has been virtually enhanced through the increased activity of the circulation and the decrease of hoarding. Thus the United States, as an example, had at the commencement of the present century, as estimated by Blodget, Cox, and others, $20,000,000 specie in the country. This has increased, as shown above, to $150,000,000, being a demand for $130,000,000, or an increase of near $3,000,000 per annum in the United States alone. Thus, the demand of the United States has been in fifty years, equal

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to one-fourth of the production of Mexico in the same period. The amount habitually held by the Bank of England has in the same time increased $50,000,000. In Great Britain, and in all countries that advance in riches, the demand for gold and silver increases, like that for all articles of use and ostentation, and consequently they flow toward the richest country as that which pays the best for them. Among poor nations gold and silver will not remain, even although those countries produce the metals. Great Britain has, at this moment, in her banks, a sum of money equal to $85,000,000, which has been dispensed with, partially as a currency, through supposed economizing expedients; and the Bank of France holds under the same circumstances, $44,100,000. These reserves of the precious metals, although much greater than in former years, are now scarcely adequate to the demands which a season of bad harvests makes upon them for the purchase of corn, because the quantity of corn required is much greater, and the expense of transporting heavier, than in former years. The Bank of England held over $80,000,000 in 1846, yet that sum was regarded with solicitude when the magnitude of the demands for the purchase of corn developed itself. Throughout Europe the hoards of the precious metals are at all times large in private hands. Every banker has at command a greater or less metallic reserve, and as these are multiplied and business becomes more extensive, a larger reserve is required.

The United States will now present themselves in the attitude not only of a gold-producing country, but one which can produce it cheaper than all others. An object of universal demand becomes here in abundant supply, and if poured into the great channels of trade in the shape of circulable coin, it becomes in the hands of the possessors an instrument of demand for all the products of industry. Gold itself is neither wealth nor productive property. The profit in it consists in parting with it. If a quantity equal to the amount now in the country is produced, it will create a demand to an equal extent for all other products of industry. This has already partly taken place. Very nearly one hundred vessels, and large quantities of all kinds of goods and produce, has already been demanded by the possessors of the gold; and this demand will continue, and spread to real estate and all branches of industry in the country. Those who profit by the demand from the gold mines directly, will enhance their own demands for the product of others. This universal demand enhances prices. Thus every *possessor of property and labor* will in some degree be benefitted by the gold dug. It then must result that goods and produce from abroad will come hither to sell at the high prices so created, while the exports of goods and produce must be checked from the same cause; hence the specie will go abroad to the *richest country*, or that which gives the best prices for it; that is to say, the most goods for a given quantity. From that country, and for similar reasons, the gold will spread over the face of the earth, until it has found its level, as manifested in the general equalization of prices at a higher level, than that which existed prior to the influx of the metals.

The supply must, however, be very large to affect prices perceptibly. The importation of $23,000,000, in 1847, probably equal to one-sixth of all in the country, neither perceptibly affected prices nor promoted speculation, because, at that juncture, the reduction of all paper credits simultaneously with a great increase of national prosperity, caused an equal demand for the metals, and the conservative action of the Treasury department was to coin and circulate actively in all the channels of trade the metals so imported. Had they been allowed to remain, unfit for circulation, in cumbrous masses

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of foreign coin, in bank, an excess of paper would have been created that would speedily have driven forth the coin. This continued action of the Independent Treasury system, aided by mints, upon the gold as it is produced, is necessary in the highest degree to check the inevitable rise in prices, and prevent the gold from flowing out of the country *before it shall have fully operated upon property in the interior* of the country. The country must be *saturated* with gold in order that every individual in it may partake of its advantages. If the action of the Independent Treasury is disturbed the gold will go into bank vaults, and be exported abroad for the benefit of speculators, before the people of the Union have derived any benefits from it.

It is to be hoped that some plan similar to that above suggested will immediately be adopted by the government, and that in so doing, it will derive as much profit from a per centage on the gold as will pay the whole expenses of the government, and permit the entire abrogation of the Custom Houses, with their troops of officers, without the necessity of levying any tax upon the people at large. The constant attempts to tax the many for the benefit of the few, and to extend executive patronage, have already been renewed in Congress. Small, superficial politicians, have already sought to take advantage of the defeat of the democratic party, through the infamous treachery of Mr. Van Buren and his free-soil followers, to disturb the commerce of the country, and tax its industry for the benefit of those who carried certain representative districts in New-York and Philadelphia, by the corrupt and direct disbursements of large sums of money, and who openly boast that they "will attain the highest offices in the gift of the people through the power of money." The gold deposites in the new territory may now offer the means, without resorting to direct taxation to abolish all customs duties, discharge 10,000 officers from the pay of the government, and from interference with the elective franchise; and also to abolish all postages, and defray the whole expense of the department from the same source, carrying *all letters and newspapers free to all parts of the Union.* By this means we may present to the world the glorious spectacle of a free people, governed absolutely without taxation, or the creationof any machinery like the pernicious protective system, contrived to fleece the many in order to pamper the wealth of the few.

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THE EXECUTIVE VETO.

"Nostra autem respublica non unius esset ingenio sed multorum; nec una hominis vita, sed aliquot constituta sæculis et ætalibus."—*Cicero de Republica.*

To devise forms of government which shall be adapted to the condition of future generations, requires an almost unearthly wisdom. The ancients, convinced of this truth, pretended that their law-givers, imperfect as experience proved their labors, held counsel with superior beings. In modern times, when sober reason has refused to credit this imaginary intercourse of man with divinity, the favorite schemes of legislating philosophers have signally failed. Fifty years have, however, elapsed since the framers of our Constitution completed the great work of their lives, and the impartial observer of American history can find but few defects in the edifice which they constructed. Its value is to be measured by the undisturbed prosperity of our country for half a century, and by the undisputed supremacy of order and law over twenty millions of people. It has acquired beauty, and received no detriment from foreign criticism, and has gathered strength from its contests with internal faction. Selfish agitators, defeated by its wise provisions, have at different times charged almost every portion of it with imperfection, and endeavoured to have it reconstructed anew. Within a few years the executive veto has been the object of frequent and virulent attack. It is said to be a blemish on the Constitution, and to require repeal. It is alleged to have been exercised in violation of the spirit of that instrument, and of the intentions of its authors, as well as in wanton disregard of the rights and wishes of the people. It may not be an unprofitable study to inquire into the reasons which caused the veto power to be intrusted to the executive; to ascertain whether those reasons still exist, and whether that power has been sufficiently abused to authorize its abolition.

The federal convention were nearly unanimous in the opinion that it was politic to give the executive a negative upon the acts of the legislature.* Instead of being vehemently resisted, as has been asserted, it encountered but feeble opposition. The question discussed was not whether there should be a negative or not, but whether it should be limited or unlimited, and whether it should be intrusted solely to the executive, or jointly to the executive and the judiciary. Among those who advocated an absolute negative, were numbered, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Wilson. It was opposed by Dr. Franklin, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Sherman. The majority in favor of a limited negative was decided. It was argued, conclusively, that the British executive had given his consent to salutary laws only on condition of having his prerogative increased; and by provoking Parliament to assert its legitimate rights, had invited their usurpation of his own; and that an absolute negative would operate in a similar manner in this country, as it had already in its colonial history, and disarrange the very balance of power which it was instituted to maintain. A portion of the convention were in favor of constituting the judiciary a part of the revisionary council. This proposition was ably supported by Mr. Madison, on the ground that

* "Mr. Gorham · All agree that a check on the legislature is necessary."

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"it would be useful to the judiciary department, by giving it an additional opportunity of defending itself against legislative encroachments, and would be useful to the executive by inspiring additional confidence and firmness in exerting the revisionary power." The superior arguments of Mr. Martin prevailed, that it would bring the two departments under each other's influence, and would commit the judiciary against the constitutionality of the disapproved bills, if, after having been passed by the requisite majority in Congress they were submitted to the decision of the supreme court. The motion of Mr. Gerry, to intrust the limited negative to the executive alone, was carried by a vote of eight states in the affirmative to two in the negative. It is probable that these two states opposed it only because the judiciary was not associated with the executive in exercising it. Mr. Bedford, of Delaware, was the only member who, in debate, opposed it in every form. The blank of Mr. Gerry's motion, by which a certain majority of the legislature could overrule the revisionary check of the executive, was ordered, by a unanimous vote, to be filled with two-thirds, which was afterwards altered to three-fourths. The original fraction was finally restored, and the following clause became a part of the Constitution:—

"Every bill which shall have passed the House of Representatives and the Senate, shall, before it become a law, be presented to the President of the United States. If he approve, he shall sign it; but if not, he shall return it with his objections, to that house in which it shall have originated, who shall enter the objections at large on their journal, and proceed to reconsider it. If, after such reconsideration, two-thirds of that house shall agree to pass the bill, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other house, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by two-thirds of that house, shall become a law."

From their debates we cannot ascertain all the reasons which the framers of the Constitution had for intrusting the executive with a veto power. So universally did the opinion prevail that he should be intrusted with it that it was unnecessary for them to defend the measure. We may, however, upon careful examination, infer from their debates, as well as from the public expositions and vindications of the Constitution by some of its authors, and from the messages of others of them who afterwards exercised it, what were the objects for which it was granted.

In accordance with their accustomed policy, they adopted an institution to which habit had conformed them, with such modifications as would adapt it to their character and form of government. The English executive had a negative on the acts of Parliament, and the colonial governors on those of the colonial legislatures. Though its unlimited exercise by rulers not appointed by the people had been productive of great oppression, they saw in it the elements of a good institution, if employed in a limited manner by temporary rulers of their own election. Whilst the Stuarts had made it an instrument of oppression by withholding their assent to beneficial laws till Parliament would increase their prerogative, yet since the renovation of the British constitution, at the accession of the house of Brunswick, it had not been exercised.

One of their objects in giving the executive the power to suspend the acts of the legislature, was to enable him to defend himself against its encroachments. Drawing their inferences from history and reason, they believed that in a free government the tendency was for the legislature to absorb all its powers. They sought to prevent this disastrous result by dividing it into two houses, by imposing checks on their united acts, and by carefully guarding the other departments against attack. They intended to invest

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the executive with all the powers requisite for a free execution of the laws, and not inconsistent with the balance of the government, the genius of a republic, and the rights of the people. Assuming the power to be proper, they sought to guard it with barriers which would prevent its invasion. That this was one of their objects, may be inferred from the following quotations from a speech of Mr. Madison, and from the seventy-third number of the Federalist. In defending a union of the executive and the judiciary in a revisionary council, Mr. Madison said:

"It was much more to be apprehended, that, notwithstanding this co-operation of the two departments, the legislature would still be an overmatch for them. Experience in all the states had evinced a powerful tendency in the legislature to absorb all power into its vortex. This was the real source of danger to the American constitutions, and suggested the necessity of giving every defensive authority to the other departments that was consistent with republican principles."—*Madison Papers*, 1163.

The following extract from the Federalist, illustrates the same idea:

"The propensity of the legislative department to intrude upon the rights, and to absórb the powers, of the other departments, has been already more than once suggested; the insufficiency of a mere parchment delineation of the boundaries of each, has also been remarked upon; and the necessity of furnishing each with constitutional arms for its own defence, has been inferred and proved. From these clear and indubitable principles results the propriety of a negative, either absolute or qualified, in the executive, upon the acts of the legislative branches. Without the one or the other, the former will be absolutely unable to defend himself against the usurpations of the latter. He might gradually be stripped of his authority by successive resolutions, or annihilated by a single vote. And in the one mode or the other, the legislative and executive powers might speedily come to be blended in the same hands. If even no propensity had ever discovered itself in the legislative body, to invade the rights of the executive, the rules of just reasoning and theoretic propriety would of themselves teach us, that the one ought not to be left at the mercy of the other, but ought to possess a constitutional and effectual power of self-defence."

The second object of the limited negative was, by subjecting bills to the judgment and revision of different departments, to prevent immature, unwise and unequal legislation. Bills of this character were likely to be passed, through the press of business or the influence of sectional feelings. The executive, more open to calm reflection, and less liable, by being elected by the whole nation, to be controlled by local prejudices, was considered to be a fit depository of the revisionary powers. That this was one of their objects will be evident to any one who marks the following extracts from the speeches of the members of the convention.

Mr. Sherman said:

"*He thought we ought to avail ourselves of his (the executive's) wisdom in revising the laws*, but not permit him to overrule the decided and cool opinions of the legislature."—*Madison Papers*, 786.

In advocating the union of the executive and the legislature in the revisionary council, Mr. Wilson said—

"Laws may be unjust, may be unwise, may be dangerous, may be destructive; and yet may not be so unconstitutional as to justify the judges in refusing to give them effect. *Let them have a share in the revisionary powers, and they will have an opportunity of taking notice of the character of a law, and of counteracting by the weight of their opinions the improper views of the legislature.*—Id. 1162.

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Mr. Madison, in advocating the same proposition, said—

"*It would moreover be useful to the community at large, as an additional check against a pursuit of those unwise and unjust measures which constituted so great a portion of our calamities.*"—Id. 1163.

"Col. Mason observed, that the defence of the executive was not the sole object of the revisionary power. He expected even greater advantages from it. Notwithstanding the precautions taken in the constitution of the legislature, it would still so much resemble that of the individual states, that it must be expected frequently to pass unjust and pernicious laws. This restraining power was, therefore, essentially necessary. *It would have the effect, not only of hindering the final passage of such laws, but would discourage demagogues from attempting to get them passed.*—Id. 1168.

The same views are presented in the seventy-third number of the Federalist:

"It not only serves as a shield to the Executive, but it furnishes an additional security against the enaction of improper laws. *It establishes a salutary check upon the legislative body, calculated to guard the community against the effects of faction, precipitancy, or of any impulse unfriendly to the public good, which may happen to influence a majority of that body,*"

"The primary inducement to conferring the power in question upon the Executive, is to enable him to defend himself; *the secondary, is to increase the chances in favor of the community against the passing of bad laws through haste, inadvertence or design.*"

A statement of the reasons for exercising the veto power, which were given in the messages of those Presidents who were contemporary with and assisted in the formation of the Constitution, may serve to explain the purpose and determine the limits of that power.

On April 5th, 1792, President Washington vetoed a "bill for the apportionment of representatives among the states," with two constitutional objections. This veto was recommended by two members of his cabinet, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Randolph, and not opposed by Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Knox, because the President had not the power to make it. The motion in the House to pass the bill, notwithstanding his objections, was negatived by a vote of twenty-eight in its favor to thirty-three against it. A new bill was prepared and passed, which received his sanction.

On March 1st, 1797, he veteod an amendment to an act, entitled "an act to ascertain and fix the military establishment of the United States." His objections were not based on the unconstitutionality, but on the injustice and impolicy of the act. He objected to the bill, that it discharged the dragoons without giving them proper remuneration; that it would be inconvenient and not compatible with economy to discharge them at the time contemplated by it; and that, in his opinion, cavalry was the least expensive and most useful portion of the regular army. "It will," said he, "be *inconvenient and injurious* to the public to dismiss the light dragoons as soon as notice of the law can be conveyed to them, one of the companies having been lately destined to a necessary and important service. It is generally agreed that some cavalry, either militia or regular, will be necessary, and *according to the best information I have been able to obtain, it is my opinion* that the latter will be less expensive and more useful than the former."

President Madison's first vetoes were made against two bills, concerning religious societies—the one incorporating and the other relieving a society. Constitutional objections were urged against them. On February 27th, 1817, he vetoed the Bonus bill, by which the share in the dividends of the

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national bank, which the United States received, was set apart for purposes of internal improvement. Said he, in his message, "I am constrained *by the insuperable difficulty I feel in reconciling the bill with the constitution of the United States*, to return it with that objection to the House of Representatives, in which it originated."

On May 4th, 1822, President Monroe vetoed "an act for the preservation and repair of the Cumberland Road." The objection he made to it was, that "Congress did not possess the power, under the Constitution, to pass such a law."

The vetoes of Presidents Jackson and Tyler, embracing reasons derived from the unconstitutionality and inexpediency of the proposed laws, will not be adduced, because, among their opponents are found the principal opponents of the veto power, who would not admit their authority. The views of President Harrison, expressed in his inaugural address, will not be received by them with the same prejudice, and will therefore be presented. Some of his reasoning is erroneous, but his conclusion is perfectly satisfactory. He believed that none of his predecessors had exercised the veto power on the ground of inexpediency, while a careful examination of their messages would have relieved him of his error. If he had borne in mind the debates in the convention, and especially a remark of Mr. Sherman, he would have qualified the proposition, if he had stated it at all, that "its members did not anticipate from this power any benefit to the ordinary course of legislation." He, however, thought that the Executive should negative hastily passed acts, by which the popular will has probably been disregarded. Now, as he had previously assumed that the immediate representatives of the people best understand their will, and as all admit that a hastily passed act should not be vetoed, if beneficial, and desired by the people, he could then only exercise this power on such hastily passed acts as he might deem inexpedient. He afterwards enforced the opinion, that in those cases in which a majority, influenced by sectional feelings, has invaded the rights of the minority, the Executive being, by his national position, a natural umpire between the different sections, should present, through his constitutional negative, the meditated invasion. At length he concluded with an opinion perfectly satisfactory to the friends of the veto power. "I consider the veto power, therefore, given by the constitution to the Executive of the United States, solely as a conservative power: to be used only, first, *to protect the constitution from invasion;* secondly, *the people from the effects of hasty legislation, where their will has been probably disregarded, or not well understood;* and thirdly, *to prevent the effects of combinations, violative of the rights of minorities.*"

From the debates in the Federal Convention on the Constitution, the contemporaneous exposition of it by its advocates, and from the messages of the presidents who assisted in its formation, may be inferred the objects for which the veto power was intrusted to the executive. These were to defend him against legislative usurpation of his functions, and to guard against unconstitutional, inexpedient and hasty legislation. That the former was one of its objects has universally been admitted, but that the last two were also its objects has been obstinately denied; and the present executive, in carrying them out, has been charged with absolute usurpation. But how can a denial of the right of the president to negative such acts of the legislature as he deems inexpedient, be reconciled in the language of Mr. Sherman, that "we ought to avail ourselves of the wisdom of the executive in revising the laws;" with that of Mr. Wilson, that "the judges, by

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having a share in the revisionary power, will have an opportunity of counteracting, by the weight of their opinions, the improper views of the legislature;" with that of Mr. Madison, that "it would be useful to the community at large as an additional check against unwise and unjust measures;" and with that of Colonel Mason, that "it would have the effect of hindering the final passage of unjust and pernicious laws." This denial is made in direct opposition to the explicit language of the Federalist, that the veto power furnishes an additional security against the enaction of improper laws, is calculated to guard the community against the effects of faction, precipitancy, or of any impulse unfriendly to the public good; and that its secondary object is to increase the chances in favor of the community against the passing of bad laws through haste, inadvertence or *design*. The last word deserves special notice, as it conveys directly the idea, that the executive has the right to judge of the expediency of a proposed law. This denial is also made in the face of the fact, that President Washington's second veto was based entirely on grounds of expediency. His words deserve to be marked:—"*It will be injurious and inconvenient to the public*," &c. "*From the best information I have been able to obtain, it is my opinion that the latter will be less expensive and more useful than the former.*" If this veto had been an act of executive usurpation, would it not have met with the unyielding resistance of Madison and other members of Congress who, hardly ten years before, had framed the Constitution?

It has also been vehemently maintained, the executive has no right to veto a bill on the ground of its unconstitutionality. But it has been seen that President Washington, when the debates on the Constitution had hardly ceased, vetoed a bill on that ground, and that Madison's and Monroe's vetoes, rested on the same bases. Could it be that the president of the Federal convention and its most active members were so ignorant of its intentions, and so recreant to their sworn obligations, as thus to violate the work which they had pronounced sacred? Their knowledge of its spirit and meaning, and their fidelity to its injunctions, alike defeat the supposition. It is a no trifling instance of the inconsistency and capricious judgment of faction, that the present executive has been boldly charged with absolute usurpation, for having exercised with the same reasons the same undoubted right which his predecessors freely exercised, without being accused of transgressing the strict limits of their official authority.

It has been said, that the reasons which actuated the authors of the Constitution to give the executive a veto power, no longer exist, and that it should therefore be withdrawn. It is argued, that as it was given to him to strengthen his weakness, and as his power has become confirmed by the increase of his patronage, he has ceased to require it for the purpose of defending himself against legislative encroachment. It may be replied, that they designed to secure to him all the powers they had vested in him, and that these can now be taken away by the legislature by the same means as they could then. It can pass laws depriving him of his authority as well as ever. Nor can it be shown that it is now less likely to transgress the limits of its own prerogative than it was at the institution of the Federal government. The fact that the patronage of the executive has increased, should not be alleged against the continuance of the veto power. The framers of the Constitution must have foreseen the rapid progress of the United States in population and extent of territory. They might have formed an inadequate idea of its future prosperity; but reasoning from its increase under the rule of a foreign nation, when commerce and private

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trade were restricted, they must have concluded that having become its own sovereign, and governed by a liberal policy, it would take broader and more rapid strides. But while the power of the executive has increased, so has that of the legislature. The power of the latter may not be of that ready and compact nature which will admit of its being employed for personal emolument, but it has been equally promoted with that of the former. Still, this extensive patronage of the executive will not avail him in preventing an invasion of his authority by the legislature, unless we suppose it open to corruption. This supposition will, however, be objected to by the opponents of the veto power, who presume greater integrity in the legislature than in him.

But even if, by the exercise of his official patronage, the executive has arrived at a power not anticipated by the framers of the Constitution, the plea should not be admitted, that on that account the veto power should be abolished. If, while it is alleged that his power is inconsistent with the balance of the government, and greater than they anticipated; it be also admitted, that in their generation it was useful and not too great, then let him remain in the possession of his primitive power, while he is deprived of those which have gradually accrued to him. Instead of taking from him a certain amount of power, and replacing it with an equal amount, let his original power be neither increased nor diminished. No one contends that the executive power has been unlawfully increased. It is probably too large for one man safely to possess, and should, therefore, be retrenched. Upon this question there has been much debate and no action. Congress can now vest the appointment of such inferior officers as it deems proper in the courts of law, and if necessary, an alteration of the Constitution can be made.

Though it may be correctly said, that no legislative act has been rejected by the executive because it entrenched on his appropriate functions, yet this fact does not serve to prove the inutility of the veto power. Its existence has prevented the usurpation which it was intended to guard against. Moreover, a violation of many of the provisions of the constitution has never been attempted. Such are those which guarantee the free exercise of natural rights, and assert the broad principles of civil liberty. The very boldness and guarded sanctity of the principle is its best defence. The inviolability of the Roman tribune was a surer protection than the lictors of the decemvirs.

It is said that the executive has no right to veto a bill on the ground of unconstitutionality, because that ground is to be examined by another department. Now, it is well-known that in practice umpires are regarded as a last resort. The people, as has recently been seen in the case of an exciting question, were not disposed to refer its settlement to the judiciary, whose special duty it is to decide upon violations of the Constitution. The judiciary is naturally averse to invalidating a popular act, and thus incurring popular reprehension. The people, on that account, seek to prevent its being forced to a decision, and prefer to discuss, themselves, the conformity of a measure to the letter and spirit of the Constitution. Representatives in Congress oppose bills that are introduced on precisely the same ground. A majority is never willing to permit the passage of a bill which it deems contrary to the Constitution, and leave the decision of that question to the judiciary. So short is the term of the executive, that he cannot be said to forbid the passage of a bill, but merely to refer it to the careful

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revision of the people. If, after calm reflection, they desire its passage, their wishes can be carried into effect.

Another object of the veto power, as has been seen, was to prevent hasty and immature legislation. That object is now more important than ever, on account of the increase of public business. All the secondary reasons, for which it was conferred, still exist with undiminished weight. It is said to be the sole prerogative of the legislature to decide upon the expediency of laws, and to be an act of encroachment upon its privileges for the executive to interpose his opinions. Now, though it be a principle of our government that its departments should be so separate as not to be dependent on each other, it is also an established principle that they should be so united as to impose a mutual check on each other. The legislature possesses some executive power by having a share in making appointments, and on the same principle the executive has some share in legislation.

It is premised by those who declaim against the veto power, that it has been wantonly abused and perverted from its original purpose. But the premise is not warranted by the facts. For sixty years it has been exercised but twenty-five times; twice by Washington; six times by Madison; once by Monroe; nine times by Jackson; four times by Tyler; and three times by Polk. During the same time seven thousand acts have been passed by Congress, and signed by the president; and thus the proportion of rejected to accepted acts is one to two hundred and eighty. This statement does not bear the appearance of a wanton abuse of the power in question; and it is rather a matter of surprise that it has been exercised so seldom. But the vetoes which have occasioned the outcry against it have been those which prevented the establishment of a United States Bank. It is plain, that if the bills which proposed it had not been negatived, no general complaint would have been made against this power. Accordingly the devoted champions of this monster corporation are the principal declaimers against it. They seek the abolition of a power which has frustrated their doubtful designs. But no one need be informed that Presidents Jackson and Tyler were sustained by the people in arresting the passage of those bills. The former had the satisfaction of delivering the executive power to his intimate public and private friend, who announced the intention to tread in his footsteps. In the contest which eventuated in the election of President Harrison, the bank was a mooted question in some portions of the country, while in others it was either unanimously condemned or not presented for discussion. In the extra session of 1842, the bank bill passed Congress by a bare majority in one branch, and was vetoed by President Tyler. Now, if the people desired the charter of this institution, why was it not presented by its advocates in 1844 and in 1848? In fact, since the extra session of 1842, it has only been referred to as a matter of history, and not as a matter of present interest. By that veto the country was saved from having entailed upon it a dangerous institution, and the people were called upon to decide upon its establishment. As the veto power has been a barrier to designing men, they now call its legitimate exercise a violation of the Constitution. The present executive has been charged, in a respectable review, with absolute usurpation for employing it. But is any one so credulous as to believe that the Supreme Court would, for a moment, entertain the charge? Even distingnished statesmen have declared that the president deserves impeachment. That certainly is no very laudable courage, however potential it may appear, which makes bold charges, and never dares to sustain them. It is a characteristic of partisans

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to call those measures unconstitutional which they deem inexpedient or oppressive, and to accuse a political opponent of infidelity to his country. If the executive cannot veto bills at discretion without violating the Constitution, some meaning, till recently invisible, must have been discovered. It explicitly gives the executive plenary power in this respect, and imposes no restriction on its exercise. What terms could be broader or plainer. "If he approve (the bill) he shall sign it; if not, he shall return it with his objections."

Whilst the veto power is opposed so virulently by some leading politicians, they are aware that the requisite number of states cannot be obtained to consent to its abolition. Despairing of success in a constitutional manner, they require a pledge of their candidate for the presidency that he will not employ it. This course is a direct violation of the spirit of the Constitution. It was the implied agreement among its authors, without which it could not have been made, that all its provisions should be carried into effect, and no extra-constitutional power should be employed to defeat them. They each compromised with each other, and with the whole. They pledged fidelity to the Union, and the Union pledged fidelity to them. They would never have consummated their holy alliance, if they had dreamed that any party would endeavor to cancel his obligations by schemes unknown to the Constitution. The principle of their compact is the fundamental principle of every compact. If five men enter into an agreement, stipulating that its terms shall not be altered without the consent of four of them, it is a manifest violation of its spirit, for three of them being unable to obtain the number necessary to alter those terms, to seek to evade or nullify them. Let this doctrine of modern politicians be reduced to practice, and of what advantage are the conservative institutions of government? The judiciary is appointed to decide, unbiassed, uninfluenced, and unpledged, on the constitutionality of laws. Has any man, or any party, a right to exact a pledge of them that they will approve every law presented to them for their decision? Certainly not. Neither has any man, or any party, a right to exact a pledge of the candidate for the presidency that he will affix his signature to every act of Congress. The Constitution tells the president to return a bill to Congress which he does not approve, and that party tramples upon it which tells him to do otherwise. The dangerous doctrine alluded to should excite the alarm of every patriot and lover of constitutional freedom.

If the president ought not to be empowered to negative the acts of Congress, ought the governors of the several states to be allowed to negative the acts of the legislatures of those states? In several states the governors possess this power, and it has frequently been exercised in Massachusetts; yet this state has opposed more than any other the veto power of the national executive. Why do not the same persons who have declaimed against the president's veto, declaim also against the governor's? The pretence may be sought that it has not been abused in the states, but has been exercised for good and sufficient reasons. Besides the insuperable difficulty of determining the precise locality of such reasoning, it may be said that the cause why the veto power of the governors is regarded so leniently, is because it has never happened to frustrate the selfish designs of the monied order, or be engaged in a contest with a powerful corporation like the United States Bank.

The veto power has been described with every offensive term. It has been called "anti-democratic," "a one man power," "a kingly preroga

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tive," "a monarchical institution." On hearing the declamation against it, a person ignorant of the nature of our government would infer that we live under the kingdom and not the republic of the United States. There is a striking parallel between these representations and those made in France concerning the same power soon after the commencement of the old revolution, when its propriety was debated in the constituent assembly. Many of the less informed citizens were made to believe by their demagogues that the veto was a monster which was about to exterminate them and others,—that it was a thief who was coming to steal their bread. The proposition was seriously discussed by them, that upon his appearance he be suspended on a lamp-post. A similar delusion would have occupied the minds of the American people by reason of the harangues of selfish partisans, if it had not been prevented by their superior intelligence. The assertion is unfounded that the veto power is not a democratic institution. The executive may be said not to prohibit, but merely to postpone the passage of a bill, appealing to the sober, second thought of the people. If a certain portion of the legislature can be obtained in its favor, it may become a law without his consent. The people will soon have an opportunity to approve or disapprove of his negative. It is merely suspensive, not absolute. The expediency or constitutionality of a bill is not unquestionable, which is opposed perseveringly by one third of the legislature. The assertion referred to is as unfounded, as would be the assertion that the Senate is an anti-democratic branch of the government, because it may arrest the enactment of a bill which has been passed by the immediate representatives of the people. The latter assertion has more support, because the character of the executive department can be sooner changed than the entire character of the Senate.

An accurate observer of our institutions has correctly understood the character and properly appreciated the importance of the veto power.

"The president is moreover provided with a suspensive veto, which allows him to oppose the passing of such laws as might destroy the portion of independence which the Constitution awards him. The struggle between the president and the legislature must always be an unequal one, since the latter is certain of bearing down all resistance by persevering in its plans; but the suspensive veto forces it at least to reconsider the matter, and, if the motion be persisted in, it must be backed by a majority of two thirds of the whole House. The veto power is, in fact, a sort of appeal to the people. The executive power, which, without this security, might have been secretly oppressed, adopts this means of pleading its cause and stating its motives."—(*De Tocqueville's Democracy in America.*)

The object of this article has been to define the reasons for which the veto power was intrusted to the executive rather than to examine their validity; to show that those reasons, if ever valid, are now valid; not to defend the vetoes of the present executive, but to prove his indubitable right to make them. It is unnecessary to defend the soundness and strengthen the conclusiveness of those reasons which were long revolved and carefully matured by Madison and his associates in the Federal Convention; defended with masterly ability by the chief author of the Federalist, and by all the commentators on the Constitution, and employed by Washington and nearly all his successors. If the names of distinguished partisans now striving for political elevation can be adduced to invalidate them, there can be adduced to confirm them the more weighty and less doubtful names of Chancellor Kent and Mr. Justice Story, who, retired from the conflicts of parties, sought only to be the faithful expounders and the honest defenders of the Constitution.

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THE ABSOLUTE EQUALITY OF MIND.

A CONTEMPLATION of human nature surrounds the mind with perplexities and anomalies. Can the character of the human race be studied in each individual; or is the character of each man but a part—an atom, to be described by itself as an integrant and necessary portion of a great whole? The powers, the endowments and desires of humanity have been subjects of philosophical inquiry and research for the wisdom of every age and nation. Upon an accurate determination of these important elements of human character, depend a knowledge of the social relations which man should bear to his fellows, and a just appreciation of the dignity and destiny of the human race.

In the ruder ages of antiquity, the superiority of man amongst his fellows, was predicated upon huge dimensions, physical strength and animal cunning. But soon the sway of gross animal organization was induced to succumb to the silent but irresistible power of mental superiority. Man was no longer classed and divided into *castes*, superior and inferior, upon principles of valor, and size, and strength; but a new organization of society obtained in accordance with new principles and new laws; acknowledging superior wisdom to be the greatest good, and investing it with the highest authority.

The chimera of the right of brute force to govern mankind has passed away forever. The degrading and humiliating practice of judging human worth and human qualifications by the mere qualities of the animal organization, has ceased to exist.

Distinguishing and honoring mental power as superior to physical, was the beginning of civilization; but acknowledging a difference between the power of a mind, which accidental circumstances or positive industry has made prominent, and the power of other minds, which, from necessity or indolence, has remained in obscurity, has been the fruitful source of evil. Selfishness is a leading feature in the human character, and is consequently found in the wise and the foolish alike. This trait has induced men, thus honored for their attributed superiority, to devise schemes for the maintenance of the influence they have already acquired, to perpetuate their authority to the exclusion of all others. This has resulted in the pernicious, exclusive and tyrannical doctrine and usage of the hereditary descent of honors and power.

There has been no material advancement in civilization, or improvement in the actual condition of man for ages: true, there have been changes in the outward conformation of society; but these have been changes in form merely,—confined to the same essential substance—changes in location upon the same level, not advancement, not an upward progression. There could be no actual advancement in civilization towards greater perfection, because the fundamental principle to which it owes its primary existence—the admission of superior intellectual endowment—has never been modified or corrected.

An intimate connection certainly exists between biology, (vitality, organization,) physiology, (life, the manifestation of specific properties *after* organization,) and psychological phenomena; and the three subjects, mental philosophy, biology and physiology, if studied in connection, with reference to each other, and their several relations and dependencies carefully ob-

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served, will give a correct and perfect idea of man as he is,—not in his element merely, but as a whole—and will determine his nature and powers with accuracy. From these, reason can treat of his destiny. In an investigation of such a character, many of the occult truths of nature may be dragged from the dreamy regions of Transcendentalism, and the dim recesses of obscurity and uncertainty, into the light of open day, and in the presence of all.

The instrument of mind is the nervous system; it is the agent through which mind becomes cognizant of the external world, and is brought into relation with it. The peculiar functions of the nervous system throughout the whole animal kingdom, are to produce voluntary motion, and serve as an instrument for the manifestation of thought. This is known to be the fact, because, whenever a nervous system is found in a body in health, voluntary emotion alone, or combined with thought, is existent; whenever it is absent, neither the one or the other is ever observed.

What is the character of the connection between the mind and the body? The several tissues of the body have certain offices, and perform certain functions. The glandular system is the result of vital action, like all other organized structures; and it has its function, which it performs regularly, while in health. Through its operations secretion is performed. The absorbents, also, perform their functions and absorb; and so on of the several structures of a body. In some way they have a natural duty or function, which they perform. But each of these functions depending upon the existence of organized structures for their being,—having been brought into operation by them, and ceasing entirely with their death,—may be said to rely for existence upon those ultimate vital operations, which resulted in the organization of the organs upon which they depend. In other words, the ordinary functions of organs possess a very definite and close relation with the ultimate biological operations, which resulted in the construction of those organic compounds, from the consensual activity of all the parts of which, they flow. Now, through the instrumentality of the nervous system, we have the phenomena of the mind. Do these phenomena also occupy the relation of *dependency* to the primary formative actions of vitality, which resulted in the production of the nervous system? Is the manifestation of the mind also a *function* of the nervous system, growing with its development, strengthening with its increase and exercise, and perishing eternally with its destruction?

According to Liebig and Müller, there exists in the seed of the plant, as well as in the animal ovum, a certain remarkable force in a state of rest; the source of growth and increase of the mass. By the operation of certain external influences, the condition of static equilibrium in this force is disturbed, and it enters into activity. It has received the name of "*vis vitæ*;" and life is nothing more than this force in action. This is all mysterious and incomprehensible, and really appears as though this indefinable "vis vitæ" might have some spiritual, uncontrollable unearthly power about it, suitable to impart to the microscopic operations of vitality some unusual and unknown property or other, which would be adequate to impress upon the structure which resulted from their operations the incomprehensible properties of *mind!*

The "vis vitæ," if it exists, cannot be the cause of vital actions; for life cannot exist till this ideal agency has been stimulated into activity by other sensible agencies; and its operations cease upon the withdrawal of those elements, the influence of which first afforded the conditions of its activity, Certainly those influences or conditions, which, being present, life is present,

being absent, life is absent, must be considered the cause of it; and the introduction of any such mysterious agency as the vital force, is introducing an element not necessary to the explanation of vitality.

The combined action of three elementary agencies, appears to afford the conditions requisite to a display of vital operations, and may, therefore, be regarded as the cause of life. 1st. A germ of organized matter. 2d. Stimuli to act upon it, and afford it the conditions of activity. 3d. An object or pabulum to secure the actions of the germ. These propositions suggest their own defences, and it is not, perhaps, necessary to enlarge upon them; but a boundary here is presented to human investigation: one of those barriers, which the imperfect organs of sense forever raises against the eager longings of an infinite mind for knowledge. What are the laws of the development of the *first germs?* They could not depend upon the "vis vitæ," for this force is only pretended to inhabit germs already organized; nor can they arise from any of the ordinary laws of life, for these are all founded upon the supposition of an organized germ to begin with. The Christian can easily see how much easier it would seem that the Almighty could create organic beings from inorganic matter; the maternal being already supplied with a power to perpetuate their kind from germs eliminated from their bodies, as His inspired revelations testify, than it would be to create inorganic matter itself "out of nothing." Those disposed to believe in the mysterious agency of the laws of Nature, in the production of every power and element, ponderable and unponderable, will still be obliged to admit, that there is no necessary connection between mental power and the ultimate vital actions of organization, or even the peculiar force in operation upon the formation of the ultimate and primary germs, from whose operations result the laws of vital action—when they reflect, as before, that Nature, (God,) would create a germ by a direct exercise of power, with more seeming facility than it could create inorganic matter originally;—and that there is a system of separate and distinct force in operation, constantly acting upon inorganic matter, and moulding it into a variety of forms and relations with itself—but few of which are yet understood by man. Would it not be easy for them to conceive that such a force might operate upon inorganic matter in the formation of the primary germs—inducing such matter to arrange itself in its ultimate particles, according to *its* peculiar laws—not the laws of a force belonging to a different system—chemistry—into *tertiary* and quatern compounds, a distinguishing characteristic of organic compounds, instead of *binary*, the characteristic of inorganic chemistry.

There is no reason, then, for believing that there is any extraordinary inappreciable spiritual power operating upon the primary formation of germs, such as might be supposed would give to its products the power of exhibiting mental phenonema, as *functions* peculiar to their structure.

Life in its perfect condition is nothing more than the process of reproduction in the germ, the selection of crude material, and assimilating it into organized structure, and placing its ultimate element in new relations with each other. Accordingly those elements which disappear and become assimilated from the pabulum, during the process of organization, are found again in the organized body which results, and they form its whole mass. Consequently nothing is *produced* by the agency of vital processes. There is no creative power attached to them; but through their influence merely, a change takes place among the ultimate particles of the same thing, causing it to present different sensible qualities, and adapting it to assume different natural relations. Indeed, this substitution—change—is all that man

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can perceive in nature, and all that he can know about her, or study in the laws of change as they operate in physics, in chemistry, or in vitality. There is nothing added, nothing subtracted; no annihilation, no creation. Surely there is nothing in the operations of vitality upon which can be rationally based any presumption of their imparting to organic structure any of the intricate but stupendously exalted properties of mind. But if it should appear that organic structures—those structures, too, in which mind resides, and upon which it depends for existence, if upon any, are *inadequate* to fully represent the known powers of mind, they cannot of course be considered the *representatives* of mental power, nor of the origin or bounds of its existence.

Nothing is more evident than when a force in physics is *dependent* for its manifestation upon the structure and action of a machine or engine, that such force can never exceed the utmost power of the machine itself; that it cannot show evidence of an ability to operate with more power than the engine is capable of imparting to it. Neither in the exercise of a particular function can the exercise of such function be more powerful than the capacity of the structure which is the agent in the operation. The secretion cannot be greater than it is possible in the nature of things for the gland to secrete; neither can there be more absorbed in a given time than the absorbents can take up. Such propositions are self-evident.

When phenomena arise, and it is found the causes to which their occurrence have been attributed are not adequate to their production, such causes must be relinquished and some other sought after.

Now the nervous system is *not adequate* to produce all the phenomena of which the mind is capable of being the instrument. We see evidence of the power of the mind while in connection with the body to perceive and comprehend more than can be presented to it through the nervous system. If this is true, mind is greater than the nervous system, and must consequently be *different* from it, and *independent, for its existence*, of it.

It is known from experiment that the mind is *capable* of receiving impressions, while in connection with the body, which cannot be presented through the naked and unassisted powers of the nervous system.

The unassisted eye can present to the mind in a drop of vinegar nothing but the round glistening drop of homogeneous liquid; but bring to the *assistance* of the nervous system artificial aid; view the same liquid through the microscope, and the mind will then perceive it to foam with the restless activity of numberless animated bodies. The mind of man, acting through the nervous system *alone*, could never have perceived the hidden glories of the heavenly worlds; but assisted by the aid of the telescope, it is enabled in some measure to appreciate the grandeur of the universe, *and its own power*. All the other senses may doubtless be assisted in a similar artificial manner—smelling, feeling, hearing and tasting.

Not only is the mind capable thus of perceiving more than its unaided instrument, the nervous system, can present to it, but after such perception of things, hidden, and beyond its utmost ken, as operating through its natural earthly instrument, in its utmost perfection, it can retire within itself, and *conceive* of all its impressions thus artificially received, and reason about them. This indicates that it is by no *violent* or *straining* effort that it grasps knowledge, which *apparently* is beyond its natural powers of comprehension. So far as experiment has gone, it has seized readily the sublimest and most intricate facts; and the more distant the knowledge—the more disconnected and removed from the power of the human body, the

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more sublime and expansive has it appeared, and more *congenial* to the powers of mind. And when at length the boundings to human knowledge do appear, and the instruments of the *human* mind have been taxed to their utmost, and all the devices and ingenuity of man's cunning have been exhausted, the immortal mind, spurred on by the impulses of the soul, so far from being sated or wearied by the knowledge it has attained, sends up its longing cry for still more.

Mind, then, is not the result, nor the instrument of the nervous system; but the nervous system is the imperfect instrument of its manifestations. It is not *less* than the nervous system but *greater*. From such facts as these, it may be concluded that the nervous system is not adequate to the production of all the phenomena of mind in the human body. Mind cannot, consequently, depend upon it for existence; it can act independently of it, and in more perfection without it. It may, therefore, exist independent of the body, and does not perish with it. The nervous system is therefore merely the agent, or engine through which mind manifests itself.

The differences, therefore, abound in the manifestations of intellectual power, which are the subjects of daily observation, and are not necessarily the result of differences in *mental capacity*, but may depend upon secondary and adventitious circumstances. This, it is true, does not prove mind to be everywhere *equal*, but it exemplifies the fact that the character of its manifestations through the human body is not a just criterion of its power, either abstractly or in specialities, and this is one step toward such proof. For a manifestation of power is always effected through the agency of instrumentalities, and it will always be in accordance with the capacity of such instruments as become its agents. The instruments of the human mind *vary in perfectibility* in different cases; consequently the powers of mind would be represented differently; yet the actual power of mind, abstractly considered, may be the same; or, if it does differ in different instances, such difference may be very distinct from that which appears in its manifestation through human agencies. It is easy to conceive that, though a mind may be of very moderate capacity, as manifested through the human body, it may derive its character from a very inferior instrument, while it may in fact be superior to another, which, by reason of superiority of instrumentality, may appear more powerful in its human manifestations.

Perhaps there are no two human bodies alike in all those particulars of construction, which have a bearing on their capacity as instruments of the mind. They may differ in the quantity and development, and outward as well as internal conformation of the brain. Bodies may also differ in the construction and arrangement of those parts more remote from an immediate bearing upon the mind, but which still indirectly exert an important influence upon its manifestations, by means of their action on the brain in the way of nutrition and stimulation. Such is the system of blood vessels, and those parts of the structure which preside over the general nutrition of the blood, and through it all the tissues of the body.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that these manifest differences in the mind's instrument, and the modifying circumstances attending its condition, might cause all the apparent diversity in mental phenomena and power. As a general principle, it is known that the indications of mental power increase with a fullness and perfection of its instrument, the brain; and this is just what a rational judgment would suppose; the power becomes more competent to display its real energy as the perfection of the agent through which it is to exert itself is increased. The presumption, therefore, is

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strong, that indications of superior mental vigor and quickness depend upon the perfection and strength of the instrument of the mind, and not upon *superior* original and disconnected power in the mind itself. The regular manifestation of the force of steam depends upon the instrument through which it is to be employed; such *manifestation* cannot exceed the strength of the engine, though the power operating upon it may be much greater.

So much in refutation of the propriety of the usual method of judging the relative capacity of mental power, and incidentally, of the principle of distinguishing between the actual powers of mind upon the data of differences in the perfection of their manifestations, all of which, if the refutation be real, tends to establish the probability of the converse proposition,—that mind is everywhere equal in absolute capacity, and is *prima facie* evidence of it. The hardest task in all investigation is to unmask error.

There are two propositions, either of which established, will prove the radical equality of mental power. The first is, that mind everywhere, in all situations (where there is no question of its existence) in the human body, may be brought to an *equality of comprehension*. This, if true, fairly evinces that its intrinsic and natural powers are the same. All knowledge is obtained though *the senses*, by means of perception. *Perception* is the impression which the nervous system conveys to the mind of an object; and it is the commencement and fountain of all human knowledge; indeed, the whole use of the animal senses to the mind, the whole object of the nervous system, is to act as the medium between mind in connection with the human body and matter; and it serves as this medium by conveying to the mind *impressions* of external objects, which are called *perceptions*. It is obvious, then, that what have inaptly been termed the perceptive faculties of the mind, depend upon the character of the nervous system, and are referred ultimately to a perfection or imperfection, as the case may be, of the organization and development of the instruments of the mind, and have nothing to do with original mental capacity.

Conception is effected when the mind retires within itself and calls up a perception, or parts or varieties of perceptions, through the assistance of other powers, as Memory, Judgment, and Imagination. It is evident that as conception is merely the contemplation of perception, it must depend for clearness, correctness, and truth, upon the same qualities in perception, and *they* depend upon the qualities of the organized instruments of mind, and not upon the power of mind itself—which *can* perceive, not only more than its instruments can present, but more than they, *assisted* by art, can offer Although there may be differences in original conception in different minds—in some, conceptions being more magnificent than in others, yet as *conception* depends for its perfection upon *perception*, and *this* depends upon the brain and organs of sense,—the mind's instruments—original conception does not depend for its character upon the abstract power of the mind, but upon the character of its instruments. Consequently, greatness of conception does not depend upon a *peculiar* greatness in the innate power of mind itself, *but upon the perfection of its instruments*.

Comprehension is the element in which mind displays its unity of character and power. Let time, pains, and explanation be employed in every instance, corresponding with the differences which will be evinced in the character of the instruments of mind, and the comprehension of an idea or conception which may take place in one, will be found to obtain in each. This is a truth proven by the universal teachings of experience. There is a difference in the power of conception in the human mind, because there are

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differences in the perfection of its instruments. But there is no difference in the *power* of comprehension, although there may be in its readiness. Any mind may comprehend anything that another can. The power of conception depends upon the instruments of the mind exercised in *perception*; while the power of comprehension depends upon the innate scope of the mind itself.

But the idea to be comprehended must be itself presented to the mind through its human instruments. Consequently, there will be the same difference in *the readiness* with which two minds will comprehend an idea, as there is in the character of their instruments, provided the same means be employed in both instances. This difference in the *readiness* with which different minds comprehend ideas, does not depend upon differences in the actual power of mind; for the fact that these same minds *may* ultimately comprehend *all* human knowledge, fully evinces their equality of containing scope—and the variable perfection in mental instruments are sufficient to explain the phenomenon.

In the instances of comprehension, the two elements which are employed to accomplish it, exist in the body—*intellect*, aided by the *senses*. In conception it is, *originally*, *matter* which operates on mind, through the medium of the senses. Matter is a unit in its operation, without resource or intelligence; hence conception *varies in power*, not in accordance with the variableness of the influence of matter, for it has no variation, but in accordance with variety in the perfectable character of the mind's instruments. In effecting comprehension, however, mind — which is the primary influencing principle, (after the mind has been trained humanly through means of human agencies of course,) by its resource and variety of plastic influences, finally overcomes the barriers of imperfection in mental instrumentalities,—being strained to greater exertion in one instance than in another, accordingly as such instrumentalities are more or less perfect,—finally accomplishes the task of equalizing the differences in mental instruments, and places all minds upon a level, in the fact that all may completely comprehend everything that any one can.

Human minds may be compared to vessels of equal dimensions, unequally filled; the reason of which inequality may be explained from the fact, that the avenues of knowledge and mental training which flow into them are of unequal capacity.

The *instruments* of the mind in the organization of Franklin were more than ordinarily perfect; in consequence his *conceptions* were extremely magnificent and correct; and the same of Newton. Yet, men whose physical construction is such that they would scarcely dream of truths possessing the magnificence and grandeur of those promulgated by these philosophers, may possess minds which fully *comprehend* all these men taught, and appreciate and gloat over the knowledge with all the satisfaction of their original promulgators. The grasping power of mind in the former instances are superior, because of superiority of instruments; but the actual body, the length, breadth and depth, the scope and containing capacity of mind in every instance, is the *same*, so far as human experience can teach.

The second proposition, which is sufficient, if established, to prove the absolute equality of mind, is, that mind is of *infinite* capacity, and consequently, is *equal* in power. This question has already been incidentally discussed under the preceding head; the same reasons which go to show that comprehension is equal, go also to show that its boundaries, if it has any, are not known to man, and cannot be reached by him; and conse-

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quently, so far as human reason can teach, its capacity is infinite. The infinite capacity of mind is proof of its immortality also, for the elements,—infinity, and immortality and eternity, *are inseparable.* However, as this phase of the subject is out of the bounds contemplated in the present investigation, its *mention* will suffice.

The remarks on the first branch of this investigation, and upon the distinction between the instruments of the manifestation of mind, and mind itself, showing the incapacity of the former to minister adequately to the wants and powers of the latter, also indicate the *illimitable* or infinite power and capacity of mental essence.

With a survey of the evident tastes and longings of the mind, as indicating its immortal nature and *infinite power*, this subject will close.

Mind loves to dwell on conceptions which simulate the infinitude of immortal topics. *In connection with the body*, it is known that it cannot conceive of space, duration, or any other element of the universe, in any other way except through the body, either directly or indirectly; consequently, when it attempts to conceive of things as belonging to eternity, it at once finds itself comparing together *finite* things, and soon discovers its inability to accomplish its desire. Still the desire is the same, and it quickly discovers other means to satisfy itself. It loves to dwell on *vagueness*,—conceptions of things without *knowing* their bounds, or rather without the ability to know them—*indefiniteness*—things which may be seen, heard or felt, in fact or in imagination, but whose beginning or termination it cannot comprehend. Ideas, dimly seen, yet not *seized* by the mind—and *inapplicable*—are viewed by it with satisfaction, as *possibly* containing something of unearthly meaning and power.

He who first conceived of the "Music of the Spheres," had a mind just ready to burst asunder the links of mortal bondage and assume its natural and untrammelled properties. Who has not listened with ear intensely bent—presently it catches the low, subdued and almost silent melody, yet ever varying, but constant—so sweet, so perfect, so heavenly, that though the ear is *strained* to catch its sound, it fills the soul with ecstacy, by the fullness of harmony. Here the mind receives the idea so congenial to its powers and aptitudes, and becomes so enamored, that it hears the melody, but is obliged to refer to imperfect human organs in order to gain the divine conception; and though the *human mind* is filled to the very fullest of its capacity—the *divine mind*—the part which overleaps the powers of the human body to convey to it perceptions worthy of its activity—but too well appreciates the fact, that though such conceptions of melody, as could be appropriated by the mind in the body, have been received by it, yet much remains which it cannot appropriate. And here is the beauty of the conception; not only the sweetness of the harmony, which in imagination the mind may hear, but the conception that but part of the sound has been heard; how surprisingly sweet must that part be which it *cannot conceive of!*

And, generally, those things which are most remote from the sphere of human action, as they unfold themselves to the thought or senses, inspire the mind with emotions of delight. Among such is the starry heavens. The mind expands and finds congenial subject of contemplation in the heavens at night. And has it never occurred to any, looking up into the great bottomless blue, and viewing the bright floating stars—some, deep in the far distant void of space, and some in friendly proximity,—has it never occurred to any, why the mind expands and flutters with proud emotions, thus circumstanced? It is because there, in the silence of night, with the

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eye drinking in the glories of eternal and infinite existences, it is partially abstracted and separated from the clinging fetters of flesh, and is contemplating its own *infinite powers and adaptations for enjoyment!* Mind also delights in contemplating the ocean, the wide spread-prairie, the lofty mountain and the great forest. These are vast and magnificent, and congenial to its natural desires. In oratory the mind is best pleased with the eloquence of him who will place vast conceptions before it. It seeks such topics, and is grateful to him who furnishes it such enjoyment.

This all shows that the body is not its fit instrument—*is not adequate to its powers.*

These suggestions the writer submits on the absolute equality of mind. The subject is one of such vast magnitude, that it is more difficult to show what should be said than to find things to say. The principle of equal mental power is certainly a plausible ground of explanation of what has always been a stumbling-block, considered with reference to the usually received doctrine of variableness in individual mental power, viz. : the universal and *equal* moral accountability of all. And it is in accordance with, and in support of, that great democratic principle—the radical equality of man—a principle which, for the same reason stated above—a belief in the doctrine of a radical difference in mental power,—has been tolerated rather than received, as a demagogical *fiction* sufficient to found the humbug of a democratic government upon, because such a humbug is preferable, according to experience, to that of a monarchy. If the principles advocated in this essay are true, all such reasoning and belief must fail.

Bellfontaine, O., Nov. 28th, 1848.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

TO SESTIUS.

Harsh Winter relents, sighing Spring glads the earth;
  On their rollers our ships seek the waters again:
The herds leave their stables, the ploughman his hearth,
  Hoar-frosts print no more their pale tracks on the plain.

Now Venus, at Luna's high noon, leads her choirs;
  Hand in hand with the Nymphs, the sweet Three strike the heath,
With footsteps alterne, while the ponderous fires
  Of the Cyclops are kindled at Vulcan's hot breath.

Now with myrtle let's fasten our hair's glowing locks,
  Or with flow'rets, the first that Spring wakes in the glade;
Now to Faunus let's offer the choice of our flocks,
  A lamb or a kid in the woodland's deep shade.

Pale death alike visits the monarch's proud towers
  And the lowliest hovel; brief life has no room,
Happy Sestius, for Hope's boundless range. Darkness lowers,
  And the wildlings of Fancy that tenant her gloom,

And Pluto's sad dwelling are nigh. There, no more
  For the throne of wine's kingdom the dice thou shalt throw,
Now that fair boy admire, whom the maids will adore
  Ere long, and for whom manly bosoms now glow.

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CAPTAIN DAN HENRIE;

HIS ADVENTURE WITH THE WOLVES.

Every body remembers the famous escape of Capt. Dan Henrie at Encarnacion. This reckless and daring ranger has probably passed through a greater number of perilous and singular adventures than any other man of the same age in the service—though one of the most light-hearted mortals that the warm sun ever smiled upon. Yet he has a careless knack of getting into the most desperate scrapes on every possible occasion, and then, of course, he fights his way out again with the most dashing gallantry.

Mark you, Dan never got into scrapes with his own people; he was far too kindly and generous for that; but he had a hatred for the "cussed yellow bellies," and "copper heads," as he called the Mexicans and Indians, which was refreshingly orthodox. His hatred of the Mexicans was amusingly bitter and contemptuous while you listened to him talk of them; but when this hatred came to be expressed in action, it was of the most savage and deadly character. At Encarnacion, when the little band found themselves surrounded by the heavy masses of Minon's cavalry, the proposition, which, we believe, originated with Cassius M. Clay, was made to stand to their arms and fight it out with the Mexicans, to the last gasp, in spite of the disparity of numbers. Lieutenant Dan, who was then guide, seconded this proposition warmly, and went about among the men, urging them "to stand up to the rack," as he called it, representing that they could hope for nothing, but bad faith resulting in cold-blooded massacre if they surrendered to the Mexicans. He reminded them of Goliad, and the Meir surrender, and of his own experience in the last case. After showing, to his own satisfaction, that the resolution of fighting their way through was the only possible chance of safety or honorable death left them, he concluded, with the characteristic piece of savage advice, "shoot low, boys—shoot them through their bellies, so that their groans will frighten their comrades—one groaner is worth half a dozen dummies!"

His perfect knowledge of the Mexican character, as well as his mortal hatred of them, was fully displayed in his advice. Dan knew perfectly that there would be no chance for him, for he had already been recognized as one of the Meir men by several Mexicans, whose faces he remembered well; the surrender, therefore, placed him in a desperate predicament. He knew, perfectly, that whatever faith he might keep with other prisoners, they would keep none with him, although his safety had been provided for in an express stipulation of the terms of surrender. I have never seen the mode of his escape correctly related yet, so that it is worth while to give it in his own version. The Mexicans have a mortal hatred of the Meir prisoners, one and all—but most particularly do they detest those of them who rose at the Salado and escaped from Perote. Dan had, unfortunately, not only been prominent in both these affairs, but from the fact of speaking the language as well as a native, he had always acted as interpreter, and thus been put forward more conspicuously than any one of the other prisoners. Besides this, he had made himself very notorious, too, as a ranger. All these causes combined to make his recognition general and sure at almost any

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point on the whole route to Mexico; and even if it had not occurred immediately, there was no telling at what moment it might occur, and of course, when his body might be made the target of their cowardly hate.

He saw those men who had recognised him whispering among themselves, and from his knowledge of the Mexican character, felt sure that so soon as the commanding officers had retired and left them in charge of the guard, he would be shot from the ranks. It fortunately occurred, that when they were started, Minon and his staff was moving in the same direction down the lines of the Mexican force. Col. Gaines rode a very swift and beautiful mare. Dan rode up to his side and whispered to him the discoveries he had made, his fears, and his determination. Gaines at once, with a generous promptness, proposed that he should take his mare to make the attempt upon, as her high-blooded mettle would distance any Mexican horse with ease. This was precisely what Dan desired, and he eagerly accepted the offer. The officers had not yet been deprived of their pistols, and the holsters of Gaines remained on the saddle. The mare was very spirited and fiery, and Dan slily roused up all her mettle by touching her with the spur. She began to pitch and plunge, and throw out her heels. This compelled the escort, or rather guard, which rode on either side of the prisoners to open their line occasionally. Dan kept it up for some minntes so as to remove all suspicion, and watched his chance, until he saw the guard were beginning to become careless, and regard those unruly capers rather with amusement than otherwise. Then seeing his way open as they moved slowly through the squadrons of green-coated cavalry, he suddenly reined up the mare in the midst of her capricolings, and plunging the spurs into her, she darted off like an arrow lossened from the bow, while he stooped, laying himself close along her side, after the manner of the Camanche Indians—a shower of balls was fired hurriedly after him, but without effect, as they all passed over him. The plain to the foot of the mountains was very narrow just here; and he had observed, before he made his break, that they were opposite a road which came down a narrow valley. He made for this gap, running the gauntlets between several squadrons of cavalry, before he reached its shelter. Just as he was diving into it, he whirled in his saddle, and amidst the whistling of balls, shook his clenched hand at them, and shouted back his defiance. This sudden escape caused great uproar and confusion among the Mexicans, and several hundred men started at full speed in the pursuit; but the gallant mare soon left them all far enough behind, and she clattered with sparkling hoofs along the deep ravine. Before the first two miles had been passed, they were out of sight in the rear. The valley-road, which he had taken at hap-hazard, without the slightest idea of where it led, now opened upon a small plain of tableland, which was occupied by a hacienda of considerable extent. As he swept by in front of the buildings, he saw a number of green-coats hastily mounting their horses, and in another moment heard the clatter of their pursuing horses coming down the road. He looked over his shoulder and saw that it was probably a foraging party of about ten lancers. The first agony was over now, and he felt sure of the game and speed of his mare; and with his usual audacity, he determined to give the "yaller bellies" something to remember him by before he took his final leave. He accordingly reined up his mare gradually, and let them gain upon him. They thought she was failing, and raised a yell of triumph as they urged their horses to yet greater exertions. He looked behind again, and the officer, with one of his men, was now considerably in the advance, and closing

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rapidly upon him. He loosened a pistol from the holster. The officer was foremost, and was already shouting to him with many "garacoes," to surrender, when he wheeled suddenly in his saddle and shot him dead. The lancer, who was close behind, and coming on at furious speed, attempting in vain to rein up his horse, but it was too late—he was carried by the impetus of his speed within ten feet of Dan, who had by this time drawn his other pistol, with which he shot him through the head, and then galloped leisurely along, feeling sure that the remainder of his pursuers would be stopped effectually by this bloody barricade he had left across their path. He was not mistaken, for they halted there, and this was the last he saw of their green-coats.

All that day long he kept the noble beast in swift motion, since at every little rancho or village he came to, it would be necessary for the fugitive to make a desperate run for it, before a suit could be organized. The roads were filled, too, with scouting parties of the enemy, and it required all his knowledge of the sort of tactic to enable him to dodge them. He several times very narrowly avoided rushing headlong into the very midst of these advancing parties. The Mexicans are usually very noisy troops, and he would hear them talking on the march in time to dodge to one side and let them pass, for he had no fancy to try the hacienda trick over again with empty pistols, since he had nothing to load them with again. He finally threw them away as so much "make-weight," that was useless to him and embarrassing to his mare. So he hurried on, not daring to pause a moment to rest or obtain food, until the next day, when, in a deep wild gorge among the mountains, his game and gallant mare fell beneath him dead! The ravenous and filthy gapalates, (turkey-buzzards,) were gouging at her fawn-like eyes before they were fairly glazed, and before her stiffened and staggered rider was out of sight. Now came the most terrible part of this wild and remarkable adventure. He was totally without food, except what little he could gather during the day while he was skulking, for he only ventured to travel at night now. This was scarcely enough to keep body and soul together, while his clothes soon became torn to pieces, and hung about his bleeding limbs like broad and tattered ribbons. He, however, still continued making his way steadfastly in the direction of Gen. Wool's camp. At last, some of his scouts picked the poor fellow up when almost speechless with thirst and hunger;—he was yet feebly reeling along like a ghostly and haggard drunkard.

This affair very properly got him his promotion to a captaincy. But strange, perilous, and even wonderful as this escape seems, it is only one of many others quite as remarkable, by which his most eventful life has been checquered. In the Texan war with the Cherokees, which was a very bloody business while it lasted, he passed through scenes as bad, if not worse than this. Then his adventures as a ranger are very remarkable, for of many of these I am myself personally cognizant; and of his cruel sufferings and headlong daring during the Meir imprisonment, all the country has been, to a certain degree, made aware since the publication of Gen. Green's book. He, by the way, was too much of a pompous egotist to do full credit to Dan, or any body else except *Gen. Green!*

It is one of Dan's curious adventures while a ranger, that I propose to relate now. I shall endeavor to give it as nearly as I can remember, in his own way, as he related it to me; though I must confess, it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to preserve the raciness of his rattle-pate and peculiar manner. It was before he joined the Meir expedition, and while yet with the rangers, under the command of McCullough.

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Dan, whose excellence as a guide was well-known to the captain, was despatched by him along with three others of the troop, on a spring expedition, towards the head waters of the Nueces. This was in the early winter of the year before the Meir expedition, and the Mexicans were in many ways annoying and threatening the weak settlements along that river. This state of things had encouraged the Indians, as well to make very bold descents. McCullough had on his first arrival given them both a severe lesson, upon which the marauders had taken the hint, and nothing further had been heard from either party for several months. Unwilling that his men should lie in camps at such a place as Corpus Christi, with nothing to do but drink and carouse, the prudent captain of Rangers had thought best to despatch all the most restless spirits on tours of observation in various quarters. Besides, the aspect of affairs in that part of Texas generally, had begun to seem rather forlorn, and seemed to call for unremitting vigilance.

Dan and his companions had reached the foot of the mountains in which the western branch of the Nueces takes rise, without meeting with any other sort of incident than those which are common to prairie travel. Here they formed their camp, and as they had yet discovered no signs of Indians, it was concluded that they would take each his own course the next day, and after travelling as much ground as possible, return to camp and report, and if it should then appear that no sign had yet been discovered by any of them; it was agreed they would spend several days in a regular buffalo-hunting frolic, as these animals seemed to abound greatly in this region. Accordingly they were under way quite early, each man following the best of his own humor and fancy for the time. Dan had been travelling in a leisurely sort of way until noon, when he came upon a scene of such remarkable beauty that he involuntarily stopped to gaze upon it. He had—scarcely without observing—followed up the west branch of the Nueces, until he now found himself at its very head-spring. In front of him a bold and broken mountain stood out somewhat from the chain, at the feet of which he had been riding all the morning. The front of this mountain was almost a square perpendicular, and looked as if it had been cleft from crest to foot by a bolt of thunder, and hurled from out the ranks of its peers. The huge masses of stone with which it seemed built were seamed with a sort of excentric regularity, and evergreens were rooted along these seams. As the eye descended, these masses became more broken, and assumed a fantastic resemblance to the lines and forms of Gothic architecture in decay—while from the prairie level sprung a broken arch, one side of which was perfect in outline, and the other concealed by the over-hanging masses of evergreen shrubs. At a distance this seemed the arched gateway of some huge cavern, but when he approached it, he found that the rock slanted in at just sufficient angle to give it, at a distance, the appearance of shadow. Instead of an enormous cavern, it proved to be only a recess or slanting niche, some twenty feet deep at the bottom—from the back part of which, a bold spring burst a little above the level of the prairie, and rushed down and out from the shadow, rejoicing over the white sand, until it sparkled in the chequered sunlight beneath the over-hanging evegreens outside—then it coursed away toward the chain of mountains and wound about their feet. All off to the left, and beyond this remarkable mountain seemed an interminable stretch of rolling prairies, over which, amidst clumps of cactus, were scattered herds of deer, mustangs and buffalo, in view at once.

Dan has not much poetry in him, but he could not help being both as-

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tonished and enchanted by the strange, wild loveliness of this scene. He slid from his saddle and stood leaning against it for only a moment or two of wrapt contemplation, when the habitual instincts of watchfullness peculiar to the ranger, caused him to change his position, and turn his head. As he did so he perceived one of the droves of mustangs (wild horses,) moving slowly towards him. They were a long way off, and there appeared nothing peculiar about them—but it served to remind him that he had a short time before seen the unshod tracks of horses and mules moving at a gallop, or that, though they might be nothing more than mustangs, yet the simple fact of their going at a gallop, was in itself suspicious of another fact or so—either that they were the tracks of Indian horses and mules, or of mustangs that had been chased or otherwise frightened by them; so that whatever of enchantment there may have been for him in the scene, it now gave place quickly to caution, and his head turned rapidly from side to side, with the habitual manner of the old spy. His eye now and then fell upon the advancing drove, but not with any consciously defined suspicion. At length they disappeared slowly down a long valley, like the sway of the prairie undulations, and were out of sight so long that he had quite forgotten them, when suddenly they appeared again on this side, moving directly towards him, at a swift gallop. He bounded into his saddle as quick as thought, supposing that, may be one or two Indians who were mustang-hunting had lain in wait for this herd, in the deep grass of that prairie valley, and were now chasing them with the lasso. He urged his horse behind one of the many clumps of cactus around him, with the intention of laying in wait to give these dusky wild horse hunters a trial for their scalps as they went past him.

As he changed his position, the figures which were approaching became more distinctly defined against the back-ground of sky, for they were descending towards him! He saw what sent his heart into his throat! that each annimal had an Indian slung along its side, by one hand and foot, holding to either horn of the saddle! This is a common trick of theirs in approaching an enemy by day-light, on the prairies, and it is difficult of detection at a distance, by the most experienced eye, as they ride close together, and no part of the body is shown above the outline of the horse. Dan was off in a twinkling! The tables were very suddenly turned, for instead of taking a scalp or two himself, as he had expected, it would now require the best he knew to save his own. It was well that he could trust his horse, for they had got so close to him that his escape at all must be a matter of sheer speed—he must run away from them or be run through by them. "To be or not to be," was the question now with poor Dan, while he desperately urged his good horse with quirt and spur. So soon as they saw him start the rascals had wheeled up into their saddles again, and yelled their war-whoop, like exulting devils. This was a sound which, though it came to his ears somewhat softened by the distance, was by no means calculated to diminish the energy or urgency of the calls upon the speed of his horse, which were made by Dan. He glanced furtively over his shoulder and saw that they were spreading out into the prairie with the intention of hemming him in against the mountains. He instantly perceived that his only chance was a desperate run for an elbow of the chain, which, if he could reach and turn first, he thought would secure his scalp for the present, as around it the stream became heavily timbered, and he knew they would not follow him into it for fear they might come upon his friends. It was a tremendous race, for the Indians knew the advantage as well as he, and Dan vows that his long curly hair began to straighten and lift his cap on its ends before he reached

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the point, they pushed him so close and hard. By the skin of his teeth he got by before they surrounded him, and now he says his hair fell as smooth and sleek as if a pint of bear's grease had been poured over it; but not until he had reached up and taken *down* his cap to waive as he shouted back at them in derisive triumph, and then darted beneath the shades of the friendly wood. They left him here as he expected; but as this was most evidently a dangerous neighbourhood, he concluded it would be safest not to tarry here but get out of it as fast as possible, for there was no telling what new whim might take these fellows when they had spread around on his trail and found him to be alone! So away he went through the woods for five or six miles without halting. The hurry and necessities of his flight had taken him off his course back to the rendezvous of his companions. He now first discovered this as he emerged from the timber upon the prairie again, and found himself far enough away from the course of the stream. He paused but for a moment, to collect himself and try and get back the true idea of his direction. Thinking he had it, he urged his horse into a swift run again. This was kept up for several hours until night began to close around him, and his horse to give unmistakable indications that he must have rest before he went much farther. He came at last to a small rivulet trickling along a deep, rough cut, and as he supposed, in the direction of the west branch of the Nueces. He had passed the camp far enough, he knew, but this would set him right if he followed it up when day-break came. So he selected a small piece of meadow ground which was covered with musquit grass, and well protected from view by the great clusters of cactus which surrounded it on three sides. Here he stripped his faithful horse and turned him loose to graze, and then taking for supper a hearty draught of water, threw himself upon his blanket to sleep.

He had lost his provision wallet in the chase, and it was more than he dare venture upon to shoot game, for fear of betraying his hiding-place, and though hungry enough, he was fain this time "to go to bed supperless." He thought of home before sleep came, of course, and wished himself there most heartily, that he might attack the well-stocked poultry, the contents of which danced in most tantalizing visions before him during the whole night. This was too much a common predicament, however, to make any very strong impression upon him otherwise.

He was mounted and off very early the next morning, and was by no means delighted to perceive that his horse was considerably gaunted by the yesterday's hard work and the somewhat narrow commons of the night. However, he moved on now with something less of a hurry, as there were no indications of pursuit apparent. Following the rivulet, he soon reached the West Branch, and turned up this with a brisker movement, spurred by the cheerful hope of soon rejoining his comrades and guiding them safe. In an hour he was in sight of the ground, and put his horse into a swift gallop in his eagerness to pass over the interval quickly. On coming up, he saw, instead of his comrades, the dead body of our Indian warrior, lying across the very ashes of their camp fire, all gashed and hewed with bowie-knife cuts. All around the earth was deeply broken up, with the evidences of a desperate and hand to hand struggle. The breech of a rifle, which he recognized, and a number of arrows, with a broken lance and shield, were scattered around. He felt a choking sensation, and his blood ran cold at this sight. His comrades had been surprised, no doubt, by the same party which had pursued him! but with what result it was impossible for him to tell certainly, though he had little choice but to believe and fear the worst. Amid the

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multitude of the tracks of unshod horses he could distinguish the few tracks of their shod horses. There was no trace of their bodies in the hasty survey he had time to make, and it seemed very strange that this dead warrior should be left behind, so contrary to their well-known custom! He followed the trail for some time, with great caution, but could make no discovery, except a great deal of blood on the ground, until towards noon, when rising the comb of a steep ridge, he looked down into the plain below upon a large body of Indians, encamped about a mile distant. This was a startling sight, and they perceived him at the same moment. Now he felt he would have indeed to run for his life. One glance, as he wheeled, was sufficient to show him warriors mounting the horses of his friends! He did not dread a race with the horses of the Indians so much, because his horse was more than a match for the best of theirs, but the horses of his comrades were as swift and in every sense as good as his now they were to be turned against him! He cursed the rashness that had induced him to follow up their trail, but this was no time to pause for regrets—he was off, down the hill, at the best speed his horse, already somewhat fagged, would raise. All depended upon getting back to the timber and losing them! He could hear their pursuing yells, distinctly, for a moment, and this was no syren's music to draw him back! He had a good mile the start, but this was no great matter, if, as he supposed, their horses were fresher than his own! He had not time now to feel any alarm, but only that there was hot work before and he had it to attend to! His object was to get out of sight as soon as possible, for he gained a great deal by compelling them to run on his trail. He strained his horse tremendously and succeeded, for when the sudden burst of their voices came to time, proving that they had reached the comb of the ridge, he looked back and could not see it or them. He felt a little less tight about the heart now, and had time to think something of his best course. It seemed a forlorn chance for an escape;—he was over six miles from timber. He suddenly remembered that he had observed, for several days past, a heavy smoke off towards the south, and looking now in that direction, saw it filling the whole horizon with gloomy masses, which seemed to be rising but a few miles off, observing that it was not very high. It instantly occurred to him in his extremity, for he felt sure from the action of his horse, that he would not last much longer in the hard run before them, that the safest course for him would be the most desperate, and this was to make directly for the approaching line of this fire, and take his chances of being able to force his way through it alive. With such a barrier between himself and the Indians, he was safe! Acting upon this stern and strange alternative, he urged his horse steadily towards the fire. It was not long before he met the dark advance guard of the smoke, as it rolled along the grass, and rode beneath its stifling shelter, the fire being yet a mile off.

He was now securely enough out of sight of the Indians, and springing from his horse, proceeded to prepare himself for a trial of the fiery sea. He cut his blanket into pieces, with one of which he blindfolded his horse; another he tied in a loose bag about the lower part of its head, enveloping the mouth and nostrils. He then enveloped his own face in a loose vizor of the same material. The blanket was coarse and let in air enough to barely sustain life for a short time, while it kept out the smoke. He could hear the yells of his pursuers seemingly close at hand. He was now in utter darkness, and mounting quickly again, headed his horse directly for the fire. On he went, not knowing where; the reins were tightened, and the lash and spur applied with the energy of desperation. Hotter and hotter the air

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became, but on he careered, blind and headlong. The fire has struck him with a roaring surge! His hair flames crisply, and the flesh of his body seems to be burning! The frantic and panting horse attempts to shy, but no, the fierceness of the agony has turned that rider's arm and will to iron! It *cannot* shy—the poor horse! On! on! scorching through the stifling blaze! A few bounds more and the terrific surges are past! The fresh air has met him! He tore the envelope from his face and leaped from the staggering horse upon the charred hot ground. The blanket is torn away from its mouth and the animal begins to revive quickly, though it shivers and can scarcely stand for the mortal terror! He is safe! He has accomplished an unparalleled feat! He hears faintly above the crackling and roar of the retiring flames a howl of triumph from his pursuers, who imagine they have driven him into the fire, and that he is burnt, horse and all. He makes a feeble attempt to answer them defiantly, but can scarcely hear his own voice. Stunned and gasping to recover the use of their almost stifled lungs, he and his horse stand, side by side, upon that blackened plain without moving a step for more than an hour. But the perils of the day were by no means passed. Before him, as far as the eye could reach, there was only one charred, levelled, smouldering waste, which had to be crossed before he conld reach water, for which, both himself and horse were now almost perishing. He started on at last, taking his course at random, for one seemed to his bewildered sense about as good as another. He did not ride at first, but mercifully led his poor horse, until the heat of the ground and the still smouldering stubs of grass became insufferable to his feet, and then he turned to mount. He now, for the first time, looked at the animal carefully, and to his horror, saw that every hair upon its body was gone, and nothing but the bare skin left, and that was so badly scorched in places, that it came off to the slightest touch. This was dreadful enough, but—water! water! water! he must have that, or they would both die. He sprang into the saddle and urged the wretched creature along with the last energies of his sinking life. In an hour he had begun to grow dizzy, and the blackened earth swam round and round, and tossed him to and fro! Now a strange noise was about him, and as the lifting waves of the earth would almost seem to leap up into his face, he would catch glimpses of huge wolves careering on them, who would turn up their fiery eyes to his, and howl at him with red hot open mouths and lolling tongues! Suddenly his horse rushed down a steep bank, and there was a great splashing Water! Blessed God, water! He tumbled from his saddle into the cold delicious fluid. In an instant his senses had returned, and he saw himself surrounded by thirty or forty prairie wolves, some of whom were swimming in the water after him, while the others sat upon the bank of the small lake, as he now discovered it to be, and howled fiercely at him. He struck those which were nearest with his gun barrel and beat them off, while he had time to draw his heavy knife. One of them had seized his passive horse, who, while it was endeavoring to pull him down, stood still and drank—the long eager draughts. He split the wolf's head with his knife, and soon sent the rest back out of the water, yelling with their wounds. But those upon the bank only howled the louder, and they were answered near at hand and from afar by hundreds of others, who were swiftly gathering in at the well-known call to a banquet. He now remembered that these wearied and infernal brutes always collect in large numbers, to follow in the wake of a great prairie fire and tear the carcasses of those animals that are killed, or band together, to chase and drag down those that come through alive, but scorched, blinded and staggering, as was

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his poor horse. They became very savage, with blood, impunity and numbers, and very few creatures which have escaped from the hungry flames can escape from their yet more ravenous jaws. The creature, at other times, is utterly contemptible for its cowardice, but he shuddered when he called to mind the dreadful stories he had heard of their deadly fierceness at such times as this. "My God!" he moaned aloud—"wasn't it bad enough for me to pass that hell of flames back yonder? and have I only escaped that to meet a fate a thousand times more hideous?" He looked at his horse; the animal was now, too, refreshed, and began to be conscious of the new danger as it gazed around with staring eyeballs upon the eager and swiftly gathering crowd that howled along the shore. He snorted in affright, and lifted his head with a wildly mournful neigh, that seemed to poor Dan the most piteous sound that ever rung upon his ear before. There was some comfort though, the horse had life enough left in him to make one more run for safety. He mounted, and after having fired his rifle, with deliberate aim, into the thickest of them, charged right through at full speed. They leaped at his feet and attempted to seize his horse's legs, but the animal was too mortally frightened for them to impede his way for an instant. Through he trampled, and away across the prairie he flies, snorting with terror, and moving with as great speed as if perfectly fresh, and away, too, in pursuit, swept the yelling herd of wolves. They were more than a hundred now, and seemed increasing in numbers at every jump, for as Dan glanced his frightened eyes around, he would see them straitened out with speed and their mouths wide open, coming to join the terrible route from every direction over the prairie. He looks behind him—they were close upon his heels—the great part of them, particularly those in front, and who seemed most fierce and ravenous, were scorched nearly naked, and with the white foam flying, their long red tongues, their fiery glaring eyes, they presented the most hideous picture of unearthly terror that ever mortal lived to be chased by before, unless by the horrible phantasmagoria of madness! He fired his pistols back at them, but it made no difference, they only yelled the louder, and came on the more fiercely, while five joined their long train for each one that he had killed. If his horse should fall or give out, they would both be torn to fragments in an instant! This appalling conviction caused him to give all of eye and nerve that were left him in the mortal fright to steadying and guiding his horse, for the only hope now lay in him. He soon perceived, however, that he was leaving the pack far behind, for there is little comparison between the speed of a horse and that of the prairie wolf.

He now began to feel something of hope, and as the frantic speed of his horse placed yet a greater distance between them, the unimaginable dread seemed to be lifting from his life. Now he could not hear their yells, and could barely distinguish far in the rear, the long snake-like train yet moving on through in the relentless chase over the undulations of the bare plain. He sees timber ahead, and shouts in an ecstacy of joyful relief, for then he himself at least is safe! He can climb a tree—and in the delight of that thought, he has no time for thinking that his poor horse cannot climb trees!

The horse sees, and is inspirited too—for to all creatures on the prairies there seems to be a vague feeling of safety in the sight of woods! But, alas! poor horse! They have reached the timber, but scarcely a hundred rods have been passed over, when the poor horse gives out, and after a few ineffectual efforts still to obey the urging spur, can only lean against the trunk of a tree, and pant and groan with exhaustion. Dan ascends the

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tree, tying the lariat of his horse to one of the lower limbs. He then loaded his arms in the forlorn hope of defending his horse if they came up. All was still as death, but the loud panting of the poor horse. He ascended higher to look out for the approach of the wolves, for he had a faint hope that they had given up the chase. But alas! his heart sinks again! There they come, the long yellowish looking train, and several large white wolves have joined them now. He knows well the tameless and pitiless ferocity of these red-eyed monsters, and feels that his true, his noble horse, must go! Now he can hear their cry! They are in the woods. The poor horse shivers—looks back, and utters that wild and wailing neigh, as they rush upon him in a body. Dan fires down among them, but what avail is it? In a twinkling, his faithful horse is down, and has been torn to atoms! The halter of the lariat hangs empty beside the tree. Now they lie panting around the foot of the tree, with their fiery eyes turned wistfully up at him —for the horse had been only a mouthful a piece. Whenever he makes a movement, they rise with eager yells, and leap up towards him as if to meet his fall. Dan says, that in the utter and dreadfully hopeless desperation of his position now, a grotesque sort of humor possessed him of a sudden, and he commenced deliberately firing down at the red glaring eyeballs of the white wolves, and would roar with laughter, and fairly dance upon his ticklish perch with glee, when he saw the creatures tumble over with a shrill death-cry, and then the whole pack rush on it and tear it into shreds in an instant, with gnashing cries. He says he amused himself in this way for an hour, and made them tear to pieces, in this way, one after another, every white wolf that had joined the chase. This sport delighted him so much, that he became careless, and commenced falling. He only saved himself by dropping his gun, which they seized, and almost tore its stock to pieces before they discovered it was not eatable. I saw the dents of their teeth in the barrel afterwards. Darkness was coming on, and they seemed not in the least disposed to go, and he felt that he must tumble out from the faintness of hunger and fatigue, if he was compelled to spend another hour in that tree without food. He had become entirely reckless now, and loaded up his pistols, determined, if he must fall, to bring death with him for some more of them. Suddenly he heard a distant yelling on the prairie, like that which had sounded so dreadfully behind his flight. The wolves sprung to their feet in a body, and with pricked ears, listened. He looked out towards the prairie, and could faintly discover a large buffalo bull plunging along over the plain, surrounded by a great herd of wolves, who were tearing him at every jump. He could even hear the low bellowing of the creature's agony—another victim! and his thirsty guardians started to join the chase. One after one they went, while those who staid behind would turn their heads to look back wilfully at him, and whine and lick their dry chaps. When the chase come in sight though, off they started in a body with savage yells. He fired his pistols after them in farewell, and killed one of the hindmost dead, while the other, with a broken shoulder, kept on yelling with the pack. He knew he would be safe now if he could get a fire kindled before they returned, if they did so at all. Before they were out of sight, he had reached the ground, and with trembling eagerness proceeded to light a fire with the help of his tinder-box, which every ranger carries. He soon had a great fire blazing, and then cutting a piece from the last wolf he had killed, proceeded to roast it for food. When he had eaten, he felt so much refreshed that he could now proceed to make provision for the night's rest. He gathered a great deal of dried

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wood and built a large fire in a circle about the spot he had selected to sleep upon. The wolves came back in about an hour after he had finished his arrangements for the night; but he now felt perfectly secure, for though he could see their hungry eyes shining all round the outside of the circle, and they kept up a continued howling all night long, he laid himself down and slept soundly until morning. When he waked up, the wolves were all gone but one or two, craunching at the bones of yesterday's feast. He shot one of them with his pistol, and made a breakfast off of it. He picked up the gun, and found that though very much torn, it could still be used. He now took his course, and started to foot it into the settlements. After a week of almost incredible suffering, he got in safe, and saw nothing more of the wolves or of his comrades, who are thought to have been carried off prisoners, and afterwards murdered by the Indians on their attempting to escape. Dan was sick of a fever for several weeks at Corpus Christi after he got in, and raved incessantly about wolves!

WESTWARD, HO!

WESTWARD, HO! since first the sun
Over young creation shone,
Westward has the light progressed.
Westward arts and creeds have tended,
Never shall their march be ended,
Till they reach the utmost West.

Westward blew the tropic winds;
Fast their breath in union binds
Land to land athwart the sea;
Ever blowing, since the world
Shapeless into space was hurled,
Symbol of eternity.

Yet while Sol his bounty pours
Over Occident's glad shores,
Darkness shrouds an eastern land;
And while trade-winds waft their showers
Toward a world of leaves and flowers,
Pines hot Afric's thirsting sand.

Is it that all earthly things
Westward ply their restless wings,
Problems of their being to solve?
Faith and Knowledge, Commerce, Wealth,
Valor, Strength and manly Health,
Do they, like the stars, revolve?

Westward, ho! the heavenly Muse,
From Parnassus to Vaucluse,
From the Arno to the Seine,
From the Avon to the Sound,
Westward shifts her classic ground
When she wakes a younger strain.

Westward, ho! the little day,
Fickle day of power and sway,
Dawns in turn on many a shore.
It shall wane where now it smiles;
On the Thames' bank—as the Nile's—
Soon 'twill set, to rise no more.

Europe's noon hath long been past;
All her vain insignia cast
Length'ning shadows on her brow;
Soon she'll mourn, in darkness shrouded,
For her blue sky, dimly clouded,
Ev'n as Asia mourneth now.

Westward, ho! the morning breaks;
Lo! a younger world awakes;
There the day-god long shall rest;
Nor can wild Hesperian dreams,
Dreams of golden earth and streams,
Lure him to a further west.

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SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GERMANS AND THEIR LITERATURE.

Of the three great nations distinguished for their attainments in literature and all the arts of civilized life, England, France and Germany, the latter is still comparatively unknown and without influence among us. English literature we look upon as in some sort our own. The rich treasures of her past are our common inheritance. We share in the pride of her great names—her Shakspeares, Bacons and Newtons; her Miltons, Chaucers and Spensers; for their own most rich and peculiar language is our mother tongue. Owing to the absence of an international copyright, all the more important works of even her great living writers are often more widely circulated here than in their own country.

The French classics are, the greater part of them, easily accessible to American readers, whilst the popular productions of the day are usually translated and republished as fast as they appear. Moreover, the language itself is so easy, that any one desirous of becoming acquainted with French literature has only to commence with some interesting volume, and, with small aid from grammar and dictionary, read on, and he finds himself master of the idiom almost ere he is aware of it. Add to this, that our intercourse with England and France is so direct and frequent, that London or Paris, is more easily reached or heard from than some parts of our own country; and we cannot fail to perceive that these nations are, and have long been, exercising a great, an untold influence upon the formation of the national mind and character. We by no means complain of this, but would suggest that our education will not be complete until we have attended the third of the three great European schools—until we have added to our own native and acquired wealth also the rich treasures of the Teutonic mind. Every great and highly cultivated nation both possesses and embodies important truths and principles, which it is neither safe nor politic in a younger to overlook and neglect. It is not wise nor prudent to shut our eyes to any light which it has pleased heaven to reveal.

From various causes, as already intimated, our knowledge of the Germans, and, by consequence, their influence over us, has been very limited. They have been too long regarded as a people of strange speech and hard language; ridiculed for want of tact and taste by the witty and frivolous Frenchman; discarded as mystical and extravagant dreamers by the positive and practical Englishman. But they have haply maintained amid all detractions, the character of close students, of learned scholars, and of faithful and honest men.

But however clouds and obscuring mists may have hitherto overhung and enveloped this long unnoted country, they seem at length destined to be completely and forever dispelled. Genius, whose mission is to enlighten and bless—literature, the nobly expressed thought of earnest and inspired men—views and researches in religion and philosophy the most profound and far-reaching, forbid that we should longer remain ignorant of the genuine labors and achievements of our sturdy brethren of the North. The great names which, at the close of the last, and beginning of the present century, adorned in that country the honored

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walks of letters and human culture, are at length attracting the attention and study of all earnest and inquiring minds.

Let us, therefore, endeavor to view a little more closely these, our Teutonic kindred. Nations and races, like individuals and families, have their peculiar features—their strong and prevailing characteristics. These will be found to be most marked and striking in those least mixed in their origin, and who have longest remained a distinct and unconquered people. That the Germans are a primitive, unmixed race, might be shown from their language alone. Unlike the English, which is made up chiefly of Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French, with very copious additions from numerous other sources; unlike the languages of the south of Europe, (as the Spanish, French and Italian,) which may be regarded as a corruption of Latin by a large intermixture of the several native dialects—the German is a quite primitive tongue; and, as usual, we find a strong resemblance between the people and the language they speak. Notwithstanding the long periods of foreign domination, and the almost unbounded influence of the French, the Germans have nevertheless maintained their own genuine characteristics and peculiar traits.

The basis of the German character is a hearty honesty, naturalness and simplicity, loyalty and respect towards superiors, and a genuine fidelity and thoroughness in whatever they undertake; whilst a deep tinge of meditative enthusiasm colors all their thoughts and actions. We may call them by nature a religious people; reverence for what is above them, piety towards God, and in all the relations of life, are virtues deeply engraven on the German heart. It was not by accident that Luther and the Protestant Reformation sprung up among them. Providence ever selects the fit instrument to perform his work. To the ancient Jews were committed the oracles of God, because of all nations they possessed most those qualities calculated to guard and scrupulously preserve them; a cohesive, indomitable and persevering race, zealous for the least tittle of their law. Perhaps the Germans were not less fitted for the great work laid upon them: a patient, unobtrusive, calmly earnest people; but capable of an enthusiasm in spiritual things, unknown to the feebler minds of the South, or the more worldly and practical English. It was here, therefore, and by them, that the great battles of Protestantism were fought. This was the one cause nearest and dearest to their hearts, which could call forth all their enthusiasm, to which all their virtues were happily subservient. For this they fought through a *Thirty-Years' War;* for this Gustavus Adolphus fell covered with wounds, and died—but died victorious, on the bloody plains of Lützen.

Many of the characteristics which might be enumerated as belonging to the Germans, are shared by them with most of the nations inhabiting the North of Europe. Of several of these, we have delightful pictures in those living, truthful, domestic sketches of Frederica Bremer. Still there are many points of difference between the Germans, properly so called, and the inhabitants of the extreme North. The German imagination is, in general, less odd, grotesque and gloomy; there is among them somewhat less of that mystic melancholy pervading many a sad tale and mournful legend of those far Northern lands—less also of that wild and strange humor, once so colossal and wonderful, which sported with the creation of worlds, and figured the powers of nature as huge

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giants, tossing in wild glee the chaotic elements of land and sea. Odin and Thor, and the Jötuns of Fire, Frost and Tempest, are creations of the Icelandic and Norwegian imagination; the first rude thoughts of a strong, earnest people, dwelling familiarly amid the sublimities and terrors of those Arctic regions; "a wild land of barrenness and lava; swallowed many months of every year in black tempests, yet with a wild gleaming beauty in summer-time; towering up there stern and grim in the Northern Ocean; with its snow Jokuls, roaring geysers, sulphur pools and horrid volcanic chasms, like the waste chaotic battle-field of Frost and Fire."

If we compare the three great nations of modern Europe, we shall find in each its own peculiar virtues, fitted to accomplish some special work. The English are great as a practical and commercial people. Bonaparte called them a nation of shop-keepers; he afterwards learned to recognize something of that stern and inflexible virtue which has well-nigh rendered them what the ancient Roman's were so often called—*terrarum dominos*—lords of the earth. It is undoubtedly their mission to subdue and colonize a great part of the still unsettled earth. Witness our own sweeping progress. Perhaps it is not without significance that we English colonies called ourselves Americans, as if the whole continent were our own! In politics, in jurisprudence, in everything that requires practical understanding, the English mind is superior to all others.* It is theirs, therefore, to give to the world a lesson in subduing, governing, and rightly enjoying this fertile earth

The French are less easily characterized; volatile and changeful, with many of the noblest qualities that ever adorned human nature, yet stained with crimes deep and dark, at which humanity veils her face, and weeping, turns away; and now, that all among them is again subject to the edying whirl of revolution—of mad and stormy passion—it is still more difficult to assign the precise part which they are destined to act in the world's great drama. Men of the world and of society, it is theirs to round the polished phrase, and cover with grace and beauty all common and homely acts. Masters of manner and etiquette, it is they who mould and fashion the intercourse and external relations of men to more pleasing forms, imparting to their coarser and less mercurial neighbors something of their own vivacity and courteous delicacy of expression. Whether their warm and generous sympathies, and that beautiful enthusiasm and courageous spirit of self-sacrifice of late so conspicuous among them, may not indicate that higher and more important work yet remains for them to accomplish, the result of the present revolution will perhaps enable us to determine.

Of the Germans, the first impression is less favorable. In that somewhat heavy countenance—in those less expressive blue eyes, we discover neither the vigorous, common sense of the English, nor the vivacity and easy grace of the French. But as we look more closely, an intelligence and calm enthusiasm lights up those earnest features, and we discern traces of a diviner and more spiritual nature struggling to express itself through an organization and material not quite pliant and yielding to its ethereal touch. Lacking the genial influences of more

* Of course we make no comparison between the English and ourselves, since we are speaking of races, and we consider this nation as but a modification of the English; though the difference will probably widen as we approach the maturer development of our inherent characteristics and tendencies.

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favored climes, they cannot boast that faultless symmetry of feature and happy harmony of spirit and form,—a grace rarely bestowed upon powerful and original characters. As a people, the Germans have mingled little in political affairs and the so-called reforms and social improvements of the day. But shut out from politics and many other species of practical activity—deprived of the influence of a beautiful external nature, they have nevertheless won for themselves a domain more enduring than earthly conquests, brighter and more lovely than the green lawns of merry England, or the fair fields of France and sunny Italy. It is the noble realm of the IDEAL, the conquest of thought and intellect, of creative imagination, won not for themselves alone, at the expense and sufferings of others, but for all who will to share and enjoy it with them. Were poetry, religion and philosophy banished from the earth, we might almost trust to the Germans to re-create and restore them. These appear to be pre-eminently their lot and portion on the earth. Others may find in letters and philosophy a delight and solace, an ornament to their varied existence; to the German they are as the bread of life. An Englishman knows not how to live without his comforts; without liberty and free scope for his practical activity. The French must have their gay society and sparkling conversation;—even De Staël considers a banishment, forty leagues from Paris, as the most terrible of calamities; but grant the German the dear privilege of reading, writing and printing books, and he will submit to whatever else you will. Others make learning and liberal culture a means of gratifying their ambition, of compassing wealth and worldly fortune; the German pursues them for what he considers their own intrinsic worth, from a pure love of the objects themselves. We may call them a nation of students, and their country the land of books and libraries, which are easily accessible to all. Hence we find persons in even the humbler walks of life extensively read in all ancient and modern literatures, able to speak familiarly of things known elsewhere only to the learned few.

If we consider the characteristics of the Germans, with reference to ourselves, we shall perceive that there is no people, the study of whose literature would be more likely to correct our less happy tendencies. Our most prominent faults are an impatient and all-consuming haste, a want of thorough and profound learning, and a too eager desire of worldly prosperity—often making our higher culture subservient to these lower aims. The Germans are proverbially rather a slow and conservative people, remarkable for the careful preparation and study with which they enter upon even the less important duties, and for their lofty views of art and all liberal pursuits. On this latter point we may cite the opinion of a distinguished critic, who is generally allowed to be the best authority in all things pertaining to the Germans. "In their system, art is to be loved, not because of its effects, but because of itself; not because it is useful for spiritual pleasure, or even for moral culture, but because it is art, and the highest in man, and the soul of all beauty. To inquire after its *utility*, would be like inquiring after the *utility* of a God, or, what to the Germans would sound stranger than it does to us, the *utility* of virtue and religion."

In conclusion, we add, that the literature of the Germans is a rich, living literature. It sympathizes with the joys and sorrows, the hopes and wants of man in our own day. We are not transported by it to any fabulous golden age, or required to impose on ourselves a quasi-belief

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in absolute divinities, and old worn out symbols of faith. These, it is clearly understood, belong not to time.

> "The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
> The fair humanities of old religion,
> The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
> That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
> Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanished,
> They live no longer in the faith of reason!"

But deep within the heart of man still dwells the true creative power, ever potent to evoke new forms of beauty, and weave its spells to bind all human minds. It is on this that the German relies, and not on distance of time or space, to render his productions poetical. Then metaphysicians battle with the problems that vex our own time. KANT and FICHTE, and SCHELLING and HEGEL, with their hosts of followers, have given themselves to the investigation of the mysteries in which our life is still shrouded. If the earnest student of our time will turn to the writings of these men, he will find those questions which have ever agitated the thoughtful and reflective, therein treated as they have rarely been since the days of Aristotle and the godlike Plato. In other regions, he will meet with a Herder, a Novalis, and the Jacobi's, who knew to clothe their thoughts in more attractive garb, adorning their high speculations with the graces of the imagination, and combined with the deepest feelings of the heart. In others, still he encounter the Schlegels, the most learned of critics, familiar with the literatures of all lands and times; a Lessing, with an intellect clear, noble, and profound, whose master-piece of German tragedy the readers of this journal are having an opportunity of judging; a Jean Paul, humorous, fantastic, a very Diogenes in letters, yet rich, genial, and full of unknown and original beauties, like the wild luxuriance of our western prairies; and Schiller, the pure and lofty-minded, dwelling in his own fair ideal, ever striving after higher and higher excellence, conceiving and executing amidst sickness and constant bodily suffering, the immortal scenes of Wallenstein and Wilhelm Tell. But of Goethe, how shall we dare speak—the consummate Artist, Poet, Thinker—with a genius inferior only to Shakspeare among all modern men; in culture and experience richer and more universal than any known of ancient or modern times; in temper, calm and serenely earnest, 'like a star, unhasting, yet unresting;' master of a style that even in translation vies with the models of other languages; flinging from his prolific pen productions the most dissimilar and varied, now a 'wild, apocalyptic,' Faust, with its fearful insight into the abysses of human nature and perdition, and anon a love-song, sweet and touching as was ever sung by maiden wrapt in moon-lit bower.

We had intended to conclude this article by some remarks upon Goethe's WILHELM MEISTER, but must defer them to some succeeding number.

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THE DEATH OF PERICLES.*

BULIS TO SPERTHIES.

The spell is dissolved—the wand of the mighty magician is broken! Pericles is no more. Despair broods over our beautiful city, and the deep well of tears which the plague, with all its sorrows, could not exhaust, is now a gushing fountain. He has left us like the oak of the mountain, gradually stripped of its branches, and bravely contending against frost and snow until it sinks, a shattered trunk—awakening with its solitary fall the slumbering echoes of the forest. Disease invaded his noble frame, as a skilful enemy besieges a city—its outposts were destroyed ere the citadel was attacked; and when he surrendered, we all wondered that he could not conquer death. Athens will die with him, is the complaint of our citizens, and none have fortitude enough to separate his death from the extinction of the state. Alas! the freedom of Athens is dead. That noble spirit which pointed the swords of Harmodius and Aristogiton, and which beamed in glory over the plains of Marathon, now sleeps in luxury, or is destroyed by the foul embrace of corruption. It is the Athens of Pericles! not the Athens of our forefathers; and each beautiful temple which gems the city, stands out the inglorious grave-stone of our freedom.

On yesterday I passed his house, and saw suspended from the door the green branches which indicate that sickness was within. I had been with him, as you well know, in the glorious conflict at Samos, and had felt with him, before the walls of Epidaurus, the power of that fearful pestilence which, borne on the breeze or sleeping in the stream, had routed our gallant army, and snatched from its grasp the laurels of victory. I did not feel as an intruder, and, forcing a passage through the anxious crowd which filled the street, I entered the house. Many of our principal citizens were standing around a couch, on which I discovered the languid form of Pericles. As I approached, he awoke from a fitful slumber. Kneeling, I kissed his cheek, and he desired me to seat myself near his pillow. He had recovered from the plague, which ravaged our city two years ago, with a shattered frame, and a mind so much impaired, that he had worn an amu-

* Among my uncle's ragged congregation of tattered ballads, old books, and worm-eaten parchments, this letter was found, carefully enveloped in green silk, and secured by a mass of sealing wax, on which was impressed the rude outline of the W. arms. It was labelled the *death of Pericles*, and in the same hand-writing a copious commentary, after the manner of the old scholiasts, ran along its margin. From this discourse it appeared that when the Venetians, at the close of the seventeenth century, invaded Greece, and expelled, for a short time, the Turks from Athens, the MS. was found by a Venetian sailor among the ruins of the Acropolis, who sold it to an English soldier of fortune who accompanied the expedition. From him it passed through many hands, its authenticity denied, and its arguments questioned. until the keen eye of my uncle discovered it in an obscure book-stall in London. It was written in a curiously old-fashioned hand—many sentences were almost illegible, and the parchment was yellow with antiquity. These defects made it a rare jewel to my uncle, and he soon became its possessor. I do not know that he placed implicit confidence in its details, for his criticism on it was alike brief and ambiguous. "History (said he) forgets, in the triumphs of war and the splendor of architecture, the sufferings of a community. Thucydides (what a fine translation is that of old Hobbes of Malmesbury!) declares that Pericles obtained power by "bribes manifestly the most incorrupt;" the comic poets hated him too bitterly to tell the truth, while Plutarch is a gossip and a flatterer. Bulis, apparently, is a faithful historian.

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let. 'Here (said he) I take this bauble from my person; I have worn it merely to please the alarmed females of my household—it now gives me neither pleasure nor confidence.' Lingering on the threshold of life, his mind rushed back to all its pristine vigor and freshness; and that wonderful eloquence, which had won for its possessor the proudest honors of the state, now decorated with beauty, illumined with radiance his dying hours. He discoursed with us on the philosophy of his early days, and spoke with much feeling of the creed which he had learned from the exiled Anaxagoras—that religion, which looks up from the earth to one Omniscient Intelligence—which recognizes the unity of God, and which sees, in the beautiful fabric of the world, the hand of one divine Architect. He also spoke with deep emotion of the city—her people, victories, temples, and of the merciless enemy which now threatens our gates. Suddenly he fell into a laboring sleep, and believing that he could not hear us, several of our chief citizens continued the conversation, and one of them remarked that Pericles, during his administration of the government, had erected no less than nine trophies of victory to the honor of Athens. 'It is true, (said the dying man) but fortune had her share in these acts of mine, and many other generals have done as much; but you take no notice of the greatest and most honorable part of my character—that no Athenian, through my means, ever put on mourning.' These were his last words. Composing himself, a smile lighted over his pallid features, and without a struggle, his spirit left forever its frail tenement of clay.

The last and holiest offices of friendship have been performed in washing and anointing with perfume the senseless body. It is shrouded in a rich and costly garment, and covered with chaplets of flowers and green boughs. The principal men of the city are watching the corpse with affectionate care, and I have left the house with a mind so agitated by contending emotions, that I can scarcely realize the mournful event. I have wandered to the highest hill of the Acropolis, and here everything speaks of Pericles. The bright moon is riding in serene glory through a cloudless sky, and as her rays, reflected from the massy outline of the Parthenon, kiss each statue, or tremble through groves of pillared marble, I can think of nought but Pericles, and of the eloquence which seduced, the splendor which enervated, and the corruption which enslaved us. They are *all* the monuments of his mighty mind, and of our degraded slavery; and as the finger of time shall hallow with its touch each gorgeous temple, the children of Athens will forget the proud title of Demos, which our holy city bore even in the days of Homer, and turn with contempt from the simple freedom of their forefathers. Gone is our republican simplicity!—changed are the sober virtues of our people!—and, like a prostitute, we have sought to conceal, by costly drapery, our dereliction from virtue, or to impose by splendor on the credulity of ignorance. Our whole people, with one accord, have worshipped Plutus as the supreme divinity of Athens; and in the selfish and grovelling passions which his worship inspires, we have forgotten our country. This remarkable change was not produced by any visitation of the Deity, nor by the triumphs nor defeats of war. It was the work of Pericles alone! From the friend of the people, he stole into that of their master; from their benefactor, he became their betrayer; and in every respect, except the power of the sword, he was Pisistratus, for he exercised, by the arts of bribery and corruption, the same empire the tyrant exercised by his arms.

No one ever entered the busy theatre of life with more natural advanta-

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ges than Pericles. The son of Xantippus, who defeated the Persians at Mycale, and nearly related to Clisthenes, who expelled the family of Pisistratus, and restored our government to its republican character, he arose from his cradle protected by the birth-right of a nation's affection. Possessed of great wealth, he did not waste it in the pursuits of pleasure and sensuality, but used it as a means of acquiring civil and military knowledge. His ardent mind sought, and his vivid genius mastered, the difficulties of every science. Under Zeno of Elea, he studied logic and sophistry; and he learned from Anaxagoras that expanded philosophy which lifted his mind above the grovelling superstition around him, and which stimulated his ambition to the most daring enterprises. Fearing from his wealth and intellectual eminence the secret power of the Ostracism, he cautiously avoided interfering with the political affairs of the state, but joined the army, where he soon distinguished himself by skill, prudence, and intrepidity. Here his mind became invigorated by assiduous and solitary study; and in silence he sharpened the weapons of his wit and eloquence. An occasion soon offered itself for the exercise of his abilities. The death of Aristides—the banishment of Themistocles, and the absence of Cimon, who was engaged in distant wars, produced much confusion in the social and political circles of Athens. Under the control of the nobility, the simple principles of our government had been materially changed, and Cimon, distinguished for his dignity of birth, military success, and immense wealth, lent himself to the increasing power of the Aristocracy, and became the uncompromising enemy of popular rights. The Council of the Areopagus had also, by gradual usurpations, changed its original constitution, and had assumed, by its extensive powers of construction and judicature, the whole legislative authority of the nation. Reckless of the rights and inherent privileges of the people, and careless of the important interests entrusted to them, this body seemed to exist for no other purpose than that of perpetuating the dominion of the aristocracy—proving the truth of the maxim, that the tendency of power is always to the few; and that a free people have more to fear from the silent treachery of their own servants, than from the inroads of war or the violence of revolution.

The yoke of oppression fell each hour with increased weight on the people, and a determined feeling of resistance manifested itself. At this period, Pericles appeared as the advocate of the popular cause. A profound knowledge of the history and laws of the state—a sincerity of manner—a devotion to his country, and an eloquence equally resistless and captivating, acquired for him the unhesitating confidence of the community. Sustained by the holy cause of truth and freedom, his eloquence overcame every obstacle, while his opponents fled with terror from the denunciation which destroyed, or the sarcasm which conquered. The first fruits of his success were seen in the banishment, by ostracism, of Cimon; and the council of the Areopagus was shorn of the privileges it had usurped, and most of the causes over which it assumed jurisdiction were restored to the assemblies of the people.

His success in reforming these abuses soon rendered him singularly popular. Each hour he received the unbought affections of the community; and on every occasion when he appeared before the assemblies of the people, he retired from them, carrying with him more than a monarch's power. Our fortunes, sympathies, and destinies were deposited with him, and the safety of the state was identified with his existence. He became the living divinity of our freedom, and the centre from which radiated

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every ray of public opinion. We would not fear him! We could not mistrust his sincerity! Could it be believed that one, who had risked for our sake all the prerogatives of birth, fortune, and association, would prove a traitor; and, after elevating us, return to that party whose principles he had scorned, and whose tyranny he had unmasked? The treachery of Pisistratus was written on the annals of our state with a pen of fire. It could not be obliterated from the memory of our people. Yet who was there so bold as to compare the manly frankness and fearless eloquence of Pericles with the insidious duplicity and dark intrigue of the tyrant, and to warn us that under these lofty attributes of the orator gathered that sombre cloud, which was soon to overwhelm our liberties? Hushed was the voice of complaint, and stilled was each murmur of apprehension. A sudden sleep prostrated all our energies, and like the victim led to the altar, we went on rejoicing in the fragrancy of the funeral chaplets which his eloquence had woven around our heads.

Pericles had now tasted power, and he had not fortitude enough to fling from his lips the intoxicating cup. In the political world the waters of Lethe run as well on the surface as underneath the earth, and Pericles drank deeply of the oblivious stream. Forgetful of the promises he had made to the people, and faithless to every principle of truth and patriotism, he began in silence, and by means equally novel and degrading, to create the fabric of his gigantic power. He did not surround himself with the pomp and pageantry of war and the glitter of a voluptuous court; nor did he keep together, under the hope of pillage, a mercenary soldiery. He had read the human heart deeply and astutely; he well knew that it was the dwelling-place of selfishness, and that there, in that hallowed temple, amid the best feelings of our nature, the demon of Avarice reigned paramount. The iron law of the sword might acquire territories or desolate empires. It could do no more! The seductive whisper of gold conquered the *man*. The former might be overcome, or might rest from its weariness. The power of the latter never slumbered. Calling to its aid the darkest passions of our nature, it entwines itself around our existence, and from the cradle to the sepulchre it is the first and last emotion of mortality. Reasoning on such principles, Pericles fixed a price on the people of Athens. He taught them to look with composure on corruption; and when they became steeped in luxury, he bribed them with their own money. He procured a law to be enacted for the division of the conquered lands and public treasury. The people were freely supplied with money to attend the public games; payments from the state were attached to the meanest employments; in the inferior courts, where our citizens acted as a part of the civil judicature, their pay was considerably increased, while under the names of gratuities and gifts, the whole people became pensioners of the government.

Shortly after the death of Cimon, (who had been invited to return from exile, and in whose subsequent impeachment Pericles had acted with great magnanimity,) the nobility made another struggle to regain their lost power; and for this purpose they brought forward, as the champion of their party, Thucydides, the brother-in-law of Cimon. He was distinguished for his eloquence and forensic abilities; and a daily opposition between himself and Pericles soon displayed itself before the assemblies of the people. By frequent appeals to the fears of the rich and the pride of the nobility, he succeeded in marshalling into a powerful party almost the larger portion of our citizens; and flattering them with the idea that

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they alone were capable and fit to fill the offices of the state, he rendered them an exclusive aristocracy. In this contest, however, he was met with equal zeal and superior eloquence by Pericles, who became the tireless advocate of the people's rights, and who appeared to have given all the energies of his intellect and the powers of his genius solely to the cause of Democracy. How deeply were we deceived!. and how shamefully were we betrayed! He used us as the tools of his ambition, and the beautiful garland of our freedom perished in the grasp of his selfishness. He had seen with pleasure the success of bribery, and he determined to practice the system on a more expanded scale. Each year sixty gallies, manned for eight months, cruised near our shores, their men and officers receiving an exorbitant salary from government. Distant provinces—the mountains of Thrace and the vallies of Italy, became colonized by numbers of Athenians, whom Pericles persuaded to leave their native city, carrying with them our arts and the gloy of his name. The money which the several states of Greece had contributed for the common defence against the Persians, and which had been deposited at Delos, was removed by Pericles to Athens, under the ingenious device that here it would be secure from the barbarians. The allies resented this insult with much feeling; and in reply to their remonstrances, Pericles openly justified his conduct, declaring that the Athenians were not bound to give any account of the sums they had received, inasmuch as the allies had been defended by the Athenian army—they having furnished money which is no longer the property of the giver but of the receiver, if he perform the conditions on which it was received. With this immense wealth, Pericles commenced the labor of decorating and adorning the city, and it afforded him the most ample means of increasing and perpetuating his power. Every class of society, and all the arts and sciences, found a theatre opened for the exercise of labor or ingenuity—architects, sculptors, painters, engineers—mechanics and laborers thronged the streets of our city, and every avenue rang with the sound of the hammer and chisel. The heavier labors fell on the poorer classes of the community, who worked with pleasure, because they were entitled to the same pay as the army, and to a similar rank. Plenty soon diffused itself, while a variety of festivals and games were gratuitously offered to, and accepted by the people. A laudable spirit of emulation appeared among the artists of every clime, who had flocked to Athens, and frequently the elegance of the execution surpassed the magnificence of the design. The genius of our own sons was stimulated to improvement, and many a successful artist confessed that his conceptions had been expanded, and his taste matured, while gazing on the beautiful creations which leaped forth from the imperishable chisel of Phidias. Abroad throughout our land was heard the glad voice of revelry and mirth! The spirit-stirring trumpet exchanged for the enervating flute, and our swords covered with myrtle, we surrendered ourselves to the Circean spell of voluptuousness. Drunk with licentiousness, we forbore to care for our country, and we seemed to live for no other purpose than that of extending our pleasures, and of adorning him who had so prodigally bestowed them on us.

The old enemies of Pericles found in his extravagant waste of the public treasure no redeeming virtue, and despite the work made by him to join Athens to the Piræus, they murmured because the public money was squandered in embellishing the city with gaudy and superfluous edifices, while many a pointed sarcasm was aimed at the vanity which conceived, and the folly which erected the Odeon, or music theatre. Many of our

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wisest citizens, who could not be bought, were necessarily forced to unite themselves with the aristocracy to impair the power of Pericles; but it was in vain! and amid the many violent contests between them and the friends of Pericles, but one alternative presented itself by which we might be saved from anarchy, and that was the banishment of Thucydides or Pericles. On this question the people deliberated in their primary assembly, and Pericles was victorious. Thucydides sank beneath the silent justice of the ostracism, and the party who, under him, had presented a formidable front, soon became a feeble and impotent faction. Pericles was now the absolute sovereign of Athens and all her dependencies. The islands and the sea—the revenue, the army and navy—our extensive territories and colonies, were subject to him, and he reigned singly and alone in that wide domain, which extended not only over the Greeks, but the Barbarians also, and which was cemented and strengthened by the obedience and fidelity of the conquered nations, by the friendship of kings, and by the obligations of treaties with various princes. In the language of one of our poets, he possessed a power

> "To build and to destroy.
> In peace and war to govern! nay, to rule
> Our very fate—like some superior thing."

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You can hardly expect me, my dear Sperthies, to sketch the dazzling military exploits of Pericles. In them you have borne a heroic part, and whether on the bloody field of Nemea, or uniting with him in those brilliant dreams which shadowed forth the reconquest of Ægypt, the possession of Sicily, Hertrinia and Carthage, your gallantry was appreciated, and your counsels listened to with affection by that wonderful man. The expedition to the Chersonesus, and the one made by sea with an armament of one hundred ships of war around Peloponnesus, declare his military abilities. Prudent, energetic, and brave, he inspired the Athenian army with a confidence which ever opened to them the path to victory. He impressed the barbarous nations which surrounded the Grecian cities in Pontus, with the greatness of Athens, and forced them to admit her claims as mistress of the seas. With how much dexterity did he avert from Attica the threatened invasion of the Lacedemonians, who, faithful to their instinct of hatred against us, had united and made common cause with the people of Megara, and with a large army approached our borders? Although they offered battle, and our troops, full of ardor, were impatient for the contest, Pericles declined it. He held in his hands that formidable weapon with which he had always conquered—*Money*,—and he did not hesitate to use it. He bribed Cleandrides, the counsellor, whom the Ephoni had sent with the young Lacedemonian king, and in a short time the invading army retired from our frontier. On their retreat, Pericles passed over into Eubea, and easily subdued that revolted island. In settling his accounts for this campaign, Pericles charged ten talents for "necessary services," and it is well known that he annually transmitted a similar sum to Sparta, and with which he gained the magistracy—not purchasing peace, but keeping that state from acts of hostility, while he pushed forward the conquest of Athens, and had leisure to prepare for a war with Sparta, which her insolence daily provoked. The truce for thirty years which had been entered into between her and us rested upon the weakest of all foundations.

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Vicious as had been the public conduct of Pericles, his private life was unstained. Of stern probity and spotless honor, money could not purchase him; and though it was the instrument with which he conquered opposition, and revolutionized our government, in his own person he was safe from its influences. He was untainted by avarice, (that twin-demon of absolute power,) and although he had the most ample means of increasing his private fortune, he added not one drachm to it. Preserving his patrimonial estate by the closest economy, its profits were expended not in selfish gratification, but in relieving the distresses of the poor. Frank, brave, passionately attached to the glory of Attica, faithful and generous, can we wonder at the mastery he exercised over the affections of the Athenian people? But now in the acme of his power, when his private life beamed forth in unsullied innocence, its lustre became suddenly dimmed, and its purity forever soiled by his unfortunate connexion with the courtezan Aspasia.

Lured from her voluptuous home by the reputation of the luxury and elegance of our city, Aspasia, in the full bloom of womanhood, made her appearance in Athens. Born in the licentious city of Miletus, so remarkable for the genius of its sons and daughters, her manners and intellect strongly contrasted with the simple modesty and shrinking reserve of the Athenian women. Faultless in beauty, learned, eloquent, skilled in the seductive arts of the courtezan, and resistless by the blended union of genius to female loveliness, she soon won the homage of many of our first citizens. Attracted by her rare endowments of person and intellect her social circle was thronged. Here might be seen listening with rapture to her instructive discourse and sparkling wit, Anaxagoras, Zeno, Protagoras, and many of the philosophers, who were known to be averse to the religious opinions of the state, while mingled in the brilliant circle were also poets, artists, men of letters and statesmen.

Among the first who fell a victim to her wiles was Pericles. The union between him and his virtuous wife was disturbed, and though she had borne him two sons, he soon separated from her, attaching himself to Aspasia by the strongest ties which the laws suffered him to contract with a foreign woman. The abject slave of this shameless courtezan, all his actions were controlled by her. She instructed him in rhetoric, and aided him in the preparation of the orations which he often delivered in the public assemblies, and it was believed that from her vivid genius and cultivated taste came those lofty conceptions and winged words which gave such vigor and beauty to his matchless eloquence. Reckless of the infamy which soiled him he bent his neck to the yoke, and when he fell, vice, no longer restrained by his example, raised its frightful head. Licentiousness spread itself far and wide, and the youth of our city in the race of profligacy became effeminate and rotten at heart. By his unfortunate connexion with Aspasia, Pericles degraded the dignity of female chastity—that only true preservative of social happiness and national prosperity,—and thus broke down the safest barriers which Liberty gives to the land of the freeman.

Her influence over Pericles led us into the Samian war. It was natural that, in the contest between the Milesians and Samians, her feelings should be with the land of her birth. Pericles readily entered into all her sympathies, and pretexts for hostilities on our side were easily found. With a large fleet he sailed for the beautiful and fertile island of Samos, which, from the enterprise of its sons, was beginning to rival us in the dominion of the seas. Falling an easy conquest to his skill and courage, he abolished its oligarchial form of government, and in its place established a government

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founded on democratic principles. He had barely reached home, when a revolt broke out. Returning, he won the glorious naval engagement off Tragiæ, and beseiged the city of Samos. Learning that a Phœnician fleet was on its way to the relief of the besieged, he steered for the Mediterranean to meet it. No sooner had he departed, than our army was defeated by the Samians, and many of our ships destroyed. On receiving the tidings of these disasters Pericles hastily returned, and in a pitched battle completely defeated the Samians. Careful of the lives of his soldiers, he did not attempt to carry the city by assault, but with admirable military foresight built a wall around it. In nine months the proud and insolent city surrendered to our arms. Its walls were razed, its ships carried off, and heavy contributions were laid on it by Pericles. The funeral obsequies of those who fell in this war were celebrated with great pomp at Athens; and when Pericles, who had been appointed to deliver the eulogium, finished the eloquent discourse, he was crowned by the Athenian women with chaplets of flowers.

You well know (during the few years of peace that followed the Samian war) how rapidly our city increased in extent, wealth and population, while a luxury softer than that of Persia stole upon us—Pericles still continued to scatter with a prodigal hand the public treasure, refusing to give any reply to the murmurs of the people concerning his extravagant expenditures. A decree was proposed by Dracontides, requiring him to give an account of the public money before the Prytanes. To avoid the dishonor which would attend this inquiry, and to draw off from it the attention of the people, he began with zeal and energy to advocate a war with the Lacedemonians. A thousand reasons readily presented themselves to his aid. A deep seated jealousy of our power and glory was felt by most of the states of Greece, and on many occasions they had taken sides with our revolted territories. Yet they sought to arrange the numerous difficulties which had arisen, by a resort to negotiation, and the Lacedemonian ambassadors were heard before the assembly of the people. Their propositions for a peace, alike advantageous and honorable to us, might have been accepted; but the powerful eloquence of Pericles kindled into a blaze the slumbering heroism of Athens, and with one accord we surrendered ourselves to him. He told us that these ambassadors came not to expostulate—but to order; that if we yielded to them in the smallest matter, they would increase in their demands; that the states who threatened us had no ability to prosecute the war with speed or vigor; that we were the mistress of the seas; that we had nothing to fear from the contest, every thing to hope. In glowing colors he sketched our abilities and resources, and in thrilling tones he appealed to our patriotism and courage. Thus commenced the war in which we are now engaged, hurried on, because Pericles dared not state his accounts to the people! Accursed power of gold! Such are thy triumphs, and such are some of the consequences which nations feel, when both rulers and people are thy slaves!

On the call of Pericles, great numbers flocked into the city from all parts of Attica, enrolling themselves in the ranks, while the most active preparations were made in equipping our ships of war. But one feeling animated our people—and that was a determination to prosecute the war, reckless of life and treasure. The honor of our country was at stake, and in Athens there was no traitor-heart which dared to sneer at the country's cause! None speculated about the causes of the war—none desired the peace of dishonor, but with one accord the old and the young prepared for the conflict.

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The Lacedemonians and their confederates with a large army having invaded and laid waste our soil, encamped at Acharnæ, near the city. Despite the popular murmurs, Pericles refused to convene an assembly of the people, for fear he might be compelled to act against his own opinion, and engage the enemy. In every shape and form he was attacked by vilification and obloquy. His prudence was termed cowardice, and he was even charged by some with a design to betray his country. Self-possessed and firm, he resisted every appeal, and sternly submitted to the cloud of disgrace which was thickening around him. On a single battle he would not risk the safety of the state and the destiny of his country. To allay the popular excitement, he made a distribution of money and lands among the people; and when the enemy retired, (after vainly attempting to provoke a battle,) by means of our fleet he carried the war into their own country, and also into that of the confederates.

About this period broke out that terrific pestilence, the plague, which decimated our city. I have no taste to recall its wide-spread horrors. You witnessed it, and over the utter destitution of sympathy and charity which it produced, let us forever draw a veil. Starting from Ethiopia, and spreading desolation on its way, it found a full harvest of death in the multitude which had flocked into Athens on the first alarm of invasion. Joyous youth, elastic manhood and temperate age, were alike its victims, and each family found more than one vacant place around their hearths. To cheer the drooping spirits of the people, Pericles fitted out a large fleet for the purpose of harrassing the enemy, and soon laid siege to the sacred city of Epidamus. Here he was defeated, not by the enemy, but by a fearful pestilence which prevailed in his army. Returning to Athens, discomfited and unfortunate, he encountered the public resentment, and although with accustomed eloquence he justified his conduct, and endeavored to console the people under their defeat, and to animate them to renewed exertion, he was yet condemned, deprived of command, and a heavy fine imposed on him.

To this sentence, alike sudden and unexpected, were added the domestic afflictions which now fell on him. Most of his early and fast friends, who had aided him in the administration of the government, had fallen by the plague, and he was alone. Yet he surrendered not his dignity of soul until the death of Paralus, his only remaining legitimate son; and when placing the garland upon the head of his dead child, he broke into loud and womanly lamentations.

Ere a year had passed by, the people invited him to resume the direction of the civil and military affairs of Athens. He had lived in the closest retirement, and when Alcibiades and his other friends persuaded him to make his appearance before the people, he did not hesitate. Forgetting the sentence imposed on him, he calmly heard them, and resumed the reins of government with a firm and steady hand. How short was the period, ere death removed him from us!

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The eloquence of Pericles was the philtre by which he seduced the heart of Athens, and money was the instrument with which, for more than forty years, he held over us a monarch's power. His oratory had been formed on the best models, and it was perfected by constant practice. Who that ever heard him could forget his manner, gesture or delivery, or the living thought which fell from his lips? Like a rare strain of music, it forever haunted the memory of the heart, and could not be forgotten. Whatever cause he advocated, succeeded, and seldom was he defeated. On the trial

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of Aspasia for impiety and immorality of life, he appeared in the defence, and on this occasion only was his forensic skill fruitless. She was acquitted by a majority of her judges, not by his eloquence, but only when that strong and gifted man, around whose brow clustered the glories of Athens, gave way to a flood of unmanly tears. At the Ceramicas, on the end of the first campaign of the present war, over the ashes of those who were there interred, he delivered that beautiful and matchless oration, the brilliant truths and lofty patriotism of which have become to us as household words, and which, so long as our language exists, can never perish. With what thrilling power did he allude to the heroic men who had given their lives for their country? Their glory was not buried—but treasured up. The whole earth was to them a sepulchre. Happiness was only in liberty, and they, her sons, had protected her by valor and virtue. No one in that vast assembly but caught the enthusiasm of the orator, and with swelling pride listened to his eulogium on Athens and the Athenians, and to the priceless blessings freedom gives only to the good and brave. We once had these blessings, but gold has expelled them forever from us. Athens will add one more page to the history of those republics which have fallen in the contest between liberty and money. In such a conflict liberty has never conquered. How false then were these professions of the orator, and what a satire on a people degraded by luxury and enslaved by corruption! Yet, deluded by his eloquence, we believed ourselves free, and foolishly dreamed that the republic of our fathers had not withered unto death, and that liberty had never fled from her chosen dwelling-place on earth—our own heaven-kissed Attica!

THE PROVERB.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

Alain a princess did admire,
  But saw his hopes defeated;
Ignobly born, a simple squire,
  He like a serf was treated.
The princess had her stately dame,
  A flower whose bloom had fleeted;
Alain to her transports his flame,
  But like a serf is treated.

The dame, too, had her waiting-maid,
  Who none but nobles greeted;
In vain to her his court he paid;
  He like a serf was treated.
But when her under-maid he meets,
  She finds her bliss completed;
Surprised, since her so well he treats,
  That he like serf was treated.

The waiting-maid for him does burn;
  She hears his charms repeated;
The dame now courts him in her turn;
  He's like a baron treated.
At last the princess, with less pride,
  To him her favours meted;
Then was the proverb cast aside,
  "He like a serf is treated."

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FAITH.

A POEM IN THREE PARTS.

"In Faith, everything depends on the *fact* of believing;
What is believed is perfectly indifferent."—GOETHE.

I.

ALAS! deserted Pindus sees no more,
Around its sacred summits, as of yore,
Gather th' Olympian throng; the God of light
Urges no more in their ethereal flight,
His panting coursers; Jove's own dreaded thunder,
Robb'd of its awe and of its mystic wonder,
No longer heaven's up-treasur'd wrath deals forth,
But tamed by man, obedient toils on earth.

No Demigod, his urn in hand, presides
At each clear river's birth; the streamlet glides
As fresh and wanton through the yielding green;
But yet more sadly woos the rural scene,
And vainly seeks, where silence broods alone,
Its warden Naiads now forever gone.

The waves yet dash against the echoing rock;
Or, dying on the pebbly beach, they mock
The startled ear with their perpetual dirge;
But still the many voices of the surge,
Its distant roar, its sadness-breathing sighs,
More plaintive yet and melancholy rise—
A wail for the departed Nereids.

No sudden fear of lurking satyr bids
The traveller start, when means the evening breeze,
At each strange murmur through the forest trees;
Refl of its playful Fauns, each sylvan maze
Untenanted, bathes in the twilight haze;
And, widow'd twice, the lone voice of the grove
Now mourns its Nymph, as Echo mourn'd her love.

The world, grown wise with age, has cast away
Those errors of a younger, brighter day,
As man, adulted, spurns the gilded toys
That long had fed his boyhood's humbler joys.*

And Truth now reigns—o'er smouldering remains,
As wont with other conquerors, she reigns;
Or like the Scythian's peace, who checked his steed
When Poland's heart had ceased to beat or bleed,
Then sheathed his sword, and, with a reeking hand,
Penned the despatch: "Peace reigneth in the land." †
No idle boast; 'twas the deep peace of death.

Well may the poet mourn that graceful faith,
Offspring of Art, which fostered Art so well,
And lured the muses from the sky, to dwell
Where Homer sang and god-like Phidias wrought,
No wonder, Hellas, if thy children sought
A glorious death amidst the Persian throng;
They died to live in marble and in song;
And win among the stars a happier home:
For, gazing at the planet-studded dome,
Fond Superstition saw there, not the page
Science interprets to this learned age,
But azure fields, where immortality
Rewarded those who fell for Liberty.

A light came from the east; a god, 'twas said,
Had trod the earth in human form, and shed
From his own guileless vein, th' atoning blood,
In mystic sacrifice for man to God,—
Himself that God! The Hellen's ardent mind,
Pleased at the novel theme, rejoiced to find
A path untrod, an unexplored sea
Open to Logic's subtle devotee.
Oh! that with pure simplicity of heart
Those favor'd sons of Poetry and Art
Had listened to the teachings of that law,
Nor ventured in the sanctuary, to draw
The veil which the Eternal's hand had thrown
O'er what He willed should yet remain unknown.
But busy Sophistry would not permit
One sacred word of heaven-dictated writ
To go without its tomes of sage comment,
Frivolous gloss and pond'rous argument;
Till through the mazes of their trifling lore,
Faith lost her way, and wandered more and more,
And sank, by rhetor's specious skill beset,
And Byzance fell while doctors argued yet.

There blooms in sunny climes, a fairy land,
Where partial Nature's fondly liberal hand
Has lavished all her richest gifts; has thrown
Her choicest treasures like a dazzling crown
Of beauty and of loveliness; where rays
Of far more genial warmth illume the days,
Where cooler breezes murmur in the night,
Wafting their scented music to delight
List'ning creation; where the human mind
Boasts powers more lofty, instincts more refined.
And yet, profaners of those gifts sublime,
Th' unworthy children of that happy clime
Bow to the stranger and dare not be free!
Italia! how I long once more to see
That rich land of the great, the fair, the brave,
Those temples whose huge ruins mark the grave

*These four lines are a literal translation from Lamartine.
† An allusion to the official despatch of a Russian general, which appeared translated at length in the *Moniteur*, concluding with: "*l'ordre règne à Varsovie.*"

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Of her past greatness, and that fertile soil.
Bounteous rewarder of the ploughman's toil.
Italia! lovely yet, though great no more,
When shall the mighty spirit, which of yore
Watched o'er thy wondrous destinies, awake
Thy children's dormant energies, and shake
Thy sunny hills with freedom's joyous cry?
When shall ye dare to conquer Liberty,
Degenerate sons of Romulus? Frowns not,
Indignant from yon doubly hallowed spot,
His arm had freed, his blood now sanctifies,
Rienzi's mighty shadow? Do but rise,
But dare to face your tyrants and they fall—
Vain the appeal! The lofty hymn of Gaul
Unheeded thundered by; great Harold's strain
Rose high in Freedom's cause and rose in vain.

I passed where Harold dwelt, and traced his course,
His book in hand, to the poetic source
Of ancient lore; saluted many a spot,
But for his magic verse, unknown, forgot.
Hailed Stamboul's minarets and kissed the wave—
The wave of Sestos, bold Leander's grave.

And when, a weary traveller, again
I saw, majestic o'er the expanding main,
Rise thy fair shores, Italia, with delight
My glad heart wildly bounding at the sight,
I hailed thee—as long parted lovers greet
Each other who had thought ne'er more to meet—
With outstretched arms; and in thy fairy clime,
Though homeward bound, I lingered for a time,
Searching 'mid scattered records of thy fame,
The precious fragments of my idol's frame,
Interrogating marble, parchment, books,
Grim statues in their consecrated nooks,
Relics that once adorned, but shame thee now,
And which, without a blush, thy children show,
As courtesans their charms, for gold to all.
Of these I asked the secret of thy fall;
And from each witness I had thus evoked,
From crumbling battlements with ivy yoked,
From high Soracte's ever sullen brow
That frowned on infant Rome as on us now,
From dust of cities and from secular stone
The same voice rose and answered, "Faith is gone!"

For, know it, mortals, whether based on error,
Or sternest truth, on love, or hope, or terror,
Strong Faith, when free from dampening doubt, incites
Your hearts to greatest deeds, and ever writes
Your names, with brightest letters, on the page
Which history hands down to each wondering age.
It is the one conceded point. It rests,
Unwavering 'mid the conflicts of your breasts
The northern star, the never-failing pole,
Which draws th' obedient magnet of the soul,
The beacon which, though tempests rend the air
Through night's drear darkness shines forever there.

Why howls the distant main? Why swells the tide
With ominous voice? The quickened flashes glide
From cloud to cloud, and make succeeding night
More murky with their fitful glare of light.
Hark, 'tis the coming tempest's warning threat;
Anon the waves, by adverse winds beset,
Writhe as in agony, their huge crests bending
In fiercest shapes like things of life contending.
Again the winds are hushed in deep repose,
Deceitful as the panther's sudden pause
Before a deadly leap; and now, with speed
Out-running in its course the flame-winged steed
His own fleet lightning rides, he comes, he comes,
The spirit of the storm! the lashed sea foams,
Its surface yielding, as the gale howls past,
A tortured calm beneath the stronger blast.

Darker upon the billows' foaming field,
What was that shade yon brighter flash revealed?
A petrel, on the liquid mountain's crest
Riding, as if the wave-top were his nest,
The sea his home, his element the gale?
Another flash—it is, it is a sail!

And such a night! Bathed in the lurid glare,
Forbidden spirits revel in the air
Unchecked; and, with their dismal howlings, make
The deep foundations of the mountains quake.

And yet, fear not, ye anxious ones on shore,
Eagerly listening to the tempest's roar;
Trust in the mariner's skill: that buoyant bark
Will safely reach the sheltered bay; for mark
Deep rooted in the solid rock, upright,
Yon stone-framed giant sentinels the night;
And lifting up his tow'ring head on high
Beacons the sailor with his glaring eye.

That sea is Time, on whose storm-furrowed space,
The keels of nations print a fleeting trace;
Those storms, which, sent to renovate by strife
In dormant waves the properties of life,
With wholesome tortures vex the panting deep,
Are revolutions and fierce wars, that sweep
Betimes on thunder wings athwart the land,
Loosed on the earth by some mysterious hand
To wake the slumbering energies of men.

'Tis then, while mists are gathering on the main,
Spreading their pall of darkness o'er the sky
And in one mass confounding to the eye,
Earth, heaven and air, the ocean and the shore;
When, with loud shrieks, the spirits of Discord soar;—
Foul carrion-birds that scent their feast of gore,
And ken afar the shipwreck or the fight—
'Tis then the trembling pilot scans the night—
For the accustomed beacon,—oh! 'tis then
That all instinctively the minds of men
Distracted with discussion—stillborn schemes,
And the word-warring forum's sterile dreams,
Turn unto Faith—the Faith of former years,
As if, 'mid so many doubts and fears,
They felt the need of some conceded thing,
Some settled point, not open to the din
And clamor of debate, but sanctified
And raised above the passions' stormy tide,

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Something to trust, to follow—to adore.

Then shame to him who, safe himself on shore,
One spark would quench of that celestial flame,
To earn the specious infamy of fame,
Or plunder what the spurning waves might throw,
When lulls the storm, upon the beach below,
From the lost vessel that his hand had wrecked.
And shame to you, whom Providence has decked
With sacerdotal honors, that you may
Over that beacon watch by night and day;
Shame, if you sleep beside your trust, or worse,
If, in saint speeches and devout converse,
You waste the needful hour, while fainter glows
The flame you should protect, and scarcely knows—
Such flick'ring lights your vagrant lanterns show—
The erring bark whither to guide her prow.

Oh, nurse the fire—its dying embers feed,
Lest the apostle of a younger creed
Light a fresh torch and wave it in the air;
And men would gather round its lurid glare,—
For men are moths that singe their reckless wings,
Nor heed the risk, for love of glittering things.
Consult the solemn testament of Time:
How oft have nations risen up sublime,
And forged their fetters into pointed steel,
And dealt such blows as made the wide world feel
The self freed slave's indomitable might,
Because a voice had clamor'd in the night;
A mortal's voice, yet stronger than the breath
Of the waked tempest, since it spoke to Faith.

With winter sports the cheerful valleys ring;
But, in the hand of yonder Alpine king,
Rocks the poised avalanche; beware!
A fluttered bird has lost his path in air;
Snow blinded, frighted at the dizzy height,
He sinks upon the mountain'd mass; his weight,
His little weight has urged th' uncertain scale,
And hamlets perish—widow'd mothers wail,
And roofless wretches starve, because a bird
From his own sphere in random flight has erred.

Thou, crazed apostle of the people's cause,
Dreamy enactor of utopian laws,
Pen-toiling sophist of the Hermitage,
By turns the scorn and idol of thy age,
Say, would thy lips have spoken, if thy sight
Had pierced the darkness of the future's night?
But, like the youth who stole the wizard's spell,
And called up what he knew not how to quell,
With loud, clear voice, thou dids't pronounce the Word,
And all the spirits, good and evil, heard—
Heard and believed, for 'twas a dismal day;
When ancient creeds were fading fast away,
When thrones and altars, worn alike and old,
All rotten inwardly, though cased in gold,
Stood mouldering in state; they could not last;
For man, among those phantoms of the past,
With thirst of Faith he longed to gratify,
Had hailed the owl's screech as a prophet cry.

Thrice venerated relics of old days,
When on your faded majesty we gaze,
No thought of pride comes o'er our bosoms now
For easy victories that laid you low;
Silent we wonder at the secret power
That kept the high and disproportioned tower
So long from crumbling to the dust below.
But Time had set, upon its hoary brow,
A talisman which Time alone e'er gives,
When Faith grows habit and itself outlives.

There were good Knights of old—great men of birth;
Whose heavy armor shook the sounding earth;
And you could trace their passage through the ranks—
Like a swift stream betwixt its hollow banks,
Or, through the bending corn, the rushing wind—
By rows of slaughter'd serfs they left behind.
Such was the potent terror of their fame,
Their foe was conquered ere the dread charge came;
Until, one day, a small but daring band,
Inured to peril in the mountain land,
Where they pursued the chamois and the bear,
Men who, perhaps, had never chanced to hear
Of Milan mail and French caparison,
Of golden spurs in Paynim battle won,
Of blazoned shield and knightly power and pride,
Upon their serried pikes received the tide
Of living steel, that rushed on like the sea—
And fell like billow spray upon the lea;
And then, (as visions of the shadowy night,
That disappear at the first gleam of light,
Or, if the dreamer dare address them, flee,)
Faded away the pageant chivalry.

And there were monarchs porphyrogenite,
Who built their edifice of kingly might,
With toil of slaves, in semblance of a rock.
So well had Faith cemented every block,
Soon as the ivy o'er its face had grown,
Mankind forgot the work was all their own,
But deem'd some angry God had placed it there;
So bowed their necks in mute and blind despair.

And now, even now, though sapped its very base,
Though fall'n each battlement that erst did grace
And guard the entrance to the citadél,
Though long since fled the watchful sentinel
That paced the drawbridge in the lonely night,
The venerable pile still looms upright,
Nor falls at once; but, slowly, one by one,
Rolls to the ground each aged, mossy stone.

Thus the hoar giant on the Lybian shore,—
Now heaven's blue arch upon him leans no more,
But far above his Titan head expands,—
With sinews braced and bending shoulder stands.
But we, republicans, who broke the spell,
Which Kinghood's sombre spirit had wrought so well,
What Genius rivetted the chain that binds
Into one mind and will, our wills and minds?

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It is a chain, forged of the purest gold,
Whose ductile links, far stretching, might enfold
The banded nations' vast fraternity,
Within the gentle clasp of liberty,
But that an universal alkahest,
Over all metals, mostly o'er the best,
Owes solvent power—'tis not the insidious rust
Of slow, consuming time;—it is Distrust,
That precious ore's unseen antagonist.
Long may the glorious fabric still resist
Its gnawing foe through years of sunny years;
But traitorous surmisings, witless fears,
Ill boding saws of many a beldam sphynx,
And hireling smithery of the soundest links,
These, even these, though premature and vain,
With acid tooth corrode the golden chain.

II.

"Opinion is ever stronger than Truth."—SOPHOCLES.

O, Truth! thou art not for this earth; our eyes
Do court deception; all the lovely dyes
That join to form thy stream of dazzling light,
Divided, singly please man's timorous sight;
United they confound and pain his sense.
He wants the prism, or thick obscuring lens,
That to his torpid intellect conveys
False images, but grateful, of thy rays.
Now, if the eagle, soaring over space,
That dares to look thee boldly in the face,
Strive to drag forth the birds of lesser hope
From the dull twilight where they love to grope,
Behold the screeching worshippers of night
Assail the sun-priest and deny his light.

Thou art not for the world; thou must be woo'd,
With fast and prayer, in depth of solitude,
Where he who seeks thee with a virgin heart,
Haply may view thee naked as thou art.
But let him worship, silent, at thy fane;
For, should the voice of wisdom warn in vain,
Should he, in blind devotion to thy charms,
Carry thee forth all robeless in his arms,
And show thee to mankind, they will despise
The mad enthusiast and his dear bought prize.
The sage, or bids thee hide, or covers thee
With such fair robes and well-wrought drapery,
As each beholder, through the raiment's folds,
May catch some glimpses of the form it holds,
And—for some likeness thou may'st chance to bear
To the false idols that engross his care;
Or for the splendor of thy vestments bright—
May bow to thee, and, blindly, bow aright.

Yet do we seek thee, or pretend to seek;
But lengthy is the road, and man is weak;
And angels there are many on the way,—
False angels that usurp thy name and sway.
And such is man's deep craving to believe,
That all these semblances in turn deceive,
Enjoy awhile the incense and the land,
Then leave the altar to some happier fraud.

Behold two pilgrim worshippers of Truth,
An aged wand'rer and a fiery youth.
Slow, tremulous, with painful, halting gait,
With limbs that shake beneath his body's weight;
And peering eyes, that feebly strive to scan
The dubious way, proceeds the veteran.
His wrinkled hand a glimmering taper shades,
Whose fitful, flickering ray now dimly fades,
Now lights the gloom within a little span,
Far as can reach the arm of the old man.
Betime he kneels, and bends his palsied back,
Closely he views each feature of the track,
Studies each stone, and turns it o'er and o'er,
Lest he should err, as oft he has before.
We know thee, graybeard; by that anxious face,
That wav'ring step, that slowness in the race,
The cold, clear brilliance of that rushlight's flame,
By every token, Reason is thy name.
Off with thy sandal shoon; thou'st weak and worn,
Hard is the way and distant is the bourne.

Meanwhile the younger palmer boldly on
Urges his journey; path he holdeth none;
But onward, onward rushes fearlessly,
Toward some far aim that he alone can see.
Lo, from the gloom, radiant he re-appears;
A shapely image in his grasp he bears;
No cold abstraction for the thinking few,
But a fair likeness which all eyes may view,
All hands may feel; the empty pedestal
Receives the goddess; thousands prostrate fall;
Such is the quick contagion of belief.
"But," cries Iconoclast, with honest grief,
"Vain is the idol, vain the sacrifice,
"That is not Truth."—"Hush, they believe it is."

Sublime impostors who have taught mankind,
Though to your lessons you have sought to bind
Our rebel spirits with sanctions from the sky,—
Thanks for the righteous fraud—the pious lie;
So that one stricken heart has beat again
In cheerful hope, though false that hope and vain,
So that one sufferer hath forgot his grief,
One withered plant, one sick and drooping leaf
Revived awhile to glisten in the dew,
Heaven's blessing on your teachings and on you.

"What! dare we own no pride of loftier aim?
Poor insects lured from flame to glitt'ring flame,
By Faith betrayed, by loss of Faith aggrieved,
And happiest still, 'twould seem, when most deceived."

Thus spoke my soul in bitterness; her cry
Reached her attendant genius hov'ring by;
And, as it were, her impious taunt to chide,
My narrow cell expanded far and wide;
And shaped itself into a wondrous scene,
Where shadows of the phantoms that have been
Arrayed themselves, like actors on the stage.
From clime to distant clime—from age to age,

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From lowly cot to lofty towers of kings,
The quick performance shifted on swift wings;
But all the scenes were hung in black or red;
O'er cot and tower a gloomy pall was spread
Each heart of man a prison'd woe reveal'd;
Each blooming field became a battle-field,
And smiled no more, but blushed for human strife.
It was the very tragedy of life,
Where ev'ry play'r had fain resigned his part,
For sheer disgust and weariness of heart,
But Faith, the prompter, bade each persevere,
With whispered promisings of public cheer.

Martyrs I saw of every cause and creed
Rejoice in torture and exulting bleed;
Here the proud Brahmin drove his idol's car
O'er the death-pilgrims who had travelled far
Thus to be crushed beneath those holy wheels.
Here the red stoic, whom no learning steels
To silence flesh, but simple, savage faith,
Chaunted his war song with his dying breath.
There the star-watcher, by his telescope,
Wasted the sleepless nights in cred'lous hope.
And there the ragged promiser of gold
'Mid lofty visions unfulfilled grew old.
Many I saw whose lives appear to be
A constant duel with adversity;
But manfully they grappled with their foe;
A fond illusion warded every blow:
They deemed themselves as singled out by fate
With present suffering to expiate
The dazzling splendor of their future state.

The desert with its lonely majesty
Of silent dreariness now met my eye;
Far as the sight could reach, on either hand,
A dreadful waste of undulating sand;
No tree, no shade, no moisture and no air.
Yet man and man's obedient slaves were there.
Slow, spiritless with heat and thirst oppressed,
The stragglers of a caravan progressed;
When, lo, a fairy-vision greets their eyes:
From the desert's sea-like solitude, 'gins rise
A beauteous island wet with summer showers,
All dressed in green, all jewelled o'er with flowers,
Where waving shade-trees chide the sultry day.
And cool lakes sleep and frolic streamlets play.
Their fainted strength revives; they mend their pace:
They long to rest within so fair a place—
The mirage fades, but they have reached the well.

Thus kind Illusion came with healing spell,
Stern Truth's consoling hand-maid, and she wrought
To soothe what ills th' unbending matron brought.

There was one view of patient, humble woe
More smiting sad, I deemed, than pompous show
Of high born grief that mourns in sable state.
In a low room, cold, comfortless and strait,
A youth—yet old if suffering 'twere that kept
The record-roll of man's existence—slept,
Like watchful Sorrow stunned by dull Despair.
There was a taint of misery in the air
Where'er I gazed, I saw but misery.
The livid circle round the slumberer's eye,
The wretched pallet, the neglected room,
The ill-fed lamp that flickered in the gloom,
The strange nurse dozing in her easy chair,
Cold as the charity that sent her there,
These told a story that I read too well,
Long taught, alas, such characters to spell.
But as I looked with sorrowing eye upon
The wasted features of the dying one,
A faint smile quiver'd on his bloodless lips.
As the wild flow'r, hot noon had withered, sips
Some pitying shower, and brightens for awhile,
So blushed the pale lip with that passing smile.
The pale lip blushed at the remembered past,
Still present in a dream, the slumberer's last;
For in that friendly vision's trance, the youth
Laid down his being, nor woke to mourn the truth.

But lo! the scene has changed—a glorious change!—
On the horizon's verge, a bluish range
Of waving hill-tops, like a jealous chain,
Shuts in the beauty of a lovely plain.
Sweet running waters, orchards, vineyards fair,
Broad smiling fields that wave their yellow hair
To the caressing gales, luxuriant trees
Whose mingled fruit and blossoms load the breeze
With perfume all the year—oh, bounteous nature,
What feasts thou spreadest for thy thankless creature!

And yonder looms a city; bastioned walls
And battlements surround its pleasant halls;
It smiles behind its ramparts, like a maid
In a grim soldier's panoply array'd.
By the pale crescent in the crimson field
Which yonder waving ensign just revealed,
By those watch-towers so white and slim and high
Whose airy forms point graceful to the sky
Like forest poplars frozen into stone.
This is the holy land where earliest shone
The new-born sun, the pregnant fountain source
Whence arts and creeds began their westward course.

Hark to the martial clarion of the Frank;
Hark to the tramp of men; lo, many a rank
Of steel clad warriors, panting for the fray,
Forms into lines—marches in close array,
While rapid messengers fly o'er the ground
The order of confusion to expound.
Now the swift squadrons of the foe advance
With flashing cimeter or level lance,
Or ataghans that thirst for Christian blood.
They meet! the crescent and the cross—the flood
And the red fire—the whirlwind and the rock—
And earth's deep caverns tremble with the shock.
I hear the crash, the frequent battle cry
Of those who fight, the groans of those who die;
All these I hear, but I can see no more,
For mingled dust and steam of human gore.

Beneath the shade of yonder pleasant grove,
Erewhile the grateful trysting place of love,
Two warriors lie expiring on the ground;
The red life flows through many a hideous wound;

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Their parch'd lips gasp for water and for breath.
They bleed for their ancestral faith; shall Faith
Forsake her martyrs in their trying hour?
With different aspect, yet with equal power,
To Frank and Moslem, in their agony.
She points a fairer dwelling place on high.
One smites his bosom thrice; his crucifix
He kisses, and—forgetting not to mix
His curse on pagans with th' immortal prayer,—
Resigns his soul to his bless'd patron's care.
The other, as he opes his languid eye,
Beholds through a wide portal in the sky,
A fair young virgin, beautiful as day,
With her green kerchief waving him away
From the dull earth to flowery fields above
Where life awaits him and a houri's love.

The more I gazed, the more my stubborn mind
Rebelled to see the angel Faith confined
To ministries like these; her charity
I likened to the generosity
Of the coin-forger mocking poverty
With largesse counterfeit; her guiding ray
I now impeached for that it led astray;
I longed to see the sun of Reason cast
Its bright effulgence o'er the world at last.
While thus I murmured, changed the scene once more
And I beheld the bleak Antartic shore.

A dreary beach, clad in eternal snow,
The mourning garb of Nature in her woe.
A dreary sea, cold, glassy, lifeless, save
That a long, slow swell rocked the dormant wave.—
The slumberer's chest, expanding with his breath,
The only difference 'twixt sleep and death.

Now in this solitude, day followed day
And heralded no night, and rolled away;
It was one ceaseless flood of constant light
The polar sun was never out of sight;
No softening shade relieved the dazzing glare
No kindly darkness lulled the watch-worn air.

At first, I looked with gratified surprise,
'Till looking grew a pain; I closed my eyes,
And shaded them with both my hands; I sigh'd
For darkness, blindness, anything beside,
The grave itself with everlasting night
To screen me from the torture of that light.

III.

"The Sorbonnists say that Faith is the argument
Of things not at all apparent."—RABELAIS.

Is madness evil? Sure, 'tis sad to see
The awful maniac in his ecstacy,
The firm-set teeth, the wasted, sallow face,
The sunken eyes, that gaze on vacant space
With such deep meaning in their rigid stare,
That Reason shudders, lest low-crouching there,
Something may *be*, which second sight can view
Yet is the madman to be pitied? True,
Forever rent the healthy chords that bound
His being to the Palpable around,
He lives within a circle of his own,
Whose habitants to none but him are known;
But, though the world his little world deny,
How life-like it revolves before his eye!
A clear, self evident reality.
He hugs it with fond Faith's tenacity.
He cannot doubt; he sees, he feels its truth;
No better proof thyself can give, in sooth,
That thou art living, sensible and sane;
Thou must rely—how oft rely in vain—
Upon the jurat of external sense,
Ere may decide the judge, Intelligence.
What if the witness be a perjured one?

How like to madness—dread comparison!
Lone contemplative Genius, conjuring,
Within the compass of a magic ring,
Shades of the past, or things that never were,
Offspring of thought, intangible as air.
These throng, obedient to the master's spell;
With him, in him, by day, by night they dwell,
They haunt the busy chambers of his brain,
Nay, he who raised them cannot lay again.
But gradually they grow in outward shape,
More like the life; their mimic passions ape
Their prototypes so well, that they deceive
The wizard's self, and force him to believe
That they are truth, not frigid imitation,
And this belief man calleth inspiration.

Whatever of the mind, that, balmed in fame,
From age to age still consecrates a name,
Whatever of the chisel, deathless rhyme,
Or pencil, that survives the lapse of time,
Whatever lives, be sure it was conceived
In some lone vision fervently believed.

Oh, think not that their race hath past away,
The seers' race; though, from a younger day,
(The credulous childhood of society,)
Dates each elected immortality.
They live among you still, but live unknown;
The conjurers' evoking power is gone.
Like the forsaken fairy on the earth
Who, conscious still of her ethereal birth,
Upon her sisters floating in the sky,
Wingless to follow, gazed with tearful eye,
The sons of Art, lone exiles in the land,
Wander, bereft of the creative wand
Which Faith, Promethean Faith alone can wield.
With innate powers imperfectly revealed,
With secret longings for the loftiest flight,
They lack the spirit to dare the adventurous height,
That spirit which through the wall'd wave laid a path
For Israel flying from the Pharoah's wrath.

One passed amongst us whom the world scarce knew;
A poet, one of the elected few,

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Whose gifted harp had made the welkin ring,
But that a chill mist damped each sacred string.
Moved by no common grief, in lowly verse,
The story of his life I would rehearse.
But read it as an epitaph of old,
Forgetful of the humble hand that scrolled
The lowly record of departed worth;
Then kneel upon the consecrated earth,
And happly murmur some unconscious prayer,
It is no vulgar clay that moulders there.

I.

While yet a little child, he oft would leave
The parent roof, at morn or dewy eve,
And wander forth among the shady dells,
Or farther still, along the shell strewn shore,
Would stray for hours and list the breakers roar,
Or through the forest aisles, where evermore
Eternal silence dwells.

II.

He noticed well the accidents of light
That played with varying magic o'er each site;
He marked the ocean's every changeful hue
From watchet into deepest purple dye,
And that the wood's green mantle cheered his eye
Far more than even the brightest summer sky,
For all its gold and blue.

III.

His ear would catch a meaning in eachsound
That on the stillness of the scene around,
With loudest voice or softest murmur broke;
The waves that dashed upon the echoing strand,
The gossip brook, the plaining breeze that fanned
His infant cheek, he seemed to understand
The language that they spoke.

IV.

He shunned his wayward mates; he could not brook
Their noisy sports; besides he had a look,
A distant, scornful look of inborn pride,
That awed and made them shun him too in turn;
For children's eyes are quickest to discern
Birth-marks of genius, by the elected worn,
Unseen by all beside.

V.

He oft would weep or smile without a cause,
Or else, a speech begun, abruptly pause,
And gaze with anguished stare of helpless woe,
As striving for an instant to detain
Some thought of fire that flashed across his brain,
But left no trace behind, save writhing pain
Upon his fevered brow.

VI.

They thought him mad, and pitied much the boy
And even at home, if e'er with childish joy,
He nestled him upon his mother's breast,
And told her of the wondrous dreams he had,
His sire would shake his head with motion sad,
And wonder what it was that ailed the lad
And so disturbed his rest.

VII.

Thus passed his childhood, friendless and alone,
Unknown to others—to himself unknown;
But all at once, the mystic veil was rent;
The seer knew his mission and obeyed.
He felt his lonely journey he must tread
Along a stormy path, but undismayed
Upon that path he went.

VIII.

And first, it was his grateful task to store
His fast expanding mind with written lore
The sacred legacy of ages gone;
Not thence to extract, as lesser spirits do,
Thoughts that he lacked and dress them up anew;
But from those sacred treasuries he drew
Rich robes to deck his own.

IX.

Sweet the communion with the immortal dead,
Whose spirits wont to haunt the student's bed.
When vigil worn, he laid him down to rest,
Oblivious of the dull realities
Of this cold age, its canting mockeries
Of hallowed things, its brazen vanities
In glittering tinsel dressed.

X.

But these, even these, must all be proved in turn;
Though high and pure the sacred flame may burn
Within the inner temple of the heart,
Ere the high priest may from the altar light
The immortal torch, and bear it in the night,
Appointed trials there are to test the might
Of martyr love for Art.

XI.

Behold the bard first mingling with the world;
Behold the eaglet from his eyrie hurled,
Flapping his mighty wings unskilfully,
Ignorant of the properties of air,
Unconscious what to shun and what to dare,
Save that vague instinct teaches him to wear
His proud glance fixed on high.

XII.

From a strange world, an Eden of the mind,
The bard descends to struggle with his kind
In the vast hippodrome of life.
No athlete he, inured to gymnic toil,
Fed for the fight, anoint with slippery oil,
Nor versed in dexterous guards and feints to foil
The wrestler in the strife.

XIII.

A woman's tenderness and trusting heart,
A child's quick faith, that very soul of Art,
Fair gifts to own, but perilous to show;
They are like jewels on the chieftain's crest
That signal forth his rank, but toward his breast
Invite the lead they never can arrest—
The sharp lead of the foe.

XIV.

Needless to trace the manner of his fall;
Through many roads, one fate awaits us all:
To trust and be deceived, to hope in vain,
To buy experience, when its use is lost,
Not at its value, but its wonted cost
Error and guilt, to mourn for error most,
To mourn and err again.

XV.

At every page of life's book that he read,
Some dear illusion from his bosom fled;
All those high words—mere words, that heretofore
To him conveyed a meaning in their sound,
Fond sympathy of hearts in friendship bound,
Honor and Truth and Virtue, triumph-crowned,
He learned to trust no more.

XVI.

Therefore his name was writ upon the waters.

* * * * * *

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SELECT LIBRARY OF THE GERMAN CLASSICS.

THE ALEXIS AND DORA OF GOETHE.

We find the following remarks upon the Alexis and Dora, in vol. II. of the *Correspondence* between *Goethe* and *Schiller*. "Your Idyl," Schiller writes, having just read it in manuscript, "has affected me no less powerfully on a second reading, or rather still more powerfully, than on the first. Assuredly it is one of your most beautiful compositions; so full of simplicity, at the same time there is in it an unfathomable depth of feeling. Owing to the precipitation of the action, by means of the ship's crew who are waiting for Alexis, the lovers find themselves so pressed for room, their situation becomes so urgent and important, that this one moment does actually contain the sum and substance of a whole life. It would be difficult to conceive any other case in which the flower of poetry can be culled from an object with the same ease and felicity. Your introducing a fit of jealousy so immediately after, and making the lover's happiness swallowed up so rapidly in his fears, I have not yet been able to reconcile with my feelings, though I have no convincing objection to allege; I merely feel that I should have liked to prolong the trance of bliss in which Alexis leaves the girl and embarks.

* * * * * * * *

"The admirable passage, '*Thine forever, thou answerest softly*,' does not strike me so much on account of its solemnity, which is a matter of course, but because the secret of her heart bursts forth in these little words at once and entirely, with its endless train of consequences. These words in this place serve instead of a whole love-story; and the two lovers stand immediately in the same relation to each other, as if their affection had subsisted for years."

To the remark on the introduction of the passionate fit of jealousy at the close of the poem, Goethe replies: "I am glad that the Idyl does not lose ground on a nearer inspection. For the jealousy at the end I have two reasons; one from nature, because in fact every unmerited success in love is followed at the heels by the fear of losing it; and another from art, because the Idyl has a pathetic character throughout, and therefore the passion must become more intense towards its close, when the poet's parting bow restores the balance and cheerfulness of the whole. Thus much in justification of the inexplicable instinct by which such things are produced."

The attentive student will also observe that the jealous lover does not in reality *see*, but only *fancies* the kind reception of a rival; since "the dimness of sad distance" had already "enveloped the town."

In conclusion, we would earnestly bespeak for this highly finished work of art and almost perfect specimen of this species of poetry, the closest attention and study. A single reading may delight, warm and elevate; but this is one of the few poems worthy of being made in the truest sense our own: of being committed—not to the memory, merely, but—to the *heart*.

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ALEXIS AND DORA.

Ah! every moment the vessel is driving incessantly onward!
Over the foam-crested waves further and further it flies.
Still does the keel's track lengthen its furrow, along which the dolphins
Follow it leaping as though chasing their fugitive prey.
All things betoken a prosperous voyage: the boatswain is gently
Righting the sail, which toils blithely that others may rest.
Forward the souls of the mariners speed with the flags and the pennons;
All save one by the mast, fixing his eyes on the shore,
Watching the last blue tints of the hills as they vanish: he sees them
Sink in the ocean; and now all that he joys in is gone.
Now from the two has vanished the vessel that bears thy Alexis,
Bears, O Dora, thy friend, bears thy beloved away.
Thou after me too gazest in vain: our hearts are yet beating
Each for the other; but each presses the other no more.
It was a moment, the first I have really lived in, outweighing
All those years which have crept coldly and dully along.
Yet was it only a moment, a parting moment. My life dawned
Suddenly out of thine eyes, as it were sent from the gods.
Why does thy joyless radiance thus idly illumine the heavens!
Thy all brightening day, Phebus, it sickens my heart.
Backward I'll go and converse with my memory, fondly reviving
Times now gone, when her sight daily enlivened my eyes.
How was it possible e'er to behold yet be blind to her beauty?
How could thy spirit remain dull to her heavenly charms?
Blame not thyself, poor wight! It is thus that a poet will often
Utter a riddle abroad, cunningly setting the words.
All feel pleasure in seeing the posy of sprightly devices;
Yet they know not the word which will its meaning unfold.
Lo, that word has been found; how at once ev'ry countenance brightens!
That which was pleasing before, doubly delightful has grown.
Wherefore wert thou so tardy in stripping my eyes of the bandage,
Which thou hadst bound on them? Why wert thou so tardy, O Love!
Long had the vessel been laden, and waiting for breezes to waft her;
And now at length they blew right from the land to her stern.
Vain were the days of my youth, most vain were my dreams of the future;
They all crumble apace; nothing endures but one hour.
Yes, it endures, my bliss is enduring: I behold thee, my Dora:
Hope has one image to show; Dora, that image is thine.
Oft had I seen thee repair, in thy maidenly garb, to the temple,
Whilst thy mother would walk solemnly close by thy side.
Early thou hastenedst ever to carry thy fruit to the market.
O how nobly thy head bore up the pitcher on high,
When from the fountain thou camest! how stately thy throat and thy neck rose!
Every motion thou madest, harmony guided them all.
Often I watched, with uneasy alarm, lest the pitcher should tumble;
But on the round striped cloth steadily onward it sailed.
Thus, my beautiful neighbor, I daily was wont to behold thee,
As one beholdeth the stars, or as one looks at the moon.
Gladly we see them again and again; but the bosom is quiet,
Joying contentedly;—no wish to possess them is felt.

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Year after year rolled past me: but twenty paces asunder
Stood our dwellings; and yet ne'er have I entered her door.
Now divides us the wide blank sea. False mirror of Heaven,
Ocean, thy glorious blue is but the color of the night.
All were already in motion: the boy came hastily running
Up to my father's house, bidding me hie to the shore.
Come, they are hoisting the sail, and it flaunts with the breezes, thus spake he;
Now, too, the anchor mounts, tearing its fangs from the sand.
Hasten, Alexis, O hasten! On this my excellent father
Gave me his blessing, his hand smoothing the curls on my brow.
Quickly the ready-made bundle was fetched by my anxious mother;
Come back happy, they cried, happy, Alexis, and rich.
Down alongside of the wall ran I: but thou, as I passed,
Stoodest by the gate of thy garden, and saidst with a smile, good Alexis,
Are these screamers on board going to carry thee off?
Far-off coasts thou'lt visit, and bring back costliest treasures,
Jewels of silver and gold, fit for our wealthiest dames.
But bring me, too, I pray thee, a light gold necklace: I'll pay thee
Thankfully for it: my heart often has longed for a chain.
I had arrested my steps; and I asked, in a merchantly manner,
Questions concerning the chain, as to its shape and its weight.
Pensively thou computest the cost: my eyes, in the meanwhile,
Light on a neck that would grace gems such as circle a queen's.
Boisterous cries now mount from the ship: thou saidst to me kindly,
Wilt thou not, on thy way, take from my garden some fruit?
Take of my mellowest figs, of my juiciest oranges with thee?
Seas bring forth no fruit; many a land, too, has none.
Thus do I enter thy gate; thou busily pluckest the choice fruit;
So that the bright gold load weighs down thy up-gathered gown.
Oft I besought thee, 'O that is enough!' but another still finer
Fruit, yet dropt into thy lap at a touch.
Following thee, I advanced to the arbor; a basket was lying
There, and the myrtle-tree hung blossoming over our heads.
Silently thou arrangest the fruit in the comeliest order,
Laying the heavier gold ball of the orange beneath;
Next the soft pulpt figs that the slightest pressure disfigures;
Lastly the myrtle at top roofing the whole with its green.
Still I did not remove it; I stood. We looked at each other
Full in the eye; and a mist suddenly clouded my sight.
Thy soft bosom I felt it on mine. The neck I had gazed at
Wondering, was clasped by my arm; kiss after kiss from my lips
Fell on thy beautiful throat; thy head now drops on my shoulder;
Now, too, thy fair arms form round me a circle of bliss.
Love's own hands I feel: he presses us firmly together;
And from the clear blue sky thrice does it thunder; then tears
Chasing each other besprinkle my cheeks: thou weepest; I weep: joy
Mingles with pain so, the world seems to be fleeting away.
Cries of impatience resound from the shore: my feet as if fastened
Cling to the ground; I exclaim, 'Dora, and art thou then mine?'
'Thine for ever!' thou answerest softly. The tears that were trickling
Sparkle and vanish, as though dried by a breath from the gods.
Straightway approaches the cry of *Alexis!* The boy who was seeking
After me, peeps through the door. How he the basket took up!

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How he drove me away! how I covered thy hands with my kisses!
How I arrived at the ship! Surely I seemed to be drunk.
So, too, my comrades deemed me, regarding my sickness with pity.
Shortly the dimness of sad distance enveloped the town.
'Thine forever!' O, such was thy whisper! it sounds in my ears still,
Mixed with the thunder of Jove! Yea, and she stood by his throne,
She, his daughter, the Goddess of Love! the sisterly graces
Stood by her side! our vow chimed with the will of the gods!
Hasten, then, hasten my vessel, with all fair winds to befriend thee;
Put forth thy strength, thou keel; cleave through the flood till it foams.
Bear me with speed to thy goal in a far land: so shall the skilful
Goldsmith begin forthwith working the pledge of our loves.
Dora, thy chain shall grow far beyond what thy modesty asked for;
Nine times shall it be wound loosely encircling thy neck.
Jewels besides will I buy thee, the fairest and costliest: golden
Bracelets shall fashion a rich girdle to compass thine arms.
There shall the emerald vie with the ruby; the heavenly-eyed sapphire
Matching the jacinth shall stand over against it; and gold
Closing the bright hued gems shall enweave them in beautiful union.
O, 'tis the bridegroom's prime pleasure to deck out his bride.
Let me look on a pearl, I shall think upon thee; let a ring shine,
Wooing my sight, thy fair finger will glimmer within.
Barter will I and bargain; whatever is best thou shalt choose out;
If all the cargo were mine, I would bestow it on thee.
Nor shall trinkets and jewels be all thy beloved will purchase.
Much that a house-keeping wife joys in, he'll bring thee besides:
Quilts with the goodliest woollen, with bright hide borders of purple,
Fit for the couch where we softly and sweetly may rest;
Fine white linen: I see thee sitting, and sewing, and clothing
Me and thyself, and perhaps also another therewith.
Visions of hope come and quiet me, while you delude me! Ye gods, calm
This tempestuous joy, which is upheaving my heart.
Yet shall I soon claim back these transports of sickening sweetness,
When grief's clay-cold hand creeps with its palsying touch.
No. not the Furies' torches, the hell-dog's barking could ever
Scare poor sinners with like force in the land of despair,
As I am scared by the calm cold spectre that shows me my fair one
Far from her lover: the gate, still it is standing ajar:
Lo, and another now enters: for him too the orange is falling;
Nor does the fig-tree deny honeyed refreshment to him.
Him, too, she lures to the arbor! and look, he follows! strike me
Blind, kind gods! blot out memory's treacherous forms.
Is she then anything more than a woman! and she who so lightly
Yielded to one, will scarce close up her heart from the next.
Laugh not this once, great Jove, at a vow so wantonly broken!
Thunder, thou monarch of dread! Strike—but thy lightning withhold;
Shoot out thy rivers of clouds after me! in the darkness of midnight
Let thy glittering bolt smite this unfortunate mast;
Scatter the planks all round; and give to the bellowing waters
All these wares, yea, give me to the dolphins a prey.
Hush, ye muses! enough! in vain do ye labor to show forth
How grief's currents and joys cross in a love-smitten heart.
Powerless are ye for healing the wounds which love has inflicted;
Yet are ye our best friends! none can assuage them but you.

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RAMBLES IN CALIFORNIA.

(FROM A NAVY OFFICER'S JOURNAL.)

RAMBLE I.—TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

In approaching the coast we looked, with hope of excitement, for the famous "rolling grounds" described by so many navigators. At every ripple of unusual magnitude, we fancied that we were entering the bewitched spot, and began holding on to belaying pins, to keep ourselves from rolling overboard. We were disappointed, however, and saw nothing unusual about the coast, except a disagreeable belt of thick fog, from which we soon emerged, and found ourselves in sight of land. In my vexation at being cheated of the sport I had anticipated, I appreciated the feelings of Lord Byron on a similar occasion, when, after "lying-to" a whole night in the vicinity of Stromboli, he found that, for the first time on record, the eruption was not to "go off." It seems that the volcano had got up a little secret session for his especial benefit.

In we sailed through the narrow entrance; the sight on either hand was desolate enough. On the southern, most of the bluffs which shut the harbor, a levelled spot, studded by three or four white tents, indicated an incipient fortification; otherwise not a trace of life was in sight, with the exception of a solitary *rancho* which stood close to the ruins of a once prosperous Mission. We kept on until close up to the island *de los Angeles*, then bore away to the southward, and found ourselves in full sight of Yerba Buena, the incipient city of San Francisco.

At one glance I surveyed the main features of the landscape before me: a broad expanse of water, perfectly landlocked; bold shores clad in a verdure not of labor's spreading, and a certain undulating scenery—not sublime and yet not soft—strongly North American in its character. I must confess that I had expected more: the beauty of this harbor is of that peculiar kind which requires to be "brought out." Like a Parisian belle it must be dressed. Fifty years hence, when thriving cities shall arise on these shores, when steamers shall plough these waters, and plantations, villages and steeples shall diversify the view, it will have received its proper stamp, and will prove one of the most lovely spots upon the earth. But at present the scenery around me is flat and distasteful to the eye, as it lacks the marked features that make the wilderness either attractive or imposing, and has not yet acquired those softer lineaments which man alone can carve out of this rude block.

The second cutter took a party of eager discoverers ashore. I was one of these. I landed upon a heap of small stones—the infant mole of the infant city—followed a cowpath over a hill, down the same, through a swamp, and saw a house with a written advertisement posted upon it. I approached, and read a notice to the effect that Mrs. B— had left the bed and board of her lawful husband, and that said husband no longer meant to be paymaster for his frail moiety. I read, and a glow of patriotic pleasure tingled all over me; for I knew me once more in Yankee land!

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Two billiard tables, as many hotels, a *Plaza* with something called barracks fronting the same, a dozen dwelling cottages, somewhat deserving the name, and some thrice that number of sheds and other descriptions of human tenements, a few unfinished store houses—imagine all this, grouped between two headlands that advance into the bay—forming a bay within a bay—and you will see with the mind's eye the infant town of Yerba Buena, such as I saw it on the 21st of April, 1847.

I sauntered through the town, drank a bottle of champagne with a Mexican general, accepted an invitation to dine with Captain F—— of Stevenson's volunteers, and was already rejoicing at the prospect of "fresh grub" ashore, when lo! the report of a gun drew my attention to the ship, and there I saw the cornet of recall waving at the mizen. In my short walk I had an opportunity of noticing one peculiarity of this town: from one end of the year to the other, during the forenoon of every day, it blows hard enough to dispense with the necessity of street sweeping. I was standing in the wind, with my eyes full of tears, while a friend, settled in the place and accustomed to its ways, assured me that it did "not blow much worth mentioning." San Francisco is literally the trysting place of winds. Fierce even in their amours, they keep the air in a constant whirl.

RAMBLE II.

We sailed from San Francisco on the 22d of April, 1847, bound for Monterey. Not a head was turned back in regret towards the dreary shore we left. The ordinary comforts which the sailor expects to find on shore, had failed us in that place. With the exception of fresh beef, we could get nothing to eat. For my own part, although I had been hospitably received and entertained, I shared the general feeling, and when one of the officers ventured to predict that the infant city of San Francisco would soon grow to be a giant, provided the stars and stripes were permitted to wave over its cradle, the prophet was laughed at for his pains. It is no wonder that we experienced those feelings. During our walk ashore, our ears had been assailed by the terrific and well-known account of the sufferings of some emigrants, who, snowbound in the mountains, had been compelled to feed on human flesh. We visited the sufferers; we looked upon their ghastly countenances; we touched their emaciated, frost-bitten limbs; and some one even pointed out to us that wretch, who, when discovered in his snow-covered hut, in the passes of the Sierra Nevada, refused to accompany the relieving party to the settlements, *preferring* to stay until his store of unnatural food gave out.

When the perennial N. W. wind blows fresh, the passage from San Francisco to Monterey is made by sailing vessels in twelve hours, four or five times the time required to beat out of the harbor. In due season we entered the deep, wide bay of Monterey, and anchored in dashing style, having all but run into the flag-ship of the squadron. The approach of Monterey is tantalizing. Emerging from a bank of fog, the land seems to be close aboard; yet, hour after hour passes, and you seem to get no nearer. I have frequently observed vessels reducing sail long before it was necessary, their captains being doubtless under the influ-

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ence of optical illusion. Monterey impressed me quite favorably. It is built along one main straight street, not exactly parallel to the shore, but retreating from it just enough to avoid a low, sandy beach, interspersed with pools of brackish water, and little knolls covered with a scanty grass. In the rear of Monterey, hills of considerable elevation arise, covered with consumptive looking pine trees; on the right hand from the anchorage, is the abrupt headlong, called Punta Pinos; and on the left, a grove of low stunted oaks, (*quercus ilex*,) looking for all the world like an orchard of apple trees, slopes down to the sea, from which it is separated by odd-looking eminences of sand, and of a dazzling whiteness.

The beach on the sea-shore, an open space of great extent, covered with fragments of soapstones, and a great variety of broken shells, is of great advantage to the Spanish inhabitants, who use it for the purpose of taming, or slaughtering their cattle, and riding their wild horses into submission. This exercise furnishes a lively scene, which I have often enjoyed in the long twilights of this delicious climate: three or four *caballeros*, attired in showy costume, their lassos in one hand, chasing a wild bull, or galloping with frightful cries after a noble mustang that bore a rider for the first time. And to see how adroitly they avoided the horn of the goaded animal—how dexterously they contrived to force the foaming steed into the deep sand, where he floundered for dear life, wearing out all his energy of resistance in the struggle. And to behold the conquered animals return with lowered head and dripping mane, led by a child—willing slaves forever!

Monterey having been the capital of New-California, and enjoying for years the advantage of the residence of a Mexican governor and military commandant, presents a rather more stylish appearance than San Francisco. I noticed several houses that would be pronounced quite ornamental in some of our very back-wood settlements. Among these, the residence of T. O. Larkin, formerly consul of the U. S., who, previous to the American conquest, suffered bodily terror and duress for his attachment to our cause, and who is further remarkable as being the first individual who lithographed a city in the wilds of California. Another remarkable building is the barracks, concerning which, I propose, by-and-bye, to tell a story. I called at the quarters of Col. S., who received me like an old friend—delighted, no doubt, to meet with a face which he had seen at home and elsewhere. After partaking of the evening meal with him—our table, a board laid on what sailors would call Flemish horses—the Col.'s son, Capt. S., was kind enough to present me to the wealth and fashion of Monterey. I availed myself of his introduction, and during my stay, I seized every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the interior life of the Spanish race. On entering their dwellings, it was difficult for me, an American, and therefore, in a measure, an inheritor of English notions in regard to comforts, not to feel somewhat shocked at the naked appearance of the large room into which I was invariably ushered. Incredible numbers of straw-seated chairs, arranged symmetrically along the white-washed walls, and a centre or side table, together with a guitar, *couchant* or *pendant*, composed all the furniture of the gloomy and spacious apartment, whose shades were rendered visible by the glimmer of two candles—dipped! Around the little stand, in the very middle of one of these chair-bound solitudes, were grouped on a particular evening, several Spanish ladies, and the hero of these memoirs shivering in spite of his full circle. The ladies, if not handsome, were

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quite interesting—eyes black, hair of a glossy jet, and a picturesque head-dress, very like that affected traditionally on the stage, to witches of the handsome order, viz: a slender circle of scarlet cloth, fastened in front by a small jewel, teeth beautiful, feet small and delicate, and a something in voice and manner which bespoke a passionate organization. These fairy creatures were lisping the sonorous Castilian, the gallant captain was paying his devoirs in a language which I took the liberty of calling Pyrenee, as being on the boundary between the French and the Spanish, and not quite either, when a loud cry of alarm, and the report of fire-arms, started us upon our feet, and made us rush into the street. The whole town was in an uproar. Bustling citizens were running hither and thither, navy officers were hurrying towards the wharf, calling to each other by the names of their ships, sentries challenged every one, soldiers were fixing their bayonets, and shopkeepers were cleaning their rifles and fowling-pieces. From the hurried words I gathered, I concluded that a party of Wallah-Wallah Indians had rallied around the scattered army of Don Pio Pico, and had surprised the town. On reaching the wharf, a universal peal of laughter dispelled the alarm. We learned that Captain M., who cherished some newfangled French invention for a coffee-pot, hearing a detonation, and never suspecting that it came from his own long-treasured coffee-pot, which had burst under an excess of steam, had caused the drums to beat to quarters, and alarm guns to be fired.

RAMBLE III.

A conspicuous feature of the town of Monterey, as seen from the anchorage, is a number of ravines or deep gullies which, in the rainy season, carry to the sea the superficial drainage of the hills. They are sometimes so full of water as to present the appearance of little rivers. One of our officers, deceived by this circumstance, went to the expense of laying a great many pipes, and raising a dam for the accommodation of the shipping in the harbor, water being scarce at Monterey. Of course, the work was hardly up before the rains ceased; and there it remains to this day, a monument of improvidence and grave folly, equalled only by the celebrated weather-cock on the top of the government house of Manhattan, which a Dutch functionary used to point every morning in the direction of the wind.

At my second visit, in October, 1847, Monterey was quite deserted. The Spanish families had shut up their town houses and retired to their ranchos. On shore we hardly knew what to do with ourselves. The price current of dissipation was enormously high. It was no easy matter to *hire* a horse for a ride in a country where, previous to the American conquest, a very good one could be *purchased* for five or ten dollars. Gambling, that favourite pastime of all Spanish regions, was almost abolished, owing to the energetic measures of the Rev. Mr. Colton, ex-chaplain of the U. S. frigate Congress, and then alcalde of Monterey. That vigilant functionary, not content with issuing his *pronunciamentos*, hit upon an expedient which proved quite successful. At the proper hour of night, he made his official rounds, and stealthily entering all the "hells" of the town one after another, made a sudden rush for the "green cloth," and confiscated the stakes.

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Shooting and fishing were the only amusements left; and to this circumstance I owe my knowledge of the environs of Monterey. The hills in its vicinity abound in game. Small parties seldom returned from a day's sport without two or three deer. But leaving those fatiguing excursions to others, I confined my attention to such game as I could start within an hour's walk of Monterey. The Californian quail is a stately little bird, rather larger than the bird known by that name in the Atlantic states; it is graceful and dignified in its strut, and a beautiful tuft of feathers on the top of its head gives it quite a foppish appearance. These birds generally keep in flocks or families, like the partridge, and are mostly found in the neighbourhood of cultivated grounds. When started they invariably perch, and it is almost impossible to get a shot at them, after they have gained a tree. The so called rabbit of California resembles the European hare, and is found in great numbers on the coast. A remarkable animal haunts the neighbourhood of the settlements, feeding on offal and small game, and making night hideous with its dismal howlings. It is called *cayote*; it is not unlike a wolf, but smaller. Its gait is peculiar--an awkward cross between a limp and an amble. The only formidable animal upon the coast is the grisly bear, whose boldness and ferocity were attested to me by many stories, the more credible, that they related the prowess of those who told them; and who is better qualified to relate an exploit than its hero?

My excursions in pursuit of game led me to many a smiling valley, many a picturesque spot embowered in shade, and silence, and solitude. It should be remembered that this part of California is not the El Dorado of emigration. The long, narrow valley, where the *golden* harvest is now being reaped, is a strip of lowland watered by numerous short streams from the high snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada. These streams, interrupted in their seaward progress by the range of hills which runs along the coast, gather their waters, and following the inclination of the soil, discharge themselves into the bay of San Francisco, forming two large rivers, the Sacramento and San Joachim, which, running from opposite directions, meet at the same point. No waters run into these rivers from the west. Their tributaries all come from the high ranges at the east, and these are the *auriferous* streams.

The ridge of rolling hills which separates these valleys from the ocean has its own system of streams running in straight lines and with a rapid current, direct to the Pacific. Wherever such a stream occurs, or wherever some slight lagoon husbands the precious moisture, the invariable consequence is, a luxuriant vegetation and a fat dark soil, which offers high inducements for agriculture. The enterprising Jesuits formerly searched out these favored spots, and placed them in a high state of cultivation. Their splendid Missions, now in ruins, attest their energy and zeal, while the decay of their establishments and the relapse of the Indian race into barbarism and ignorance, sufficiently prove the impolicy of their expulsion.

We had, however, but little time to range the country. The whole squadron was preparing for a descent upon the western coast of Mexico, not in secret—with the hope of surprising the enemy, according to modern warfare—but with the avowed intention of capturing certain ports on that coast. With the chivalrous feeling of a generous enemy, Commodore Sh—— made no mystery of his purpose. Every day witnessed the disembarking and exercising of troops. Such marching and counter-

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marching, parading, target-firing, and evolutionizing, never before disturbed the slumbers of the tranquil Pacific, since Pizarro murdered Atahualpa. And lest sufficient notoriety might not attend the designs of the Commander-in-Chief, it occurred to Mr. T. O. Larkin, navy agent and storekeeper, to give a ball on the express occasion. The enterprise was truly Herculean. Our worthy navy agent was sadly puzzled as to the *locus in quo.* At length it occurred to him, that a certain long, lank, crazy building, then occupied by a part of the New-York regiment of volunteers, under Colonel Stevenson, was, to all intents and purposes, the most eligible location. A few partitions being knocked down, a few soldiers turned grumbling out of their quarters, the hideous mud walls disguised with the flags of the squadron, and the venue of the diplomatic shuffle was deemed sufficiently adorned and beautified. No event of interest disturbed the solemnity of the occasion, save that a few discontented followers of the gallant colonel, not seeing clearly why they should not share in the festivities of the evening, and anxious to show their patriotism by an adequate demonstration, obtained a supply of liquor, and in great glee began to assail the ball-room with pebbles, peas and other projectiles, here for decency's sake unmentioned. We had some trouble in restoring order, and preventing a collision; and it is said, that right under the ball-room was discovered a keg of gunpowder with a train, placed there with the evident intention of blowing up at one blast, the whole "flower of our army and navy." How so unpropitious a finale to these memoirs was avoided does not appear. But few of the rioters were of so sanguinary a disposition. Some of their pranks on that memorable evening, evinced, in a heavy, awkward way, a feeble desire to be jocose and frolicksome. For instance, one of these roysterers had the *luminous* idea of inserting a lighted candle through a hole in the floor. The women retreated screaming from this subterraneous illumination; but one Amazon who, having crossed the Rocky Mountains, and having moreover been a fair citizen of Nauvoo, did not "stick at trifles," boldly marched up to the crater, and put it out with her fantastic toe.

If the "area of freedom" did not extend itself with sufficient rapidity upon our western coast, it was certainly not for want of heads. Never did Roman Proconsuls displace each other with such astounding rapidity. Commodore Sloat, having raised the American flag at Monterey, hurried home to gather his laurels, leaving the labor of conquest and organization to Commodore Stockton, who, leagued with the great explorer of our western wilderness, raised a volunteer army; but alas! could not always "raise the wind." Gold mines had not yet been discovered. The veteran Biddle sailed from the land of spices to throw cold water upon the operations of the energetic commodore, while General Kearney made his appearance, purposely as it were, to gather the laurels of the indefatigable young explorer. Matters being now in this condition, Fremont driven from the country *a franc étrier*, and Commodore Stockton in stately retreat across the desert, with three mule loads of champagne, the general, oppressed with the fatigues of government, resigned them into the hands of Colonel Mason, while Commodore Biddle transferred the maritime sceptre to his successor, Commodore Shubrick. He, too, was soon dethroned, but not until he had planted the stars and stripes over the unresisting Mexican fortresses of the Pacific.

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FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

From causes pointed out in our last number, money has continued to become more abundant, and the rate has gradually fell to five per cent. on stocks at call, and the considerable amounts, including $1 800,000 on United States stocks, reaching $2,500,000 together, interest money payable January 1st, will add to the supply. The New-York canals closed on the 9th, and business is consequently dull, and will so continue until after the holidays. This, however, does not apply to the extraordinary business which has grown out of the California accounts. At this present time 60 vessels are up for that destination, at this port alone; and at all other ports more or less. All these vessels carry quantities of goods of all imaginable descriptions, even gold watches are among the adventures; and linens, cottons, and woollens have been taken in considerable quantities, and will doubtless do well. The means of purchase, possessed by 30,000 Indians in those quarters, has created a large market, and this irregular demand will reduce the stock of goods here for the spring business. The exports of produce continue to Europe on a liberal scale, while the imported goods declined as the season advanced, diminishing the demand for bills, which continued to be supplied from produce shipments, as well as from foreign investments in United States stocks. Rates of bills continued, therefore, heavy, and have varied as follows:—

RATES OF BILLS IN NEW-YORK.

	Sterling.	Francs, Short.	France, 60 days.	Amsterdam.	Hamburg.	Bremen.
November 15,	8¾a9¼	5 16¼a———	5 25 a5 22	40¼a40⅜	— a35¼	78½a79
" 22,	8¼a9	5 17 a5 15	5 25 a5 22½	40⅜a40¾	35⅜a35¼	78½a78¾
" 29,	8¼a9	5 20 a5 17½	5 27 a5 25	40¼a40¾	35½a35⅝	— a78¾
December 6,	8¼a8½	5 20 a5 17½	5 27 a5 25	40⅜a40¾	35⅜a35¼	— a78¾
" 13,	8¼a8¾	5 22 a5 20	5 30 a5 25	40½a40½	35⅜a35¼	78¾a79
" 29,	8 a9	5 23 a5 20	5 27½a5 25	40½a40½	35⅜a35¼	78⅜a78¾

The amount of continental bills offering against investments in United States stock is very considerable, and has aided the fall in that direction. The transfer books of the Government Stocks has been closed during the month of December, and will open on the payment of the dividends in January. The markets abroad for United States cotton have been unfavorable, through the disturbed state of Europe, and consequently diminished consumption of cotton fabrics; latterly, however, there has been some improvement in the prices in England. It is to be remarked, however, that the power of cotton over the financial affairs of the Union, has, in the last few years rapidly diminished, and breadstuffs will now become the governing power.

The returns of the imports and exports of the United States, as indicated in the official returns of the Treasury department, are as follows:—

UNITED STATES IMPORTS AND EXPORTS AND CUSTOM DUTIES.

	Breadstuffs and provisions.	Other domestic articles.	Foreign goods.	Total.	Imports.	Duties.
1843	$11,204,123	$66,589,660	$6,552,697	$84,346.480	$64,753,799	$7,046.844
1844	17.970,135	81.745,044	11,484,867	111.200,046	108.435.035	26,183,571
1845	16,743,421	82.556,355	15,346.830	114.646.606	117,254.564	27,528,112
1846	27.701,121	75,640.772	11,346,623	113,488,516	121,691,797	26,712,667
1847	68.701,921	81,935,543	8,011,158	158,634.622	146,545,638	23,747,864
1848	37,472,751	95,431,370	21,108,010	154,032,131	154,977,826	31,757,070

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The first four years embrace the whole operation of the tariff of 1842, and the two last of the present tariff. The large export of domestic produce in 1847 was ascribed to the "famine abroad," and the beneficial operation upon general trade of the international low tariff denied. With the commencement of the fiscal year, 1848—viz: July, 1847—England got in a *good harvest*, and prices of breadstuffs fell immensely. Yet, notwithstanding her good harvest and low prices, added to a great fall in cotton, our domestic exports are 30 *per cent. more* than in previous years; that is to say, our farmers have sold $33,000,000 more products than in 1844 or '45. This at least cannot be ascribed to "famine." Again, a large portion of that sent abroad by our merchants was lost through the failure and bankruptcy of the "merchant princes of London," and the ruin growing out of subsequent European revolutions. This loss fell upon our commercial capital, and our merchants have borne it nobly, sustained by a sound trade at home. The exports of foreign goods reach a high figure, and these include specie, for which the demand in Europe, during political disturbances, has been great and anomalous. Nearly all the specie so exported has, however, been supplied from the hoards of the immigrants; and it is not among the least wonderful effects of our institutions, that individuals, whose life of industry has been spent in adding to the hoards of coins accumulated in many instances by their ancestors, and who on no account would, in Europe, expend it for property that might be reached by the tax gatherer, no sooner touch our shores, than they become endowed with the liberal enterprise of our people, and long-secreted treasures, disbursed for land and household comforts, seek the bullion brokers, and supply the export demand for the precious metals.

Not the least gratifying triumph of principle is seen in the figures for customs duties—the amount, $31,757,070, exceeding the estimates of the Secretary by $757,070; the amount of dutiable goods imported being near $32,000,000 more than last year. Perhaps no part of the Secretary's report last year was more pertinaciously objected to than his estimate of the customs; yet, principle has triumphed over quackery. At this moment the prosperity of the country, as a whole, surpasses that of any other country, or of this in any former year. It is true, that many manufacturers have discharged hands, and oppressed operatives wantonly, in order to manufacture opinion against the existing state of things, and also that cotton is low, through the disturbed state of Europe. These are, however, artificial exceptions; employment is generally good, wages high, produce fairly remunerative, credit good, mercantile confidence unshaken; United States 6 per cent. stock at 106¼ premium, without the dividend of 3 per cent. due 1st proximo; exchange in favor of the country, and money to be had at 5 per cent., and increasing in abundance. Reflecting upon this state of affairs, it is amusing to recur to the letters of Abbott Lawrence, Esq., dated February, 1846, (nearly three years ago,) describing the utter desolation, bankruptcy, and ruin, national and individual, which he staked his reputation would, in eighteen months, result from the low tariff and independent treasury. Superadded to those (in his opinion) causes of ruin, have been the unforeseen incidents of a foreign war, general bankruptcy in England, and political revolution throughout Europe. Yet we have gone through all these with unshaken prosperity, and unchecked national progress; and Mr. Lawrence's friends want him to be made Secretary of the Treasury, as a reward for his commercial and financial sagacity!

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In the year 1842, the whole domestic exports was $91,799,242, of this $47,-593,464 was cotton, or rather more than 50 per cent. In 1847, of $150,637,464 domestic exports, $53,415,848, or about 30 per cent. only was cotton; or in the case of Great Britain, as follows:—

	1842.	1847.
Value of Cotton sent to Great Britain	30,102,417	35,700,000
" Other articles " "	8,152,034	50,566,935
Total	$38,254,501	$86,266,935

Thus, in 1842, cotton was the basis of 30 out of 38 millions of bills drawn against Great Britain, being but $18,152,084 drawn against other articles. In 1847, $35,-700,000 only of bills were drawn against cotton, and $50,566,935 against other articles. The cotton bills no longer governing the market, although this article sold above high price. This year cotton has fallen, but the exports of other produce continue good, and supply the bill market. Hence the fall of cotton no longer affects the market as formerly. This has gradually resulted from the relaxation of the tariff laws in both countries, commencing in England in 1842. The trade of the western country now governs exchanges in the New-York and New-Orleans markets. The export of breadstuffs in the last year, which has been one of the good English harvests, has been much less than in 1847, the year of the "famine," but it greatly exceeds that of any prior year, and the whole shows a greatly increased and beneficial trade, particularly in corn and provisions. The export value of other domestic produce, was not probably realized abroad, more particularly what fell in price rapidly as the year advanced. Of the large amount under the head of foreign produce exported, a considerable portion was of the precious metals exported in the shape of foreign coin, through the pressure of extraordinary demand growing out of political revolutions in Europe. This amount probably rivalled that imported in the previous year. The amount so exported was, however, nearly all supplied by immigration, and did not appear in the custom-house books. These influences were operating upon the money market when the California gold fever gave a new impulse to affairs, by imparting a desire to embark in enterprise. The first results have been extraordinary demands for ships and goods for California, and considerable activity has prevailed in most branches of industry, relieving this holyday season of its usual dullness. The chances are, that the stocks of goods that had been destined for the usual spring trade will be considerably diminished by the gold demand. Real estate has also received an impulse, and prices are higher, as are those of stocks, which have risen as indicated in the United States descriptions as follows:

PRICES OF UNITED STATES STOCKS IN NEW-YORK.

	6's 1854.	6's 1856.	6's 1862.	6's Jan. 1868.	6's July, 1868.	Treas. notes.
December, 1847	91 a92	97½a 98	98⅛a 98¼	99 a 99½	.....	99⅛a 99¼
August, 1848	93½a93¾	103 a103¼	103¼a103½	104½ 104¾	104¼a104¾	104⅛a104¼
Oct. 23, "	93½a93¾	103 a103⅛	103¼a103⅜	104¼a104¾	104¾a105	103 a103⅛
Nov. 13, "	95 a95½	103⅛a103¼	103¼a103½	105 a105¼	105¼a105½	103¼a103½
Decem., "	99 a100	103½a103¾	107½a107¾	108 a108⅛	108⅛a108¼	108 a108¼

This advance in government stocks generally was produced under the influence of a growing abundance of money, a steady demand for these stocks abroad, and finally, by the disposition to speculate, which the news from the gold region

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excited into action. The government stocks were more particularly improved by the very favorable state of the finances, as indicated in the luminous and able report of the Secretary of the Treasury, in which the statement of the amount of the debt is given, and which, as compared with the amount last year, is as follows:

STATE OF UNITED STATES PUBLIC DEBT.

	Interest.	Redeemable.	October 1, 1848.	December, 1847.
Old funded debt.....	—	presentation,.....	$126,850 95.....	$130,926 06
District Columbia	.... 5 per ct.,	$60.000 annually,	1,020.000 00.....	1,080,000 00
Treasury notes of 1837 & 1843.	.....	fundable,....	161,989 31.....	239,789 31
Stock issued for notes "	" 6 per ct.,	Jan. 1868.....	133,728 00.....	77,178 00
" Loan of April, 1842...	6 per ct.,	Jan. 1863.....	3,279,386 03.....	3,343,886 03
" " March, 1843..	5 per ct.,	July, 1853.....	6,604,231 35	6,604,231 31
Unpaid of debt outstanding, March 4, 1845.....			$16,326,185 64.....	$16,476,180 75
Stock loan, July, 1846....	.6 per ct.,	Nov. 12, 1856.	4.999.149 41.....	4,999,149 45
" " January. 1847. ..	6 per ct.,	January, 1867.	28,000,850 51.....	23,798,022 00
" Mex. indem., Aug. 1846.	5 pr. ct.,	Aug. 1, 1851..	303,573 92.....	301,952 00
" Bounty scrip, Feb. 1847.	6 pr. ct.,	pleasure.....	174,475 00.....	84,525 00
" Loan, March, 1848.....	6 pr. ct.,	July, 1868....	16,000,000 00.....	.....
Amount of debt incurred since March 4, 1845.			49,478,043 92.....	29,183,648 45
Total United States debt.....			$65,804,234 56.....	$45,659,559 40

In our December number we gave the general state of the government, showing the perfectly triumphant operation of the present tariff as a means of revenue. In a year of good harvests in England, and when no unusual element tended to enhance but rather to depress the general business, the tariff overrun the estimates, $700,000, producing $31,700,000, or six millions more than the ordinary expenditure. The state of the internal trade of the country has been such as fully to respond to the activity of external commerce as promoted by the removal of restraints upon intercourse.

The following table shows the quantity of some of the principal articles of produce left at tide water, from the commencement of navigation to its close, during the last seven years:

PRODUCE ARRIVED AT TIDE WATER, VIA NEW-YORK CANALS.

	1842.	1843.	1844.	1845.	1846.	1847.	1848.
Flour..... ..bbls.	1,577,555	2,073,708	2,222,204	2,517,250	3,063,441	3,952,972	3,121,655
Wheat..... bush.	928,347	827,346	1,262,249	1,620,033	2,950,636	4,143,830	3,081,458
Corn ....bush.	366.111	186,016	17.861	35,803	1,610,149	6,053.845	2,887,937
Barley..... .. bush.	522,993	543,996	818,872	1,137,917	1,427,953	1,523,020	1,551,328
Beef.... ..... bbls.	21,437	47.465	56,000	67,699	45,600	71.266	63,288
Pork .... bbls.	79,235	63.777	63,646	45,153	80,093	76,179	88,301
Ashes.... ..... bbls.	44,824	77,739	80,646	69,668	46,812	37,598	64.616
Butter..... }	lbs.19.182,830	24,215,700	22,596,300	21,825,455	21,477,657	22,724,000	23,527,362
Lard..... }				3,064,800	6,721,000	4,348,000	9,786,418
Cheese..... "	19.004,613	24.336,260	26,674,500	27.512,861	35,561,118	40,814,000	42,947,329
Wool..... "	3,355,148	6,216.400	7,672,300	9,504,039	8,866,376	12,044,000	8,729,407
Bacon.... .. .... "	——	——	——	1,631,700	4,000,500	4,902,000	8,221,850

The quantities of every article are far in excess of any year prior to 1847, and the articles of butter, lard, cheese and bacon, show the most extraordinary results. The weight of these four articles for the last year has been 84,482,949 lbs., having steadily increased from 38,187,543 lbs., which was the total in 1842. The largest proportion of this immense increase has been exported, swelling the sum of the export value of breadstuffs and provisions, as given in the above table, some

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$26,000,000. The corn trade has also become important, and will now, probably, even in years of good harvests, continue to increase in magnitude the more it becomes known as an article of food in Europe. The present fiscal year will present far greater results in the way of exports of breadstuffs. From the port of New-York the following quantities have gone, monthly, abroad :—

	July.	August.	Septemb'r.	October.	Novemb'r.	December 1 to 12.	Total.	Total, 1847.
Flour.. .bbls.	27,515	44,993	106,739	155,784	233,681	33,561	502.291	739.267
Wheat..bush.	18,824	19,173	156.103	159.953	180,378	22.654	547.085	1,191,604
Corn.... " .	289,080	465,697	1,050,952	516,500	604,326	149.136	3,065.642	1,408,352
Beef.... bbls.	1,180	2.001	1,538	1,229	9,380	4,947	20,275	14,908
Pork.... " .	4,604	7,356	6,109	3,186	5,993	1,492	28,740	27,179
Lard.... kegs.	23,719	20,332	18,703	22,356	27,185	5,260	117,555	33,611

Last year the largest proportion was shipped in July, under the accounts here of the high prices current in England in June. Those prices fell rapidly, and with them the exports fell off to a low figure. This year the reverse has been the case, and the disposition to ship has improved as the season advances. The export of breadstuffs from the United States to Great Britain and Ireland, September 1, to December 19, was as follows :—

	Flour. bbls.	Meal. bbls.	Wheat. bush.	Corn. bush.
1847	79,607	48,257	118.094	475.366
1848	606,964	38,419	810,718	4,436,333

This progress of internal trade is also perceptible in the tolls on the great lines of internal communication, more particularly the New-York and Pennsylvania canals, on which, for many years, they have been as follows :—

	1843.	1844.	1845.	1846.	1847.	1848.
Pennsylvania	1,017,841	1,164,325	1,196,979	1,357,203	1,5,87,995	1,550.555
New-York	2,032,145	2,446.038	2,646,117	2,756,120	3,635,380	3,278,192
Total	3,099,986	3,610,463	3,843,096	4,113,323	5,223,375	4,828,747

The annual income of the tolls of these works, derived mostly from produce sent down under the extension of the foreign market, affords a singular instance of the universal benefit bestowed by enlarging the foreign markets. In Feb. next the duty on breadstuffs in England will finally be removed, and the English journals already admit that with the absence of differential duties New-York must command the English markets. It is to be hoped that the farmers will not be robbed of their extending markets through the invidious operations of the now dominant party in the House. These facilities for internal communication are being rapidly extended through the increase of railroads.

The following table shows the number of miles of railroads completed and the capital expended annually in the United States :

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RAILROADS OF THE UNITED STATES.

	Miles completed.	Capital.		Miles completed.	Capital.
1830	155	2,510,000	1839	340½	12,736,000
1831	17	1,426,966	1840	279½	4,350,000
1832	29	500,000	1841	183½	5,100,000
1833	151	4,094,000	1842	277¾	6,613,654
1834	86½	2,838,638	1843	509¾	11,090,000
1835	287	11,750,000	1845	410	19,094,294
1836	316½	7,587;114	1846	484	9,186,000
1837	237	6,682,578	1847	205	2,410,000
1838	571¼	14,508,693	Total	5,740	$122,525,937

Many of these roads were state works and constructed in the extravagant manner incident to public undertakings; and although a number were unsuccessful for a time they have finally become profitable. The Michigan roads, which, in the hands of the State were but a bill of expense, form, now, in the hands of private capitalists, a profitable portion of the Great Northern chain which connects Boston, via Ogdensburgh, Canada West, and Detroit with Lake Michigan.

The progress which rail road construction has made in the United States for some years was aided to a considerable extent by the fact that the iron for rails was for a time exempted from duty until the operation of the tariff of 1842. That is to say, by the act of July 14, 1832, all iron imported ready to be laid down as rails without further manufacture was released from the duty charged upon other bar iron. The quantity of bar iron imported from 1832 to 1843, when this privilege to railroads was abolished and a duty of $25 per ton laid, was 732,243 tons, on which the duty at the rate of the tariff of 1842 would have been $18,306,075, from which that portion actually laid upon railroads was proportionally released, making a bounty to that extent in favor of the construction of railroads, and consequently in so far as railroads have improved the trade and developed the general resources of the country, as in the singular case of the Reading Rail road in its effect upon the coal trade, stimulated the general industry. By the tariff of 1842 the specific duty of $25 per ton upon rolled, and $17 upon hammered iron was imposed. For the year 1845 the quantity of the former imported was 51,039 tons, valued at $1,683,070, and paid duty $1,275,975 or 75.22 per cent. In the year 1847 the imports under the tariffs were as follows.

	Tons.	Value.	Duties.	Duties. per ct.
July 1 to December 1, 1846	8,098	$431,316	$202,450	$46 93
December 1 to July, 1847	32,085	1,095,173	328,551	30 00

The rise in the value of railroad iron in England under the large operations of the companies then reduced the ad valoren equivalent of the specific duties. The value of bar iron remaining in bond in the United States, Sept. 30, 1847, and June 30, 1847, was as follows:

	Value.	Rate of Duty.	Amount of Duty.
September 30, 1847	112,013	30	33,603 90
June 30, 1848	387,495	30	116,248 50

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The immunities which railroads enjoyed in relation to the tax upon iron was equal to a bonus of $18,000,000 on their construction, and the whole community has reaped the benefits of their influence. Improved trade and advancing values of property, in the New England states particularly, are amongst the beneficial results. This month there has been opened four important roads and extensions. The Worcester and Nashua road was opened, and connects the manufacturing towns of New-England directly with New-York, the market for goods, as well as supply of raw materials. The New-Haven and New-York road is also opened connecting Boston with New-York; also the Harlem is extended to Dover Plains, 84 miles towards Albany, and the most important of all, the Erie Railroad was opened to Binghamton, 200 miles, on the 27th December, and will afford a new avenue to trade for the coming year, in which a most remarkable stimulus will be given to enterprises of all descriptions.

The distance from Boston to Lake Erie is 522 miles; from Philadelphia by railway and canal 558 miles; from Baltimore by railroad, via the Ohio river, 505 miles; while the total length of the Erie Railroad is 450 miles—72 miles shorter than to Boston. The capacity of the Erie Road to carry freight is indicated in the fact that its track is the broadest in the country, being 6 feet, while the northern lines are 4 feet 8½ inches. This broad track is laid with a heavy T rail, and furnished with such working stock as will transport in the best manner any quantity of produce on a descending grade to the Hudson. This road has struggled with the greatest difficulties, but is now safe.

The revenues for the past year have been as follows, for sixty-three miles, as compared with the former year. At the close of the present fiscal year the road was opened to Port Jervis, seventy-eight miles, and the road is now complete to Binghampton, two hundred miles, having opened on the 27th ultimo. The revenue of the next year will be greatly enhanced by this extension. Those for the past two years have been as follows:—

NEW-YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD REVENUE, SIXTY-THREE MILES.

	Freight.	Mails and Passengers.	Total.	Total, 1842.	Increase.
December, 1847	$11,497 40	$10,137 31	$21,624 87	$15,847 69	$5,737 18
January, 1848	12,134 02	9.071 24	21,206 06	15,318 73	5,887 33
February, "	13.116 79	7,631 80	20,748 59	17,938 16	2,810 43
March, "	14,579 55	8,681 11	23,160 69	20,126 55	3,034 64
April, "	14,843 15	10,955 73	25,798 88	19,127 39	6,671 49
May, "	13,981 48	11,150 17	25,131 65	19,624 21	5,507 44
June, "	14,212 81	11,452 06	25,664 87	21.346 87	4,318 00
July, "	14,020 55	13,182 17	27,172 72	23,091 84	3,380 88
August, "	14,354 32	13,300 97	27-655 29	24,056 60	3,628 39
September, "	14.063 74	12,079 70	26,143 04	23.924 84	2,218 20
October, "	16,365 42	12.624 56	28,989 98	27,343 97	4,746 61
November, "	18,167 13	10,852 66	29,019 79	23,038 01	5,981 81
Total	$171,237 16	$131,089 08	$302,326 43	$248,520 36	$53,941 90

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GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.

THE REVIEW AND THE BALTIMORE RESOLUTIONS.—In the November number of this Review, page 386, in a note, is given a letter of the Hon. Isaac Hill, in relation to the drawing up of the resolution in relation to the power of Congress over slavery, submitted to and adopted by the Baltimore Conventions of 1840, 1844 and 1848. By referring to that letter, the reader will more clearly understand the following from R. H. Gillet, Esq., on the same subject. We may express here our regrets, that the letter, although in type, was left out of our December number, through inadvertence. Mr. Gillet releases Mr. Van Buren from any responsibility in drawing up the *resolutions*, but he was the candidate of the convention that adopted them. It will be observed, that Mr. Gillet says nothing in relation to the *address* which was reported by Gov. Hill, and by *him* sent to Washington for Mr. Wright to change and alter it, and he did so.

WASHINGTON, *Nov.* 16, 1848.

SIR,—In the November number of the Democratic Review, I find it stated in substance, that the Resolutions adopted by the Democratic Convention of 1840, and readopted in '44 and '48, were drawn by Silas Wright, and framed under the eye and at the instigation of Martin Van Buren. It is due to the memory of Gov. Wright, to Mr. Van Buren and myself, that I should inform you, that this statement is founded in error. The resolutions referred to, were drawn by me at Baltimore, without any direction from, or consultation either directly or indirectly, with either of those gentlemen, who neither saw or knew of their contents, until they were published among the proceedings of the Convention.

After reaching Baltimore, it was said that no person present was prepared with resolutions declaring the political principles of the Democratic party, showing the issues then pending between us and our opponents. I personally requested Judge Grundy, of Tennessee, and Gen. Dix, to prepare such as would be proper. They however declined, and insisted that I should draw them. This I consented to do. When completed, they were submitted to these gentlemen, (and possibly to others,) and subsequently approved by the Committee on Resolutions, and adopted by the Convention, in the exact form in which I drew them. Neither Mr. Van Buren nor Gov. Wright is responsible for the authorship of these resolutions; neither of them ever communicated with me in relation to them, or the principles which they should assert, prior to their adoption by the Convention. I am solely responsible for their preparation.

Respectfully, yours,

Editor Democratic Review. R. H. GILLET.

JOHN BIGELOW, Esq.—We learn this gentleman has become a proprietor and editor of the *Evening Post* of this city. While we rejoice greatly that the respectability and talent of our city press has received an accession, so marked, to its ranks, already distinguished by great intellect and virtuous intent, we must express our regrets that the *Post* has abandoned its democratic position for the shadowy pretensions of Van Burenism. Mr. Bigelow is chiefly known up to this time as a prominent lawyer of the New-York bar, where his sound knowledge of *statutes* and *cases* made his opinion acceptable always to the court and valuable to his client. But his leisure was much given to literary pursuits, and he contributed from time to time many admirable articles to the *Democratic Review*, remarkable alike for their research, correct judgment, and accomplished style. A prominent trait of Mr. Bigelow's character, and really not in

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those days a common one, is his rare modesty, which is undoubtedly an additional proof of his merit, but a stumbling block to his fame. Can we cite a better proof of this than his withholding his name from the authorship of those superior productions which have appeared within two or three years past in our *Review*, treating of the profound and complex subject of "Constitutional Reform?" We are glad of this occasion of proclaiming this fact, and of congratulating him on being the first writer to draw public attention in this country to many radical changes and improvements since adopted in various states of the Union. If we wanted any further inducement to applaud Mr. Bigelow's *entree* in the *Evening Post*, it would present itself, in the probability that our peerless poet, Mr. Bryant, of late, sole editor, will, perchance, find occasional moments to throw off his political harness, and draping himself in the more graceful vestments of his lovely art, take up his harpsichord again, and ravish the ears of the world with those exquisite strains that none know better how to evoke.

Mr. Forrest.—Our notices from time to time of our distinguished tragedian have been properly confined to his matchless performances on the stage; but he has lately appeared on a new scene, in a different part from any before assumed, and reluctant as we are, our criticism must follow him. This is the first time we ever witnessed any performance of his before or behind the curtain that failed to afford us delight. We speak, of course, of his "card," touching Mr. Macready. This is one of those cases where a true friend, and a judicious one, would adopt the trite suggestion of the proverb, and "the least said the soonest mended," think we of the whole of this notorious affair. We are not fit to judge it, for we admit ourselves partial in the premises. Our personal predilections for Mr. Forrest are decided, and our admiration, too, so often professed of his noble acting would unconsciously, perhaps, bias our judgment. We will not confess to any sympathy, though it is not dead within us, of patriotic impulse. We decline to enter particularly into the merits of the case, though we have no objection to paraphrase it dramatically. There is a scene which, to those who know anything of the parties in question, must be very familiar to their memories. It puts the matter so well in shape, throwing light and shade so clearly, that, modestly we allow, it is doubtful whether we can improve on it. But for Shakspeare how many dramatists might have been great, and we among them, had we been the first author of the following. It is only necessary to substitute the names of the parties concerned for those of the originals, with scarce the alteration of a word, to make the quotation eminently *pat*. Of course, our motives are merry ones only. By no means disrespectful.

Dramatis personæ. { *Public Opinion.*
Forrest.
Macready.
Democratic Review. }

Scene; Philadelphia; Subject, a Row; Time, Just After.

Public Opinion. What is the matter here?
Macready. I bleed still, I am hurt to the death.
Public Opinion. Hold for your lives.
Review. Hold, hold, Forrest—Sir, Macready, Gentlemen,
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold, Public Opinion speaks to you; hold, for shame.
Public Opinion Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?
Are we turned Turks? * * * *
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl.
* * * * *
Honest *Review*, that look'st dead with grieving,

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Speak, who began this? On thy love, I charge thee.
Review. I do not know; friends all but now, even now,
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom,
Divesting them for bed; and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitted men),
Pens out, tilting one at others *name*,
In opposition *savage*. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds.
Public Opinion. How comes it, Forrest, that you are thus forgot?
Forrest. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.
Public Opinion. Worthy Macready, you were wont to be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure; what's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a "speech-maker." Give me answer to it.
Macready. Worthy *Public*, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, the *Review*, can inform you,—
While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all I do know: nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this *engagement*,
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice;
And to defend ourselves it be a sin
When violence assails us.
Public Opinion. Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion having my best judgment collied,
Essays to lead the way. * * * Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approved in this offence
Shall lose me. * * * * *
'Tis monstrous. *Review*, who began it?

Macready. If partially affined, or leagued in *friendship*
Thou dost deliver more, or less than truth,
Thou art no *gentleman*.

Review. Touch me not so near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Edwin Forrest:
Yet, I persuade myself, to *speak the truth*
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, *Public Opinion*.

Here might be inserted an account of this well-known dispute which has been presented already in so many shapes and colors, that we forbear entering into either statement or discussion. We prefer imitating the discretion of Iago, though from other motives. We go on, therefore, with our quotation:

More of this matter can I not report.
But men are men—the best sometimes forget—
Though Forrest did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely, Forrest, I believe, received

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From him that *spoke* some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Public Opinion. I know, *Review*,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Forrest. Forrest, I love thee,
But, never more—*be caught in such a trap.*

We submit that the above is about as *clear* an explanation of this unhappy business as Sir Patrick Plenipo himself could give. And thus we take our leave of it. Mr. Forrest has never in his life taken any pains to please the press; nor do we know that he has ever endeavored to do the contrary. But certain it is, there are many of that honorable fraternity, and their name is legion, who are disposed to judge him severely in the matter. It seems his destiny on this occasion to be required to "suffer some." It is beyond all question, we know it, an unpleasant process, but there are few, indeed, who can afford it better than our blest tragedian. He enjoys all the rewards of a laborious life, but how many strive, long and hard, and fail to enjoy anything? He has fallen, at length, into the hands of the Philistines, and if he would permit us to whisper in his ear, we suggest that he "assume a virtue, if he have it not," and manifest an indifference for their stings, perhaps, he does not feel. 'Tis the only way to charm them.

We cannot forbear adding that Mr. Forrest must clearly see by this time the error he committed, which simply consists in giving expressions too warm to his natural indignation at grievances charged against Mr. Macready. His whole offence "hath this extent, no more;" and it is one which men the most distinguished in all countries, have a thousand times fallen into. No man, in his day, was more remarkable for dignified reserve, and the chastest propriety of expression, than George Canning; but on one occasion, in the House of Commons, when Prime Minister, he was so nettled by some contumelious expressions of Henry Brougham, that he rose up, and before the astonished rank and learning of England, charged his adversary, in the most vehement manner, with downright falsehood, and in the pithiest terms possible. It is one of the features of Mr. Forrest's career, that he has constantly maintained a decorous and uniform line of conduct, always preserving the dignity of his position, and exhibiting gentlemanly taste, and high tone in his language and sentiments. These are characteristic of his nature, which is elevated, noble, and magnanimous. "What private griefs he has, alas, we know not;" but it must be deep persuasion of undeserved wrong that has lashed him into momentary forgetfulness of himself.

From the singularly quiet tenor of his life this late sudden burst of strong feeling has produced the more astonishment from the tens of thousands, who, not caring to investigate the provocation, merely pronounce a short sentence of censure on the harshness of his tone. This is a fault that it would be silly in Mr. Forrest's friends to deny, and which must be just as plain to himself as anybody else. No one can make atonement but himself. The remedy is in his own hands. The public of the United States care nothing in this matter about Mr. Macready, or the slights or annoyances that he, directly or indirectly, may have put on Mr. Forrest in England, compared to the concern they feel in the position and character of our first tragedian. We say, then, that Mr. Forrest owes it to himself, and the country, on some fitting occasion, to give an explanation of his late Philadelphia "Card." We shall, then, know what judgment to record for, or against him. It is not just finally to condemn any man for losing his temper on one occasion; much more to put this trifle in the balance against the manifold excellencies of our tragedian's character, and the loud merits of his upright life. We look forward, then, with eagerness, but no anxiety, to the next occasion that will arise for Mr. Forrest's opinion of himself.

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THE OPERA.—The past month has not been quiet in Astor Place, though we are happy to say that it has been profitable. Italian singers are proverbial for their restiveness, discontent and jealousy, and Mr. FRY has had his share of their "fantastical humors." Whether he himself, or some of those to whom he has delegated authority, or from whom he has received advice, are not somewhat culpable as having provoked these humors and jealousies, we will not pretend to say; but we advise both him and them, that the public are heartily tired of such affairs, and that, however beneficial they may be to the treasury at the time, they materially injure the *prestige* of the opera in the end. The Opera House is the resort for quiet enjoyment and refined intercourse—a place in which to do propriety and to talk "the musical glasses" if not Shakspeare—and a row, even of the most tender and delicate description, is altogether foreign to its atmosphere.

The "Benedetti row" of the past month was somewhat remarkable in its origin, progress and termination. The first the public knew of it, was the sudden appearance of Mr. Fry before the curtain between the first and second acts of *Lucrezia Borgia*, one Wednesday evening, to announce to them that Sig. Benedetti refused to perform the part of *Pollione* in *Norma* on the following Friday, on the ground that Madame Laborde was to be the *Norma*, and that she made herself ridiculous in the part and was unfit to sing with artists. Taken by surprise, the audience did not at first recognize the comical irregularity of the proceeding, and administered an unmitigated hissing to the refractory tenor upon his first appearance on the stage. After a while, he was allowed to proceed, and the hearty applause bestowed upon his performance in the *trio* and *duo finale* of the second act showed that, whatever was thought of his conduct, his sympathetic voice and impassioned singing still held their wonted sway over his hearers. The consequence of this was a serio-comic altercation between manager and artist in the dressing room of the latter, followed by a melo-dramatic fight, in which swords were drawn, but no blood, if we except that which flowed from a scratch on the hand of a distinguished counsellor and patron of the opera; bloody drops which fell in vengeance for the tears—of laughter—he has drawn from the eyes of innocent juries. Had Benedetti's sword been a little more trenchant, he who "stumped it" lately for GEN. TAYLOR, might have had an opportunity to "stump it" on his own account.

Few occurrences have occasioned more sensation in the world of fashion. Aside from business, it was the topic of the day. The newspapers were full of it. Benedetti published a card in the New-York Herald. The excitement increased. The greater portion of the public were determined that tenors in general, and one tenor in particular, should receive a lesson; but a numerous party, consisting of Benedetti's particular friends, and Mr. Fry's particular enemies, endeavored, of course, to sustain the former. On Friday evening the house was so full that it ran over, and the audience oozed out of the side doors and passages. The excitement was very great, but all was portentous only until the appearance of the offender with Signor Patti as his attendant. Then burst forth a tempest of hisses and hootings, answered by a counter-storm of applause and bravos; the hissers rebutted, the applauders surrebutted, and so it went on, like a double chorus in an oratorio, till Benedetti attempted to have his share of the row, and volunteered an English solo of three or four lines; after this the double chorus of hissers and applauders united their forces, as double chorusses always do in the end, and such a hubbub was raised, that poor Sigr. Patti fled "in disorder," and the hubbub promised so faithfully to stay raised, that evidently Benedetti or the house, or something must come down, so Mr. Fry chose that it should be the curtain. Down it came, and out came the *impressario* for his share. He seemed quite satisfied with what he received, and begged that the tempest might cease. He fared better than King Canute; for at his bidding, the waves of discord did roll back, which, to say the least, was very civil on their part. King Canute retired

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from before the sea of heads—and the rest of the evening was tranquil, save for gusts of applause.

The whole affair was exceedingly well done. The row was a most gentlemanly one. It was redolent of white kid, white cambric and *Bouquet de Jenny Lind;* but still it was "most distinctly" a row; rarely has there been one more exciting or more determined. Benedetti might have stood there till now without singing, but for the judicious intervention of the manager; and yet, the very same audience applauded him to the echo when he did sing. The public were dragged by main force into the affair, as palpably as Sir Peter Teazle, whom Charles Surface drags "into court" by the cravat—but being in, they did not hesitate to pronounce a just verdict, and give a severe judgment.

So out of all rule, and beyond all precedent, appeared Mr. Fry's first appeal to the audience, that we supposed that he must be injured by the impression it produced. What right had he to bring his quarrels with his artists before the public, and particularly that public. They had nothing to do with *Norma.* They came to hear *Lucrezia.* What was Hecuba to them, or they to Hecuba? He had his contract, let it be enforced. But the event proved fortunate. All's well that ends well. In the first place, poor Benedetti was impaled on the spot, and for the first time. The punishment instantly followed the offence. There was an excitement about the opera. After two appeals to the public, the offender found that, with all his popularity, he could not influence the public determination. Last, not least, there were three or four thumping houses out of the affair.

But we must say that we nearly agree with Benedetti in his expressed opinion of Madame Laborde's *Norma.* With all her compass and flexibility of voice and exquisite method, she is unequal to the arch druidess. Her presence lacks the dignity, her voice the nobility and her style the breadth necessary to the *role.* A clever *habitue* of the opera said well that her rage reminded him of that of a mad canary-bird. Nevertheless, we must add that her *Casta Diva* is one of the most exquisitely finished performances ever heard here; and that whatever, and however just, his opinion, Benedetti had no right to express it as he did, or to make it a ground for refusal to perform his duty.

Apropos of refusals to perform duty, MAX MARETZEK was guilty of one such, which we think merits severe censure. It seems that at the unfortunate first performance of *I Lombardi*—and it was not "*I Lombardi* at the First Crusade," but "*I Lombardi* at their own first crucifixion"—Signor Benedetti took the liberty of turning to the orchestra and beating the time with head and hands for three or four bars; a most barbarous thing, and one at which the conductor was justly incensed, but certainly no justification for the course taken by M. Maretzek; who, simply declaring his intention not to conduct that Opera again with Benedetti as *Oronte*, leaves town the next morning for Philadelphia, *where he remains a whole week*, during the performance of the most difficult opera produced this season. Surely this was a most high-handed piece of assumption, and a sufficient ground for the manager to break his contract. If M. Maretzek had chosen to say that either Benedetti or he must leave the troupe, very well, Mr. Fry could have made his choice; but while the former retained the conductor's baton of the company, he was bound to wield it for whomsoever was a member of that company, no matter what his private grievances might be. The course of Maretzek was little less culpable than that of Benedetti. We hope that Mr. Fry will not forget that *a leader* needs to be driven with as tight a rein as any of his team. This one we must say seems not a little inclined to take the bit in his mouth. Let the managinal Jehu beware, lest this Pegasus run away with the whole concern. Already does Maretzek seem as important as Fry; he even takes the liberty of offering a benefit to the orchestra of the Park Theatre—a most laudable intent, doubtless—but it at least should have been done "by the permission of Mr. Fry." The musical monarch should beware that his prime minister does not prove a Woolsey, and say, "I and my *impressario.*"

I Lombardi was a complete failure. Neither their music nor their characters suited

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Signorina Truffi or Signor Rosi, and Benedetti did not sing as well as at Palmo's, two years since. They were also not over perfect in their parts. The chorusses, save one or two, were discordant and slovenly; and the orchestra, after the first performance, played as badly as so fine an orchestra could play. Thanks to M. Maretzek. What could be expected when the conductor was away?

The Barber has been given with Rossi Corsi as *Figaro*, Mad. Laborde as *Rosina*, Sanquirico as *Dr. Bartold*, and Giubilei as *Basilio;* a fine cast, as the performance proved; in spite of Rossi Corsi's illness on the first evening. We are glad to hear that Guillaume *Tell* and *La Favorita* are in rehearsal. X. C.

The love of the Arts is slowly awakening in our country. At least, we may be permitted to judge of the increase of demand, from the recent very remarkable increase of supply. A sure test, we imagine. The great success of the American Art-Union, the late announcement of a new institution with similar objects, the multitude of statues, casts, and other objects of Art which decorate the shops, the splendor of many of the new illustrated editions of classical authors, together with the numerous well-attended "musical solemnities," (to quote from puffs,) which our cities now boast; all these are symptoms of the awakening of taste, artistic taste, in this country.

We believe, that a few years ago, the announcement of a premium engraving would have had but little effect in obtaining subscriptions for a periodical. But now, owing to the new-born feeling to which we have alluded, it appears that the enterprising publishers, who have hit upon the mode of alluring subscribers, have every reason to congratulate themselves as to the result. Among these, it is but justice to assign the first rank to the publishers of the New-York Albion. Their plate for 1849, is truly a splendid specimen of the Art of Engraving. The subject, too, may be considered somewhat national, in a country that derives so many of its laws from an Anglo-Saxon origin. "The First Trial by Jury," from C. W. Cope's prize Cartoon, exhibited in 1843, represents the solemn trial of a murderer in the presence of his victim and by "the witnesses"—as the old law formerly directed—of the deed, or at least by such near neighbors as might be supposed to have extra-judicial nowledge of the fact. Strange, that in the course of time this circumstance should have become an *objection* to a juror instead of a necessary qualification. We hope and trust that the worthy editor of the Albion may reap the success he so richly deserves for the enterprising spirit that leads him to proffer so rich a prize, or an additional inducement for subscription to a work, whose intrinsic merits alone are sufficient to insure popularity.

For the last two weeks of the last year's existence—peace be to its ashes, it had no peace in its life—we of Gotham seemed condemned to an amphibious state of existence, or rather an omni-bious state,* for we were compelled to live not only on land and in water, but on and in both at one and the same time. For twelve or thirteen hours, snow would fall at such a rate that it seemed as if all the feather beds in high Olympus had been ripped up and emptied upon the earth, and misses and livery stable keepers were ready to offer up grateful hecatombs of promises; when all at once the white speckling of the sky would vanish as if by magic, and water would pour down as if the bottom of the celestial reservoir had fallen out, cutting short the promises of misses and livery stable men, and condemning them to navigate the town, muttering curses—both misses and men—both loud and deep. This was done again and again. Now we don't complain of this,—not at all; but we would simply ask of the Clerk of the Weather "what's the use? Why throw away snow storm after snow storm? Is such a prodigal waste of material consistent with the utilitarian spirit of the age?" We pause till next month for a reply.

* Our Gossip, judging from the appearance of Broadway, means an omnibus state of existence. [*Print. Dev.*

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NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

1.—THE MEMOIRS OF A PHYSICIAN. By Alexandre Dumas. New-York: Stringer & Townsend, 222 Broadway.

Mr. Dumas is certainly a most extraordinary man. Whoever calls at the establishment of Messrs. Berard & Mondon, in this city, and examines the long rows of shelves, occupied by the novels, dramatic and miscellaneous works of that writer, will naturally doubt whether that "multitudinous sea" of books can have welled forth from a single human brain; nay, he will be led to question whether any number of goose-quills or steel pens, wielded successively by any single hand, could, in a man's life-time, have achieved the amount of mechanical labor represented by the countless volumes signed "A. Dumas," to say nothing of the untold mass of *feuilletons*, letters, contributions and other ephemeral productions, never graced by the honors of binding, which have been issued under this prolific author's responsibility. To account for the obvious disproportion between the number of works produced and the supposed capacity of the human brain, it has been stated that Dumas bestowed little but his name upon most of the works which he consented to father; that he did not so much *write* as *manufacture* books; that he and his agents bought up the rough literary attempts of junior scribblers, and caused them only to be recast and remodelled. Many of our readers remember the *piquant* literary squabble caused by the dispute between Dumas and Mr. Gaillardet,* as to the authorship of the *Tour de Nesle*. What with a bloodless duel, a scandalous law-suit, the interchange of letters and recriminations through the press, and the comments of the journalists, the merits of the question never were fairly laid before the public, and Dumas' with admirable tact and *savoir-faire* managed to keep the laughers on his side of the question. His adversary was completely overwhelmed under an avalanche of wit and ridicule, although people generally retained some faint impression, that he had not been fairly dealt with. Dumas pursued his course, unimpeded by clamor and obloquy, and, whether right or wrong, has contrived to issue victoriously from every controversy of that nature in which he was ever engaged. Enough transpired, nevertheless, to leave the public thoroughly impressed with the idea, that Dumas employed literary men of some talent to make researches and to "do" the rough work of book-making. One of his secretaries is said to be his son; another is a Mr. Maquet. We read some time ago in a British periodical, some remarks purporting to give a different version of the affair, on the plausible ground principally, that, if Mr. Maquet could write so well, he would have no need of using another man's name. This, however, is by no means conclusive. Maquet might be well qualified to write a novel or two, and able to meet with a purchaser; yet, he might find it for his interest to sacrifice the pride of authorship, for the sake of a steady, inexhaustible *market*. We know but little of the real merits of the question; but we feel desirous of publishing that little. We remember M. Maquet perfectly well; we were at school with him many years ago. From our recollection of him, we should consider him perfectly capable of performing the part attributed to him by public rumor. We recollect being particularly struck with the beauty of some stanzas, his earliest we believe, which he wrote at that time. It was something about Spain and "*le bleu Guadalquivir*," Andalusian women and skies, mantillas and black eyes. Our recollection is indistinct, but our impression at the time was highly favorable. Since that time, we have heard but little of M. Maquet; some vague intimation reached us that he was "répétiteur" at the College of Charlemagne, our own *alma mater*. Years afterwards, we saw a card in some of the French newspapers, signed by Maquet and others, indignantly avowing, that they, the undersigned, were the friends of Mr. Dumas, not his *suite*, as some papers had then lately asserted, when noticing the perambulations of the most prolific of novelists over Europe. These gentlemen acknowledged that they accompanied Mr. Dumas in his travels, but whether for the purpose of taking down, in short-hand, the impressions of the great traveller, or daguerreotyping his emotions with a view to future book-making, they did not choose to explain. It looked plausible enough, however; and this, with other circumstances, has wrought within us the moral conviction, that Mr. Maquet had much more to do with the works of Dumas than was publicly known. He does wisely, we think, in disclaiming a worthless title to productions which have no other value than their present quotations in the market; they sell at enormous prices, and of this "the secretaries" get their share; but such works

* Late Editor of the Courier des Etats Unis.

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cannot—will not live long. Nearly all the novels attributed to Mr. Dumas, though attractive, are devoid of intrinsic merit, excepting a very few, such as "Les trois Mousquetaires, Monte Christo and le Chevalier d'Harmental," translated for Messrs. Harper & Brothers some years ago.

We believe that we may safely add to that list the work which it is our present purpose to notice, the "Memoirs of a Physician." It is the avowed intention of Mr. Dumas to "illustrate" the history of France. The period which he undertakes to "illustrate" in this work, is one fraught with intense interest, the latter end of the reign of Louis XV. Many of the personages are old acquaintances of the public. We have the superannuated representative of the Regency, Richelieu, as gay and fond of conspiracies as ever. Rousseau plays no inconsiderable a part in this work. Maison-Rouge, already known through the pages of Dumas, is once more introduced; and, above all, the noted Cagliostro, alias Joseph Balsamo, sorcerer, conjurer, alchemist and Commander-in-Chief of all secret societies, performs the most important part. The novels of Dumas are habitually interesting; so is this one, though not so much so as we had a right to expect, considering the immense machinery brought into play—Magnetism, Alchemy, Free-Masonry, Necromancy, &c.

We will now drop the novelist and take up the translator. We are ignorant of his name, and only guess that the translation was originally published in England, the copy before us bearing every appearance of a republication. Had not Messrs. Stringer & Townsend any journeyman in their employ capable of revising this version and putting it into English? We can hardly conceive how publishers can be found to bestow the honors of type-setting on such execrable style. One would fancy, that this translation is the work of a Frenchman, were it not for the fact, that its author is clearly ignorant of the French language. We never saw the original; but here and there we are enabled, through the abominable English of the translator, to reconstruct a sentence or two of Dumas visibly misunderstood. These are samples: "*Je vous aime toujours*," he translates by "I love yon always," a palpable blunder. "*Argent*" is rendered by "silver," when the context shows that the "*argent*" was partly copper coin. We read of a Baron, in a brown study, "*measuring* his little garden." Ten to one the French word was "*arpentant;*" the translator was not, it seems, aware of its true meaning. Such colloquial expressions as "Econtez" and "ma foi," are given in the most literal manner, and produce a laughable effect. "Spirituel" is metamorphosed into "spiritual," for no other reason, it seems, than that they sound alike. We learn that the precise and ceremonious archduchess, Marie Antoinette, was "a little *wild*"—*sauvage*, probably in the original. "To every seigneur, every honor," writes this translation-maker, puzzled at a common French sentence, which, in this case, corresponds to the Anglo-Saxon: "*Give the devil his due.*" And so we should in this case, by consigning to oblivion the unfortunate wight who thought that he translated a novel of Dumas, were it not that we wish to seize this opportunity of beseeching publishers, if they will give us translations of French novels, to give us readable ones. Nothing is so easy. Even in the case of the translation under review, it would have been a matter of no difficulty for the publishers to cause the cheap British matter from which they copied, to be revised and corrected by some one who knows French and can write in English. A little scientific curtailing of the insipid dialogues, wherewith French novelists are in the habit of "filling out," would not have come amiss. We throw out these hints in a spirit of kindness as well as justice, and, as we conceive, in the legitimate exercise of the duties of "the magistrature of the press."

2.—The Moral, Social and Professional Duties of Attorneys and Solicitors. By Samuel Warren, Esq., F. R. S., of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law. Harper & Brothers, New-York.

This is a little book upon a large subject. How attorneys and solicitors ought to act in their moral, social and professional relations—what a topic for the *four* lectures of Barrister Samuel Warren! Perhaps this little volume will be more effective than a quarto, in accomplishing the proposed aim; since many will read a tract, who would never take up a book. But when we think of the immense Augean stable which this diminutive Hercules undertakes to sweep clear, we doubt and despair. The "moral and social duties" of attorneys are identical all the world over; and therefore the book we are noticing will so far prove as useful in this country as abroad. But much of Mr. Warren's advice being based on peculiarities of British practice, need not have been transplanted to this soil, and should have been confined to its own meridian. We extract the following in explanation of what we have advanced:

"I recollect a case where a client of mine had his declaration on a bill of exchange demurred to, because, instead of the words, "in the year of our Lord, 1834," he had written "A. D., 1834." I attended the late Mr. Justice Littledale at Chambers, to en-

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deavor to get the demurrer set aside as frivolous, or leave to amend on payment of a shilling; but that punctilious, though very able and learned judge, refused to do either. 'Your client, sir,' said he, 'has committed a blunder, sir; which can be set right only on the usual terms, sir. A. D., sir, is neither English nor Latin, sir. It may mean anything or nothing, sir. It is plain, sir, that here is a material and traversable fact, and no date to it, sir.' Whereupon he dismissed our poor summons with costs! That demurrer had been spun out by a pleader to an inconceivable length, in ringing the changes on that one objection, and my client had positively to pay out of his own pocket, between seven and eight pounds."—p. 137.

"In the last Trinity term, (1847,) the Court of Exchequer was called upon to deal with a similar slip. The plaintiff had forgotten to add the letters 'is' to the letter 'h.' in the printed form of a count—on which the astute defendant demurred! The demurrer was argued and he positively got judgment."—p. 138.

These instances are entertaining illustrations of the state of British practice; but our own has long ceased to be so positive and technical, and the discretion wisely lodged with officers who hear motions has always proved an effectual check upon such miserable pettifogging.

"When," writes the lecturer, "you are planning the scheme of an action or defence—when preparing your brief—keep constantly before your mind's eye the stern visage of the *taxing master*, and the sarcastic smile of your opponent, as he succeeds in getting item after item of your bill struck off."—p. 205.

Honest and wholesome advice—but nearly useless in a country where, under the new code of Procedure, the poor attorney has scarcely anything left to tax, save the benevolence of his client.

3.—Alban, the Pirate: A Romant of the Metropolis. By William Wallace. Fourth edition. New-York: Berford & Co.

Mr. Wallace has but little charity for the evils of civilization. He seems to consider our beloved Manhattan as a well-dressed harlot, and he is determined to strip her of her gaudy vestments:

"Off with the lying wreath
That decks the town, and show the hell beneath."

This tale opens with a savage picture of the "peopled ways" where the hero at once appears, evidently seeking some one whom he has lost. The poet then discloses the mystery, by relating his earlier history—how he and his little sister Mary, both the offspring of guilty love, in their tenth summer, lost their mother, the only parent they ever knew,—how Alban, ill-treated by a harsh master, fled to the sea and became a pirate; how he boarded a vessel, abandoned by her crew, and there found a young woman, a Jewess, by name Mirian. Of course

"They loved each other, and their plight was made
One evening when the hushed sky's starry shade
Bowed on the dim blue waters."

Alban reforms—quits the sea and removes to Iowa. Nothing there would interfere with his happiness, save the recollection of his sister. In his wanderings, he formerly sent her aid and assistance through one Luria, who owed him his life. But hearing nothing either from her or from him he sent to assist her, he resolves to seek her himself. After a long search he discovers her—learns that she has been betrayed and ruined by that same Luria, who should have given her aid and comfort—awaits him in his splendid palace where he stabs him, and ends by paying the penalty of the law, although his father, the very district attorney who prosecutes him, recognizes his flesh and blood, and obtains (too late,) a pardon for Alban, the Pirate.

This simple story is told in a touching manner. We feel inclined to think that the real inspiration of Mr. Wallace would naturally prompt him to dwell on tender and graceful thoughts, and that he never wanders into the terrific, the transcendental or the satirical, without first purposely lashing himself into a frenzy.

We regret that our limited space will not allow of copious extracts. Many passages there, are which we should be glad to quote. The stanzas of Alban's dialogue with the sea, when

* * "burst an earnest anthem from his soul,
And Ocean interchimed its long, deep thunder roll,"

is highly characteristic. Indeed, this author always finds happy expressions whenever he chooses to write in a metre that compresses his thoughts and forces him to labor. But

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even in the free couplet measure, Mr. Wallace often displays those happy turns of phrase, those unexpected circumlocutions, those concise, yet all-meaning epithets, which are the true stamp-mark of poetry. A few instances, collected at random, will exemplify our meaning:

> "Oh, they were blest! the mother doubly blest—
> A *little joy* lay *rose-like* on her breast—
> The air and rose caressing and carest."

In spite of a little obscurity, we think the expression of those lines very fine.

He calls police-officers "the hounds that ferret crime." He qualifies law as "black-letter wile," an expression which the author of "Legerdemain of Law-craft" would hug him for. Of our soldiers he remarks, in a philanthropic *furor:*

> "Your brethren sent into the field
> Are lapping gore—your red-eyed thousands wield
> Their thirsty swords against a fading race
> That roamed the innocent woods—"

Of a woman in a swoon, he says, "her eyes in *white eclipse.*" He makes his hero taunt his judges in a cynical speech; reproaching his fellow-men for their legal murders, and adding that the Earth, "the grand, the lovely Earth,"

> * * * "has gone mad, and shrieks
> For 'Gore!' from all her glens and peaks,
> Startling the sunlight—hunting through the air
> Corruption, and *one starless sick despair.*"

We might multiply such examples; but we think that we have said enough to call public attention to a production well deserving of applause and encouragement. We trust, that a new edition will correct a few blunders, for instance, the following line:

> "The victim shall be *him* whose vice sublime."

4.—History of Congress, Biographical and Political; comprising Memoirs of Members of the Congress of the United States, drawn from authentic sources, &c. By Henry G. Wheeler. New-York: Harper Brothers.

The first volume of this work, with the ambitious title, has been for a considerable time lying upon our desk. We read it, and passed it over in silence. It disappointed our expectations; it failed to perform the promise of its title-page. It seemed to be less a "History of Congress, comprising, &c., than a collection of memoirs concerning certain members, by no means the most distinguished, of the House of Representatives, with little or no "history," excepting what was indispensable to illustrate the course adopted by the several subjects of these memoirs. Besides, it appeared to us an undigested mass of materials, compiled without method and without taste. We had other objections to urge; but we chose to remain silent. We deemed the compilation, but though badly arranged, useful. Incorporated with these memoirs, we found luminous reports of Committees, extracts from powerful speeches, descriptions of legislative scenes and entertaining sketches of debate. Here and there, likewise, were interesting chapters, illustrating some curious topics, such as "a Call of the house," and "Biography of the one-hour rule." With these redeeming traits, pleading to us for indulgence, we resolved to wait the appearance of the second volume. This, we thought, might develope the plan of the work, and vindicate the flourish of trumpets on the title-page. Besides, there was an air of fairness about the book, which quite won our confidence, and we felt but little disposition to visit severely the labors of a writer, who could handle such delicate subjects with the impartiality which Mr. Wheeler assumed.

In due time, the second volume reached us, and we think that we now discern a foreshadowing of the object of the book. It is, in sober earnest, a partizan production, the more dangerous that it is insidious, and that it purports to have been written without reference to party measures. Some four hundred pages, more than two-thirds of the second volume, are devoted to a "History of Internal Improvements." This is a downright political tract, in opposition to that salutary check upon hasty legislation, the veto power, and in extenuation, it would seem, of the obviously corrupt practice of granting appropriations of the public moneys for manifold objects, in one bill, bolstering up one obnoxious expenditure by another equally uncalled for, mustering sectional interests to make strength for each other—a practice that has been not unpicturesquely denominated "log-rolling."

We cannot, within the scope of a mere notice, review the several points of this writer. We do not fear the spread of his doctrines; we do not seek to gainsay his opinions; we

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only desire to warn the public at large, that the work we are noticing, is not an impartial work; that it is composed in a partisan spirit, and that it should be read with that measure of distrust always awarded to productions of that character. Far be it from us to discourage readers from taking up the book of Mr. Wheeler; on the contrary, we commend it for general perusal: only we here place on record our protest against its assumption of fairness, and so far as the expression of our opinion will do it, we would strip it of the dignity of history, and assign to it its proper place among readable compilations from the columns of newspapers.

5.—Principles of Political Economy, with some of their applications to Social Philosophy. By John Stuart Mill. In two volumes. Charles C. Little & James Brown, Boston, Mass.

The study of political economy, probably one of the most important in this utilitarian age, is that most neglected by practical men, and in consequence of this neglect, the nation's welfare has to struggle slowly against the ignorance of the lawmakers, the selfish folly of many, and the stupid sophistry of designing demagogues. After a lapse of seventy years, the sound principles enunciated by Adam Smith have just begun, practically, to work their way into the government of nations. The modification of commercial restrictions, and the abrogation of the corn laws, are gratifying evidences of the progress of those principles in the popular mind. Since Smith wrote, a very great advance has taken place in political economy, both as a "science" and as an "art," and the spread of popular intelligence has stimulated its growth, while events have tended to develope the truth of the principles laid down by Smith. Mr. Mill, with clear judgment and a powerful pen, has brought down the subject, as it were, to the present year, drawing illustrations from current events, showing the necessary connection between free trade principles and popular progress. It is a work which should, in this country, be in the hands of all, and from which we shall frequently draw matter for the information of the general reader.

6.—Bracebridge Hall; or the Humorists. A medley. By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.; author's revised edition. Geo. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

Time does not, in any degree, take from the productions of Irving that wonderful charm which, through its salutary influence over the English world, whether situated on the islands of the North Sea, or spreading over the mighty continent of the west. They have, in the present edition of Mr. Putnam, assumed their standard form, that in which they will be models of American literature, long after those who deny the existence of such a thing will have been forgotten.

7.—Poems. By John G. Whittier; illustrated by N. Billings. Benjamin B. Mussey & Co., Boston.

Our readers are particularly well acquainted with the attractive and high merits of Mr. Whittier. The present beautiful volume contains a collection of his admired works, many of which have already appeared in the columns of this Review. The "Bridal of Pennacook" is familiar to all our readers. The strongly net, nervous and pure Saxon of his language, well express therepublican energy and purely philanthropic spirit of his thoughts. The stirring vigor of his appeals in behalf of human rights strike a responsive chord in the hearts of every American, and is an element of popularity that must be as enduring as his merits. The style of the publication does great credit to Messrs. Mussey & Co.

8.—Proverbs for the People; or, Illustrations of Practical Godliness, drawn from the Book of Wisdom. By C. L. Magoon, author of the Orators of the American Republic. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 59 Washington-street, Boston.

This is a beautiful volume, containing essays under different heads, and well calculated to impress the great truths of Scripture upon the mind as guides in the daily walks of life.

9.—The Shipmasters' Assistant and Commercial Digest. By Joseph Blunt, Counsellor at Law. New-York: Harper Brothers.

The world is getting daily more homogenous. The different nations of the vast human family, no longer separated by the interdict of distance, but linked in mutual interest, feel the necessity of learning each other's ways and customs; while, as a consequence of intercourse, these ways and customs are losing much of their local peculiarity, and are constantly assuming greater uniformity. Nevertheless, enough remains—and will long remain—of specialty and variety to throw a thousand obstacles in the way of trade and travel. The compiler, therefore, whose patient labor and research, in a degree, removes those obstacles, confers a blessing on his fellow-men, and deserves their gratitude. Such gratitude is certainly due to the author of the work before us, who, in the compass of a

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neat and convenient volume, has condensed a mass of important information on all the subjects which merchants and travellers have most at heart to investigate.

The relative duties and rights of masters, mates and seamen, ship-owners, insurers, factors and passengers; together with the revenue and navigation laws, the law regulating fisheries, importations, salvage, bottomry and respondentia—are here laid down in a clear and concise manner, accompanied by copious references. This work also contains an incredible mass of purely mercantile information, embracing a digest of all laws that control the drawing, acceptance and protest of bills of exchange,—statistics on the currency, weights and measures, and commercial regulations of almost every nation of the earth—and an abstract of the pilot laws and harbor regulations of every maritime State in the Union. If we add, that this volume likewise offers a copy of our last tariff, extracts from the tariffs of other nations and a dictionary of sea-terms; together with precise and practical directions in regard to the clearing and entering of vessels, and many other items of special or general usefulness, we may well state, that while it must be considered the indispensable *vade mecum* of all merchants, owners and masters of ships, it is likewise essential to the traveller; and that, as a book of reference, to the mere student or casual reader, it will prove a perfect cyclopedia, nay, an entire library of useful information.

Although three preceding editions of this work had made it eminently popular, so great and important are the changes lately introduced in the commercial laws of our own and other nations; so rapidly is the great system of jurisprudence, called the law of nations, absorbing all local enactments, and tending to establish a universal code in all countries, that this, the fourth edition, is really an entirely new work. Much credit is due to its learned author, for sifting the various and fluctuating enactments of our state governments, which, in the absence of sufficient federal legislation, have passed, without system or concord, a vast number of laws, hastily framed, and as often suggested by the whims of ignorant petitioners, as by the real necessity of sudden emergencies.

10.—Acton; or, the Circle of Life: a collection of thoughts and observations, designed to delineate Life, Man and the World. D. Appleton & Co., Broadway.

This is a beautiful volume, well adapted for the season of presents. It is elegantly embellished with Parisian illuminated cuts, and the matter is every way of a desirable character. The author informs us in his preface, that the articles were written, some of them, in all quarters of the world. They are philosophical conclusions apparently of an observing mind, enjoying great opportunities for the exercise of a clear judgment. The accuracy of his views on many subjects will be recognized by many, in the late defeat of the democratic party, through the influence of Mr. Van Buren and his long-tail of desperate and briefless young lawyers, in the truth of the following aphorism:

Lawyers and Doctors. Physicians without practice are quiet and harmless; but lawyers without it, are restless, and doubly armed to do mischief.

11.—University Sermons, delivered in the chapel of Brown University. By Francis Wayland, President of the University. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston.

Professor Wayland is well and familiarly known to the public as an author in many departments, and this volume is a welcome addition to theological literature, from the same eminent source.

12.—The Forgery: a Tale. By G. P. R. James, Esq. Harper Brothers.

The prolific pen of Mr. James does not appear to play either in the quantity or interest of the matter it furnishes to the public. This is not among the least interesting of his popular romances.

13.—Model Men and Women. Harper Brothers.

These are very amusing hits at the every-day foibles of most classes of people that make up the population of great cities; very many of the allusions are however applicable only to London society.

14.—The Young Patroon; or, a Christmas in 1690. A Tale of New-York; by the author of the First of the Knickerbockers: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

This is a very agreeable and presentable tale of New-York, peculiarly so at this season, and will be appreciated as being associated with those charms of ancient Manhattan, raised by the magic pen of Irving, and endeared to Americans as well as the degenerate sons of the sturdy New-Amsterdams. It is got up in Putnam's peculiarly grateful style.

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15.—Scott's Republications.

The British Quarterlies, furnished by Messrs. L. Scott & Co., are always fraught with high interest—not that their teachings are such as suit, for the most part, our republican tastes, but they keep readers well "posted up" in regard to events, and there is too much American intelligence to be misled by monarchial sophistries; and the Westminster is always an offset to the toryism of the London, and the fairness of the Edinburgh modifies to some extent the supercilious aristocracy of Blackwood.

16.—Berford's World as it Moves.

The second number of this highly interesting weekly is before us. It is a new enterprize of the publisher, and every way qualified to command attention. In addition to much original matter of high character, it presents the best selections from the leading European journals, Italian, French, German and English, and is published at the low rate of five dollars per annum.

17.—The Oak Openings, or The Bee Hunter. By J. F. Cooper. Burgess, Stringer & Co., New-York.

We gave, in a former number, a short review of this work. We now again take it up for the purpose of expressing what we consider an error in etymology. When novelists choose to turn lexicographers, they should beware of lightly entertaining crude opinions and fancies in relation to the origin of words. We have no objection to the pedantry of the book-worm so long as it is backed by real learning. But the assumption without the merit of research or scholarship, is to us particularly obnoxious and offensive. Mr. Cooper undertakes to trace the etymology of the well-known American word "shanty" to the Canadian expression "chiente," signifying, as he tells us, a kennel. We doubted the accuracy of this derivation; we knew of no such word as "chiente" in the French language, and its creation by the Canadians appeared to us anomalous and strangely at variance with those analogies which govern, or should govern, the invention of new words. Distrusting, however, our own opinion, we wrote to a friend who resides in Canada, and this is his answer.

"Cooper's known genius for fiction has not failed him in tracing the derivation of "shanty." At least I have questioned many Canadians here, and cannot find that they have any word at all corresponding to the English *kennel*. I don't believe in fact that there is a dog kennel in Canada, or if there is one, they call it a *cabin*. A shanty means in this country a place for making timber, getting out logs, &c.; and the French word for it is *chantier*. A Canadian does not know what you mean by *chiente* or even *chenil*; but that is not remarkable as they don't speak French."

Without endorsing entirely the statement of our Canadian correspondent, we would here express an opinion that "shanty comes from the French chantier; in fact, the two words are pronounced almost exactly in the same way.

18.—Essays and Reviews. By Edwin P. Whipple. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

Inasmuch as that the works of English essayists have been collected and given to the world in complete volumes, it seems to have been deemed expedient to do the same by Mr. Whipple's writings in the North American Review and elsewhere, and two very presentable volumes are the result, containing the opinions of Mr. Whipple upon various literary matters and men; but these opinions are seldom sustained by argument or authorities, and oftener guided by prejudice than judgment. His thoughts seem to be far more taken up with English writers than with those of his own country, prompted, doubtless, by a sickly and absurd desire to be "noticed abroad" rather than to merit notice at home. The volumes nevertheless contain much that is interesting.

19.—Rhymes of Travel; Ballads and Poems. By Bayard Taylor, author of Views A-foot. George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

With Mr. Taylor's Views A-foot, the public are well and favorably acquainted; and this first venture, as he informs us in a poetical way, will doubtless meet with the favor they merit. With two of the poems in the present collection, viz.: "The Norseman's Ride" and "Upwards," published in the latter part of 1846, the readers of this Review are already acquainted. They were received favorably as of considerable merit, giving promise of much genius. The little volume has a portrait of the author in his travelling dress.

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ECONOMIC PROGRESS.*

It is worthy of remark, that nearly all the books published in the United States upon Political Economy, or its several branches and collateral issues, are on the monarchical side of the question, inculcating individual dependence upon government aid in all the active pursuits of life. A large majority are by mere theorists, who have apparently imbibed a superficial notion of the subject which they attempt to handle from English authors, and this dependence upon English ideas is a lingering remnant of our colonial condition. Happily, however, the nature of our institutions, the circumstances attending the first settlements of the country, the character of the people, and of their relations through a long colonial servitude to the mother country, all conspired to foster a determined, self-reliant independence, entirely at variance with the theory of government supervision of individual concerns. The great evil which besets the people of Europe at this moment exists in the fact, that the centralization of the government has been carried to such perfection, that the chief executive interferes with the most minute transactions of village economy In Europe all the enterprise of the people receives its impulse from the central head. Those few and unimportant branches of industry which the goverment *can* "protect" by conferring monopolies, maintain a sickly existence, without energy and without progress. Those occupations which embrace four-fifths of the people, and for which government can do nothing, but which are the victims of the protection granted to others, languish in hopeless misery. The large majority of the agriculturists of France, and some of those of the British Islands, use at this day implements that were common to the

* Industrial Exchanges and Social Remedies, with a consideration of Taxation. By David Parish Barhydt, author of Letters from Europe. George P. Putnam.

2d—Labor and other Capital; the rights of each secured, and the wrongs of both eradicated. By Edward Kellogg.

3d.—Essays on the Progress of Nations in Productive Industry, &c. By Ezra C. Seaman.

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Romans. There has been little or no progress, and chiefly because the theory and practice of the governments have been guided by that "protective principle" which has been sought to be carried out in this country under the name of the "American system." From the earliest settlement of the United States the principle of "association" has been the means of progress. By it the greatest difficulties have been overcome, and the most surprising physical and moral results attained. While in America no man thinks of requiring the government to undertake individual business, in Europe none think of any other means of attaining a desired object. De Tocqueville gives an instance of this difference :

"The first time I heard in the United States that a hundred thousand men had bound themselves publicly to abstain from spirituous liquors, it appeared to me more like a joke than a serious engagement; and I did not at once perceive why these temperate citizens could not content themselves with drinking water by their own firesides. I at last understood that these hundred thousand Americans, alarmed by the progress of drunkenness around them, had made up their minds to patronise temperance. They acted just in the same way as a man of high rank who should dress very plainly, in order to inspire the humbler orders with a contempt of luxury. It is probable, *that if these hundred thousand men had lived in France, each of them would singly have memorialized the government to watch the public houses all over the kingdom.*"

This idea of looking to government is the ground-work of the protective system, and that system carried out to its extent would inevitably throw into the hands of the government all the business of the country. The existence of this strong independent individuality among the people of the United States has preserved them against the influence of that manufacturing aristocracy which was called into existence by the war of 1812, and was one of the lasting evils of that war. The oppression which the colonies suffered from the mother-country for long ages, produced a strong feeling among the colonists adverse to the protective system, of which they were too evidently the victims, to be cajoled into the idea that it was doing them good. Hence, on the first emancipation of the states, free trade was the rule, and the commerce of the country increased, while its capital multiplied in proportion. Manufactures were coming also into existence under the operation of increasing demand resulting from agricultural prosperity, based upon a large export trade. Before, however, these manufactures reached a point which would supply the demand, the war supervened, and by cutting off foreign supplies produced "war prices" for most manufactured articles. It followed that the capital of commerce, turned from its usual channel, was embarked in manufactures called into existence in an unusual manner. On the return of peace the influx of foreign goods competed severely with those home-made articles, and the class interested in them clamored for protection. It has required the enactment of *five* tariffs, and the lapse of 33 years, to do away with the evil influence of the protection then accorded. The manufacturing interest has been active and persevering in its endeavours to perpetuate its privileges, and has skilfully made use of the national feelings aroused by the war, to urge the protection of "home manufacture" against the British, and they have succeeded by its means in building up a great and powerful monied aristocracy. All the writers upon this subject have, as we have said, espoused the cause of this aristocracy. It is always more easy to fall in with and flatter popular prejudices once excited, than patiently to investigate and develope a great principle from the clouds of ill-considered theories by which it may be enveloped. Whenever sound and practical men have treated of the subject, a flood of light has been poured upon the operation of free trade.

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The late Condy Raguet, Esq., of Philadelphia, was one of the most able of these authors. The great mass of the people however, were aware of, and resisted, finally, the claims of the manufacturers. For a long time the protective principle triumphed, but finally was brought to a direct issue in 1844, when it was crushed for ever. During 30 years protective duties were imposed, and the manufacturers having the advantage of possession, declared that national ruin would follow a change of policy and a reduction in rates. The advocates of free trade were confident that one trial of low duties would set the matter at rest. In December, 1846, the present tariff came into operation, and in two years, amid the adverse circumstances of a foreign war and political revulsions in Europe, it has so vindicated itself as to be impregnable. Even the manufacturers have reached a point, when change would be ruinous to them, and the weight of their influence will now go against change. Thus, in 1842, capital was by no means abundant in the United States, and the trade of England with the continent was good. To raise the duties at that juncture gave the manufacturers high profits, because capital being scarce in the United States, home competition was less to be dreaded, and the full benefit of the advanced duty would be derived. In the last two years duties have not only been low, but the circumstances of Europe have been such, as to cause goods to come to the United States to sell at most any price, creating a severe competition against the United States manufactures. At the same time the consumers of goods, while those of foreign production were low, have sold their own produce very well, and the capital of the country has immensely increased, money being very cheap. At this juncture the trade of Europe is reviving, and the pressure of foreign goods upon our market will be removed. If, now, the tariff should be raised, the abundant capital now here would be tempted into manufacturing in a manner that might prove more disastrous to existing interests than ever. The danger of a reversion to the exploded system is therefore passed. At such a moment the little work of Mr. Barhydt, quoted at the head of this article, is the more welcome, that it not only will have a great tendency to confirm public opinion in the right direction, but will also counteract, by its sound views and clear reasoning, the matter contained in the other two works quoted, the one by Mr. Seaman, and the other by Mr. Kellogg. Both these last mentioned seek to elucidate the old notions that individuals are incapable of taking care of their own business without the admonitions of lawyers, the restraints of government, and the collected wisdom of representatives. Thus Mr. Kellogg argues, that the rate of interest is that which mostly governs the reward of industry, and that the law should govern the rate of interest. His extreme ideas upon this point are indicated in the following:

"Another proposed modification of the (usury) law is, that if the money-lender obtain from the borrower an agreement to pay more than seven per cent. interest per annum, and presents his claim for the recovery of the debt, he shall be allowed to collect no more than the sum loaned, and seven per cent. interest. Could any honest man propose a law *for the prevention of theft*, the only penalty of which, in case of detection, should be the restoration of goods?"

A writer so ultra as to compare a voluntary contract to a theft, has a long journey to arrive at a reasonable ground for discussion.

The New-York laws now allow of the sale of *business* paper at any price, but do not allow money to be loaned at more than 7 per cent. per annum. Thus, when a note is offered for discount above 7 per cent., it must be

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shown that it is loaned on an actual business transaction. If so, any amount of interest is legal. If a "kite," not more than 7 per cent. is legal; any excess will work a forfeiture.

Now, on the ground that the arguments in favor of usury are correct, the law must be supposed to have intentionally discouraged business operations, and had attempted to encourage "kiting" and swindling. Thus, if it be true that the law enables the borrower to get money at a lower rate; then, when, for instance, a shoemaker has sold $100 worth of the product of his industry for a note at six months, and wishes to get it discounted, the law allows the lender to take from 10 to 20, or any per cent. If another man wants, for instance, to borrow $100 to go and gamble, the law says, "you must not oppress this deserving citizen by exacting more than 7 per cent. per annum. from him. If you do, and he pleads usury, you shall lose your claim. This is the state of the case now. The mechanic may be shaved to the bone; the gambler not at all.

Mr. Kellogg's book is chiefly an advocacy of paper money, and of its control by crude legal regulation. It is somewhat refreshing to turn from such theories to the clear page of Mr. Barhydt, who opens his subject with this fundamental rule:

"If we were to inquire what is the great problem of this age, the solving of which is occupying the ablest heads and warmest hearts of Christendom, the ready answer would doubtless be, that it is the improvement of the condition of the poorer classes; that is to say, the more general distribution among them of the products of industry. It would be understood that with this material benefit is conjoined the moral one of a diffused light of intelligence, an element springing from that Sun of Christianity whose rays illume the moral world. Many measures are doubtless necessary to the realization of so glorious a result.

"Upon application of the principles of the economic science, and by reference to the experience of nations as developed in their practice, it is to be seen if *freedom of exchange* is adapted to the promotion of the great result, and if *restriction* operates against its attainment."

"Cuba has a hot climate, a necessary element to the growth of pine-apples, and produces them with the aid of this natural advantage, so that they are imported and profitably sold in the New-York market for one dollar the dozen. A company of individuals here conceive the idea of entering into the business of producing pine-apples. They build extensive hothouses, with a large outlay of capital, in order artificially to obtain from the rays of our northern sun that heat which he furnishes gratuitously in Cuba. Of course the capital invested must yield an interest, or the company cannot sustain itself. In order to make the business pay, the producers must get five dollars per dozen for their pine-apples, and they ask the government to levy a duty of four dollars per dozen on imported pine-apples, to protect them in their production. It is done; and pine-apples, that before were to be bought for one dollar per dozen, are not now to be had for less than five. Thousands who had previously indulged in the luxury of this delicious fruit, are now unable to afford its use. The consumption is reduced to a mere fraction of its former amount, and scarcity of the article prevails where before was abundance.

"This is the precise operation of the protective tariff upon all commodities. Substitute coffee and tea for the supposed pine-apples, and the effect is the same. But how much more painfully would a people feel the effect of the deprivation of these, as they have become necessaries of life! Such is its daily operation upon the various necessaries of cloths, hardware, and a thousand articles of daily consumption, imported from abroad and made at home, and sold to the population of consumers at a price enhanced, though not fourfold as in the supposed case of the pine-apples, yet to a greatly advanced cost to them, in proportion as they are now even under a low tariff protected by our 25, 30, 40, and 100 per cent. duties."

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There is no branch of the protective theory more insisted upon by its advocates than the "home market," which manufacturers build up for farm products. In relation to this, Mr. Barhydt remarks:

"Four-fifths, eighteen millions of the population of this country, are directly interested in agriculture. The manufacturing population is only one-seventeenth of the whole; about fourteen are engaged in agricu'ture, to each one employed in manufactures. Two centuries and a half ago, three-fourths of the English population were agricultural; now the proportion is one-fourth. Then lived the independent English yeoman, and that comfortable independence existed which now forms the theme of romance and of ballad. And now, alas! may the proportion of four-fifths, engaged in developing the mother of the arts, never be lessened!

It is assumed by the friends of protection—who would build up factories because they believe the degree of intelligence among a manufacturing population would be higher than that of an agricultural!—that with the increase of the manufactures, nuclei of factories and manufacturing towns would be formed throughout the country, whereat neighbouring farmers would find markets for their products, and receive commodities in exchange, with a saving to both parties of transportation. In order that the advantages assumed as contingent upon this state of things, supposing it to be attained, should be reaped, it would be necessary that the farms should remain as before, of small size, and disposed among a great number of proprietors. Such would not be the case. With the growth of the manufacturing town, the numerous small farms about them would consolidate into a few large ones. The small tracts of land would be gradually thrown up by their occupants, who would seek in the promising business of the towns those pursuits that would at first offer better apparent opportunities for improving their fortunes. As they were thrown up, they would be gathered into the hands of a fewer number of proprietors. No moral improvement would be experienced by those who changed country for town; and certainly no physical, in exchanging free play of muscle, with sunlight and pure air playing about them, for toiling within brick walls, imprisoned in cramped positions, to grow old in their early years. The change from small to large proprietorships in turning several small farms into a large one, would diminish the effective production in proportion to labor, which in agriculture is greatest when the proprietor says to his workmen, "come to the field," and smallest when he says, "go to the fields." Personal superintendence and the sense of ownership cannot be sacrificed without loss. In England, the proportion of small farms is much less than it was two and a half and three centuries ago, while her large manufacturing towns have absorbed the population. The example of that country is before us to avoid, not to imitate in any of its forms of protection and monopoly."

It is inevitably the case, that a community under the influence of protected manufacturers, becomes aristocratic in the structure of its society. It is not worth while to point to the diminishing population of the agricultural counties of England, whence numbers migrate to swell the misery, crime and turbulence of the manufacturing towns; we can see in the operation of active causes in New-England, that the same state of things is being apparently produced in those regions. Thus, before the construction of the Erie canal, and the railroads, before the protective system took root, and when Boston capitalists were free-traders, under the then able expositions of Daniel Webster, Esq., the prosperity of the New-England farmers was great. They, in common with the farmers of the vallies of the Connecticut and the Hudson, supplied the old world with produce at fair prices.

On the establishment of the protective system the farmers lost their markets and became gradually impoverished. Their children, from the position of substantial farmers, supply the labor market. In the towns, as the avenue for western competition opened, the prices of produce fell; and those farmers who could emigrate did so to more favorable regions. While the misery

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and poverty of those who remain have continued to overcharge the labor market and rates of wages are falling, the mill owners have hitherto endeavoured to ascribe the evil to the tariff; but the fact is evident, that the supply of labor has increased, from the decay of New-England's agricultural interest, while improved machinery has enabled owners to make more cloth with less hands. Now it will be considered, that when persons have for a long time been employed upon one branch of business at wages, the thoughts become set upon the object of daily toil; the body has contracted certain habits not to be shaken off; he has, in short, become incapacitated from other occupations, and is the *slave of his employer*. It is in vain that laws and customs nominally permit this person to change the occupation, his affinity to the spot and pursuit has become so strong that he must continue. In proportion as those habits become fixed, does the power of the owner become more absolute. Occasionally he makes pretence of bad business to discharge some of the hands, and the result is, that those discharged must underbid the others or *starve!* Every year evinces a more marked distinction between the poverty of the employed and the limitless wealth of the employer; and aristocracy, already existing, is the results operating upon the elections and the movements of governments, by the direct application of the wealth derived from the labor of others.

Those of our readers who bear in mind the singularly bold predictions of Abbott Lawrence, Esq., in his letters, under date of January, 1846, have in mind a forcible illustration of the fallacy of the Protective Theory, which ascribes over importations, drain of specie, bank suspension, and general bankruptcy, to the operation of low duties. We will here insert a paragraph from the letter of Mr. Lawrence, dated January 16, 1846; presuming that Mr. Lawrence was doubtless a firm believer in the principle, the effects of which he pourtrayed as follows:—

"I deem the scheme proposed to Congress, in the main, a *currency* question, and one, if carried out, that will reach in its operation the occupation and business of every man in the United States. I believe the most economical member of Congress will agree that thirty millions of dollars will be required annually to carry on this government for the next five years, and that this estimate does not include large sums that may be wanted to settle our affairs with Mexico, Texas, &c. &c.; and that this sum is to be raised from foreign importations and the public lands. The goods, subject to duty, imported the last year, amounted, in round numbers, to ninety millions of dollars, and the goods free of duty to about twenty-five millions. I have not the returns at hand, and may not exactly be correct as to amounts; but they are near enough to illustrate my arguments; the former paid an average duty of about 32 per cent., creating a revenue say of 28 millions. If the revenue derived from an importation of 90 millions, gave 28 millions of dollars, what amount must be imported to produce the same sum at 20 per cent. ad valorem?

"The answer is 140 millions; add to this the free goods, about 25 millions, and we have an importation of 165 millions of dollars. Our exports have not exceeded, nor are they likely at present to increase above 120 millions; we then have a deficit of 45 millions to provide for; and how is this balance to be paid? State Stocks are no longer current in Europe. *Even the stocks of the United States cannot be negotiated on favorable terms.*

"We, who are merchants, can answer this question, having often been obliged to make our remittances in coin, when our imports have exceeded our exports.

"The question then arises, what will be our condition after the proposed plan of low duties goes into operation? In 20 days after the bill becomes a law, it will have reached every country in Europe with which we have trade; the manufactories are all set in motion for the supply of the American market; the merchan-

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dise is shipped on account of foreigners, in many cases with double invoices, one set for the Custom House, and another for the *sales*, so that, instead of the duty amounting to 20 per cent., it will not, probably exceed 15 per cent. This has been the experience of the American Importers in New-York, who, previously to the passage of the Tariff of 1842, had (most of them) abandoned the business, not being able to compete successfully with fraudulent foreigners. I will not say that all foreigners commit frauds on the revenue;—far from it:—but I do say that enormous frauds have been perpetrated by foreigners on the revenue, under ad valorem duties, and will be again—prostrating the business of honest foreign and American importers. *In less than twelve months after the new plan shall have been in operation, this whole country will be literally surfeited with foreign merchandize;* (if it be not so, the revenue will fall short of the wants of the Government;) we shall then owe a debt *abroad of millions of dollars, which must be paid in coin.* The exchanges go up to a point that makes it profitable to ship specie; money becomes scarce in the Atlantic cities; yet bills on England and France do not fall; the loans made to the South and West are called in; demands for debts due from those sections of the country, are made; exchange cannot be obtained,—produce is purchased and shipped, and when it arrives at the North, it will not command the cost in the West; a paralysis will have struck the business of the country; produce will do longer answer to pay debts due at the North, and the next resort is to coin, which is to be collected and sent down the Mississippi, or over the mountains to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York and Boston.

Western and Southern credits are cut off, as the people of those sections can no longer promptly meet their engagements. The new states and the outer circle of the Republic, are the weak points, and the first giving way of the banks is heard from these points, where there is the least amount of capital. We see the storm approaching like a thunder shower in a summer's day; we watch its progress, but cannot escape its fall. It at last reaches the great marts of trade and the exchanges, having *swept everything in its course; and the Banks of the Atlantic cities, after a violent effort to maintain their credit and honor, are forced to yield to this Utopian experiment on the currency.*

"* * * * and resort to Congress for Treasury Notes and Loans. It may be said that our exports will increase with our imports; this supposition I think fallacious. The policy of Great Britain, and that of all Europe, has been, and is likely to continue, to protect every thing produced either at home or in the colonies. In Great Britain, the article of cotton is admitted free, the duty having been repealed the very last year. This was owing to repeated representations of the Manchester spinners to Parliament as to the necessity of such a measure, in consequence of the competition from foreign countries in the coarse fabrics manufactured from cotton produced in, and shipped from the United States.

"The argument presented in the House of Commons was, that the Americans had taken possession of every market, where they were admitted on the same terms, with their coarse goods. This is a true representation, and I apprehend the repeal of the duty on cotton will not enable the British manufacturer to again obtain possession of those markets for the heavy description of cotton fabrics.

"What other article of importance does the government of Great Britain admit free of duty? I know of none. Cotton is admitted free of duty from necessity. How is it with tobacco? A duty is paid of 1200 per cent. What is prohibited by the "Sliding Scale," and in case of a total repeal of the Corn Laws, very little wheat would be shipped from this country, inasmuch as it can be laid down, in ordinary years of harvest, much cheaper from the Baltic. Beef and pork are burdened with a heavy duty. The duty and charges on a barrel of American pork laid down in Liverpool, with the commissions for sale, amount to $5 75; *so that the quantity of this article shipped to England must be inconsiderable, unless the prices here should be so low as to be ruinous to the farmer.* I cannot find in the catalogue of our strictly agricultural products, a single article that is not burdened with a high duty, in England, or other parts of Europe, if it comes in competition with their own products; nor can I discover that there is a disposition on the part of a single European nation to relax their stringent system of duties on imports from this country."

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Every man in the country now knows that the "proposed plan" alluded to by Mr. Lawrence did go into operation simultaneously with the commencement of an expensive war and the enactment of the action of the specie clause of the Independent Treasury. First in its effects upon imports and exports, the results are as follows, showing the amount of foreign goods consumed in the United States, and of United States products exported, distinguishing the specie:

	Net import goods.	Net exp. produce.	Import specie.	Export specie.	Duties.
1844....	$ 96,390,548	99,531,774	5,830,430	5,454,214	26,183,371
1845....	105,599,541	98,455,330	4,070,242	8,606,495	27,728,112
1846....	1100,48,859	101,718,042	3,777,732	3,905,268	26,712,667
Old tariff	312,038,948	299,705,646	13,678,404	17,965,977	80,624,350
1847....	116,258,310	750,574,844	24,121,289	1,907,739	23,747,864
1848....	127,490,012	130,203,709	6,359,854	13,941,617	31,757,071
New tariff	243,748,322	280,778,533	30,481,143	17,849,356	55,504,935

Now the results of these figures are, that under three years of the tariff of 1842, the excess of *goods imported* over the value exported was $12,333,802, and the excess of *specie exported* was $4,287,573. Under the two years of the present tariff, the excess of *produce exported* over *goods imported* has been $37,030,231, and the excess of *specie imported* has been $12,631,787. A more complete stultification of Mr. Lawrence's prophecies in relation to import and export could not well be imagined.

There has been no excess of importation, no derangement of the currenrency, no breaking of banks or failing of merchants, and the customs revenue averaged for two years of the present tariff $,27,752,467, against an average of $26,541,450 for the three years of the old tariff. As Mr. Lawrence chose to particularize breadstuffs, beef, and pork, we will take a table of the exports of those articles.

EXPORT VALUE OF CERTAIN ARTICLES FROM THE UNITED STATES

	Breadstuffs.	Beef and Pork.	Butter & Cheese.	Tobacco.	Cotton.
1844.....	17,970,135	5,047,030	758,829	8,398,255	54,063,501
1845.....	16,743,485	4,918,073	878,865	7,469,849	51,739,643
1846.....	28,701,121	6,358,092	1,063,086	8,478,280	42,867,341
1847.....	68,701,921	9,064,845	1,741,770	6,242,086	53,415,848
1848.....	37,724,542	10,908,613	1,361,668	8,551,122	61,998,274

Mr. Lawrence was singularly unhappy in selecting the exact articles in which the trade has increased the most. Now, the difficulty was, that Mr. Lawrence prophesied from a false principle, one that under no circumstances could work correctly, and his motive in doing so was to disprove the positions taken by the Secretary of the Treasury, in the annual report, December, 1845. The result is, as we have seen, a complete stultification of the assertion of Mr. Lawrence, and a complete and most accurate fulfilment of the estimates of Mr. Walker, based on a sound principle. Those facts are gone abroad among the people, and the true principle will now be adhered to. We might reflect what would have been the state of the nation now, if, instead of Mr. Walker's just views, the sophistries of the Lawrence school had predominated. Instead of the successful termination of a foreign war without commercial disasters, leaving those United States stocks in active foreign demand at 109¼, which Mr. Lawrence states could not be sold on favourable terms, we apprehend that we should have been involved in the vortex of commercial ruin which carried down so many "Merchant

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Princes" of London. Mr. Barhydt elucidates the principle which we have here endeavoured to explain as follows :—

"This balance of trade alarm is in truth mere fallacy. It adjusts itself between nations. Each can take no more than it can pay for, and each will send no more than it receives payment for. Then there is no such thing as balance between the amount of a nation's exports and its imports, save the literal balance that makes both equal.

"Does the balance lie then between the amount of our productions and the amount of our consumption? No; the amount of these productions, whatever they may be, are consumed immediately at home, or mediately through what we received in exchange from other nations; and this is likewise made the literal equal balance. Then there is no such thing as a *balance of trade*—it is a *chimera*.

"But there is one thing that is tangible, and will satisfy our inquisitive search, if we do not neglect it. In seeking for the *non est* "balance of trade," we were brought to a stand at the point of *consumption*. We find every problem terminate upon that point. The consumption was found to be just equal to the production. To enrich a country, then, is to facilitate the greatest amount of production in proportion to its labor. We have already seen how well free trade is entitled to be considered a facility.

"If protectionists must need still insist upon having a "balance" of specie, they will learn by reference to the statistical facts, that for the last year of the high tariff of 1842, the balance was $8,203.281 *against us;* and for the year 1847, the first year of the reduced tariff, it was $12,103,984 *in our favor*. But transient must be the *balance*, as it should be. In the year 1848, a large exportation of specie reduced the excess.

"There is nothing more ridiculous than the oft repeated objection to free trade that low tariffs encourage importations to excess until we become largely indebted to foreign countries, and have to pay in specie, followed by over trading, derangement of currency, and all the stereotyped bugbears that furnish excuses for the loud calls made for restriction, wherewith to confine trade within the limits of good behavior. To "restrict importations by special acts of Congress!!" As if trade was a madman, that must be put into a straight jacket to force submission to certain conventional rules and regulations. Supposing that for a long term of years so such thing as a tariff existed, no person can possibly believe that trade would not regulate itself by the law of supply and demand; and that, because a tax did not exist to enhance the values of certain commodities, therefore, heedless of the limit of demand, individuals would be found so insane as periodically to ruin themselves, by furnishing to the community uncalled for supplies. On the contrary, it must be evident that the values and prices being less, more would be consumed; and that, as when prices were higher, the supply would be furnished to meet the demands of consumption, and no further.

"It has been, during the year 1848, alleged, that the low rate of duty permitted too much importation, causing a drain of specie, and that the exceedingly low prices at which goods were invoiced were breaking down our manufactures. Much that is here assumed of large imports as attributable to the low tariff, was caused by the unsettled state of Europe, destroying confidence there, and inducing people to hury their commodities out of the country, thrusting them upon the American market, in order to realize something from what, if retained at home, they were apprehensive would be totally wrecked. Under a much higher tariff, the same cause would have produced the same effect, though to a less extent. But the effect, caused, as it has been, principally by the low tariff, and partially by the disturbances abroad, has not been injurious to the interests of this country, inasmuch as the facts go to prove the truth of the position assumed herein, that the amount of imports *must* call forth an equivalent amount of exports in exchange; and if we have got a large supply of foreign products at low prices, we have paid for them in the products of home industry, and simply made what we should rejoice at—a good trade. We learn, by reference to the report of the Secretary of the Treasury for 1848, that during the fiscal year, excluding specie, foreign imports were consumed to the value of $127,490,012, and that the domestic exports,

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exclusive of specie, exceeded that sum by $2,713,697. With reference to the charge of breaking down our manufactures, their flourishing condition belies the assertion. Under the actual circumstances, we see that no "ruin" has been wrought, no *injurious* drain of specie has occurred. Evidence of the truth of this proposition exists in the fact, that on the first of January, 1848, the price of United States Treasury Notes in the New-York market was 99, and at this present writing, on the first of December, of the same year, they are selling for 108. Balances have simply been adjusted, and a profitable trade has flourished under the auspices of an approximation to free exchange."

It has been charged against free traders that they are opposed to manufactures. This is an "invention of the enemy." The free traders are the only real friends of general independent industry. They advocate that development of skill and self-reliance on industry which makes every man master of his own labor, and no man the slave of another. The operation of free exchange upon manufactures is thus well expressed by Mr. Barhydt:—

"In order to build up their manufacture at home, formerly the importation of silks was prohibited by England. In 1825 Huskisson got the prohibition taken off from foreign fabrics. In 1832 the manufacturers demanded an increase of duty on French silks; other parties called for a diminution. The latter prevailed. The cry of ruin was raised by manufacturers, that they could not compete with the superior and cheaper French article. They were told to study, to revise their designs, to strive in all ways to improve the quality of their fabrics. They did so. What is the result? England takes, it is true, twenty or thirty millions value in francs of silks from France, but she also exports about twenty millions, and France herself takes of English silks.

"The truth is, that in the various countries and the several sections of countries, diverse aptitudes and circumstances of the people, soil, climate, &c., fit them each for the production of some of the many kinds, quantities, and styles of wares that are adapted to the varied necessities, tastes, and abilities of the various consuming sections of society. This great diversity in the industrial population will always exist; some being more skilful, and attaining greater perfection in one branch than another, and so around the circle of the arts. And the varieties in climate, and soil, and facilities for production, will in like manner favor the prosecution of one branch of industry in one, and of another branch in some other country.

"'The superiority of the woven fabrics of Southern Europe over those of England, in the richness and clearness of many of their colors,' says an English economist, 'is ascribed to the superior quality of the atmosphere, for which neither the knowledge of chemists, nor the skill of dyers, has been able to provide, in our hazy and damp climate, a complete equivalent.' And so it is around the circle of production, throughout the globe. In some regions, men require less aliment than in others, and production is thereby sustained at less cost. Under the incitement of the markets supplied by free exchange, each will be active in finding its own peculiar aptitudes, and will excel in those.

"Providence has thus created the various facilities of time, place, aptitude, &c., in production, to match the same variety in consumption. If left to their own natural sagacity, each will find his *vis a vis*, to their own mutual advantage. These aptitudes, adaptations, and facilities, are all equally valuable gifts of Providence, with the improvements in the useful arts. The citizens of New-York would not now scorn the use of the steamer that floats them up to Albany in 9 hours, and revert to the Dutch sloop that, under favorable circumstances, formerly made the voyage in 9 days. In 1824 or '25, it was proposed to construct the Liverpool and Manchester railway, that should convey passengers at the rate of eight miles an hour. A tempest of opposition was aroused, got up on all sides by canal owners, towns that supposed their existence depended on the patronage of stage-coaching, innkeepers, coach owners, carriers, and fox hunters. It was declared that the country would be deserted by all but radicals, engineers, and manufacturers. The road was completed in 1830, and instead of eight miles, the speed was twenty.—

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But no destruction followed. Money was plentiful, interest low; and before 1835, nearly a dozen other lines of railways had sprung into existence. Some 20 years since, when it was proposed to establish a printing press in Madrid, for multiplying, at a cheapened rate, copies of music, the copyists, whose business it was to write the sheets, raised so great an uproar, that the government abandoned the project. Even Spain would not hearken to that complaint of a contracted monopoly at this day; and at some future day she will mount another step on the ladder of improvement, and adopt free trade.

"Perhaps certain of those English silk manufacturers were ruined; also, those North River sloop owners, captains, and sailors; yes, even before this, those Spanish copyists may have been crushed beneath the tread of Progressive Improvement; but if so, each and all of them have since risen from the earth, with new strength, sown with the blow that momentarily prostrated them, wherewith they have wrought with fourfold power and effect, for their own and the general gain. They have not suffered irretrievably, for the improvements in machinery are gradual in their introduction, and effect the changes of increased production, and the casting out of employment, in a gradation of ratio, that brings about, through increased cheapness augmenting consumption, the end of increased demand for labor, without the serious injury being felt by those copyists, &c., of being entirely and suddenly thrown out of employment. The increased productions soon swell into a sum beyond the amount of fixed capital invested in the machinery, and create a circulating capital, that employs a progressively increasing amount of labor in production. The machinery is then seen to be operating in increasing capital to induce production, as we have seen free importations do it."

It would far exceed our limits, to follow Mr. Barhydt through all the branches of the science, with which he shows himself so well acquainted; and we cannot but hope that his book will have a wide circulation, and promote the cause of that "free exchange," which is so eminently calculated to ensure to every man the object for which he labors. No man labors without an object. All desire some comforts and means for which they give their labor and skill, and to attain those objects or the largest portion of them for the smallest amount of labor, it is necessary that all should enjoy the most perfect freedom in exchange. We hear much of the "right to labor," which appears to be an unmeaning catch-word of demagogueism. No man ever endeavored to hinder any labor; the whole effort has been through class-legislation, to make the many work for the few; but the opposition has always been to giving labor its just reward. Those corporate factories, owned by millionaires, lolling on down cushions, are said to "employ" labor; they do so, as long as they monopolise the larger portion of the results of that labor. When it is proposed that agricultural labor should exchange its products in any market that will yield the greatest returns, a voice from down cushions and silken curtains goes up to congress, urging that labor should buy only at the corporate factories, which will yield only half the return. Congress complies, and new Wilton carpets deck the saloons, while fewer comforts manifest themselves in the cottage. The only way to ensure to labor its just reward, is to remove from it all the charges that are laid on its own productions, whether imposed as well upon what it receives in exchange for the support of government, or for sustaining any description of state policy, no matter by what plausible theory that policy may be vindicated. The expense of transporting produce to market, and of its proceeds in return, will always be regulated by the unerring law of trade, when left to unrestrained individual enterprise. Those arbitrary impositions that are governed by no law but the cupidity of the recipients, are they which must be abolished.

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THE FRENCH TARIFF AND THE DUKE OF HARCOURT.

In the first of a series of articles I addressed to you in August last, Mr. Editor, I predicted, with great confidence, that the Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte would arrive at the sovereignty of France. There was at that moment so little probability of that event, that the good-natured smiled at my partizanship, and the rest ridiculed my credulity. But there are many in this country and abroad who distinctly remember, that in the summer of 1845 I stated my convictions, that on the death of Louis Philippe the Prince Louis was the only inevitable man to fill the gap, and save the state from anarchy.

There are two persons I may incidentally allude to—one, unhappily, no longer living—to whom I expressed myself on this point, with great emphasis. The one, the celebrated Emile de Girardin; the other, our lamented late chargé d'affaires at Paris, Dr. Martin. I am glad of this occasion to pay a passing tribute to the worth of this excellent person. His mind was of a high order, active, sagacious, and singularly retentive. His information was consequently large, various, and solid. Guided by strong democratic convictions, he was gradually acquiring knowledge, through the various and valuable channels that his position abroad threw open to his observation, that would have been of inestimable value to his country at a future epoch. Trained early to habits of business, he was assiduous and indefatigable in the discharge of his duties and engagements. His disposition was amiable, his manners unassuming, and his character upright and constant.—His sudden and premature death is a grief to his friends, and a loss his countrymen may justly deplore. To return. My interviews with him were frequent in the summer of 1845, in Paris; and in our discussions of French politics, I pointed out to him the contingencies that promised the restoration of a Bonaparte to the government of France. I often succeeded in impressing his clear American mind, divested of transmitted prejudices, of the plausibility of my views, but they were invariably dispelled by the opinions of the numerous distinguished individuals, French and European, with whom he was in daily contact. With great fairness he used often to say, "You may be right, and were I to adopt your present views of France, it is possible we might come nearer to agreement; but those better informed than either of us, laugh aloud at the *chances* of Louis Napoleon."

In the case of Emile de Girardin, his rare sagacity was for a moment troubled. I remember distinctly my conversation with him on this topic.—M. F. Gaillardet, so well known in this country, and then editor of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, whose fortunes he so rapidly raised by his unrivalled talents, was present at our interview. On hearing of my visit to the prisoner of Ham, M. Girardin plied me with questions touching my impressions of his character. I gave them honestly and somewhat fully, and I don't know why I should conceal my motives in doing so. I was really anxious to rescue the mind of so intelligent a man, exercising a wide influence over public opinion, from the effects of the injurious calumnies that had been actively propagated against the Prince. M. Girardin was gravely surprised at my statements, and I endeavored earnestly to conciliate his prejudices; and for this further reason, that I saw with astonishment and despair

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the criminal neglect, and even contempt of the government of Louis Philippe, for the condition of the people. My profound sympathy for their sufferings, which any lover of his kind may be permitted to indulge, enlightened me as to their sentiments, and I foresaw clearly the *denouement* preparing. Without weighing the chances of the king maintaining his position, I never doubted the overthrow of his dynasty at his death. The convulsions that would ensue were plain enough from the vital interests that would then come in direct collision, which only a man, acceptable on national grounds, could possibly hope to harmonize. That man could be no other than a Bonaparte, for none other had equal claims on popular sympathies. With these convictions, it was my privilege, certainly as a traveller, to exchange sentiments with a powerful journalist, and enable him, from the chances accident had thrown in my way, to arrive at just conclusions of the events likely to overtake his country, or to derive from his opportunities more correct views for my own guidance.

M. Girardin listened to my remarks with profound attention. His clear, bright face clouded over at times, as confused images flitted across his laboring mind.

At last he sprang up, I remember, and paced the room with energy, exclaiming "*Non, je ne vois pas ses chances.*"

"If you do not see his chances, pray tell me, Monsieur," I enquired, "what you do see at the close of the King's administration."

This seemed to perplex him not less than the shadowy contingencies he had already been dealing with.

"I see on the death of the King," he replied with a great deal of firmness, "the Regency of the Duke de Nemours; the troops which will then inundate Paris, will, without difficulty, preserve order, and his government will be sustained."

"I am not at all of your opinion, M. de Girardin," I returned; "but if you will allow me, pray let me ask, what chance his government, unsupported by capacity or experience, and suffering from his extreme unpopularity, will have against the complaints of the people and the demands of public opinion, should he madly persist, as is his declared intention, in the retrograde policy of his father. Do you think it will last six months?"

"Yes, I think it will for six months."

"And afterwards?" I persisted.

"*Eh, diable,*" he replied, fairly bothered. "I don't know what will happen then; those who live will see."

M. Girardin is a remarkable man; bold, energetic, indomitable; quick in his perceptions, rapid in his logic, and dauntless in promulgating his conclusions. If he failed in 1845, to probe the future satisfactorily, it may be inferred there were few, or none in France, who saw more clearly.

Nearly two years after, I spent several months in the French metropolis, my interest deepening daily in the windings and eddies of the political current, bearing on its troubled bosom the fortunes of an empire, the destinies of a whole continent. My mind was wholly absorbed with the eventualities of the future, and through its mists I thought I could descry the grim outline of a revolutionary *nemesis*, carrying in one hand a naked sword, and the scales of justice in the other. Was this a brain-bubble, or a "true ghost," that cast its shadows before? Deep settled as were my forebodings, I sought to relieve or corroborate them by constant communion with the leading minds of France. Nor did I stop there, for I mingled with all classes and kinds of men; and from every strata of society and every source of information, I sought either confirmation of my views, or sufficient reasons for discard-

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ing them. The result left me where I started. I heard nothing but asseveration of the solidity of the government; saw nothing but the most wanton blindness to the actual condition of things. Among others, I remember M. Galignani, the well informed editor of one of the best conducted and widely circulated journals of Europe—Galignani's Messenger—who shook his head positively, and expressed his confidence in the star of Louis Philippe. And a very different, but equally estimable personage, Mr. Green, the American banker, who daily joined the bustling groupe of capitalists at the Bourse, and applied with them his anxious finger to the public pulse of the capital, and withdrew satisfied with its regularity; he, too, putting his faith in the outward security of affairs, was given to jocose railing at times, and bantered me with having eaten of some insane root that disordered my fancy. "If I thought, sir," he said one day, with sudden vehemence, "there was the smallest chance of your predictions coming true, I should at any sacrifice close my business and go to America at once with my family." It was marvellous, indeed, the singular confidence, I should say, infatuation, which possessed nearly all minds in the stability of the dynasty of Louis Philippe. To be sure, there were some *esprits forts*, men whose judgments were under no bias, and who looked down roads where neither passion nor advantage drew them. These attentive and anxious men, whose rapid view stopped not at the barriers of the capital, but from the height of their own calm observation, threw their sharp glance over the whole expanse of France, and who, connecting the past and the present—cause and effect—hesitated not to nod their heads in grave assent to my doubts, and pronounced the future a blank. It may not have suited their position, or propriety, distinctly to say all they thought. The last words of Lamartine, as I bid him adieu in the spring of 1847, were significant: *Les grands evenements se preparent.** Nor should I neglect to do signal justice to the excellent Abbe Lamenais. This good and great man, drawing his inspirations from his earnest commisseration for the unhappy people whose oppression he has championed so boldly, and at great sacrifice; this genuine Christian pointed out, as though passing before his vision, all the frightful catastrophes that were fermenting in the bosom of time. Yet, marvellous, neither he, nor any, could discover in any quarter, a symptom that promised the return of a Bonaparte. An illustrious person said to me impatiently one day, "don't talk to me of Louis Bonaparte; believe me, were the Emperor to come back again, France would turn her back upon him!"

What does all this mean? Can a foreigner, from occasional visits, have acquired better knowledge of France than her own statesmen possess, or am I quite unconsciously gifted with some preternatural power of second-sight, that penetrates where mortal vision is at fault. The mystery lies not so deep. I regarded things with the clear, strong gaze of an American eye, and not through the false lens of prejudice and interest, which distorts everything to the European view. The upper classes of France, at both epochs that I have named, enjoyed the power and wealth of the state; they believed themselves in permanent possession, and through every channel of influence, the press, the tribune, the exchange, they commanded, or bribed the constant repetition of this fallacy. They were their own dupes, and holding Paris, as they thought, under martial control, they believed all France to be helplessly under their feet. Amid the music of their feasts, or the noise of their orgies, they heard not the groans, nor heeded the execrations of their victims, the masses. At times, misgivings, no doubt, seized them like a night-chill, and contracted their nerves with fright; but they fell to counting the army,

* Great events are before us.

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400,000 strong, and treble that number of staunch National Guards. But there were two things they never took into calculation, which would have brought them as it did me, to different conclusions—*truth, and the power of the people.* An American abroad must not go to the journals of the day, if he would truly know the state of things. In England they represent a class; in France a coterie; in the rest of Europe, till lately, a despot. He must consult history first, nor be misled by the prejudices of the writer, for they are all bought, and have all falsified at so much a line from Charlemagne to now. Let him merely sift out the facts and infer for himself. When, thus armed, he had best go into the streets, dive into dark cellars, or wing his way to dizzy garrets, and talk with the *people.* He may then read books, speeches, and newspapers, and laugh at their presumption and ignorance, without falling into pit-falls, dug for the unwary, and which sooner or later become the graves of their own authors—vide, the Revolution of February last.

But what has all this to do with the title of this article? A great deal, as will be seen directly. To sum up, I have shown hastily, that "the best informed circles" in France had no anticipation in '45 or '47, not the least, of any change whatever, and least of all, of a revolution. Again, neither party, monarchical or republican, nor yet the most intelligent of their leaders, dreamt as possible amid all the vagaries of events, that Louis Napoleon would ever review the National Guard as sovereign of France. They would just as lief have expected the statue of the emperor in the *Place Vendome* to walk down the stairs of its own pedestal and set off for the *Tuilleries.*—For my own part, once convinced that a revolution was inevitable, I could discover no other than a Bonaparte that would be called to head it. The people were resolved, when once more at work, to make a final riddance of Bourbons, younger branches and elder; to tear the whole dynastic tree up by the roots, and cast it into the fire—nothing less, perhaps more. Now, what was so likely, if only for the romance of the thing, and the masses like stage effects, if they are true ones, than that they would shout again that mighty name that startled Louis XVIII. from his sleep one night, and swept him over the frontiers of France the next day. Well, it has all come to pass. The heir of that name, how fantastic is fate, has entered the very portal to power, which the emperor passed, as he laid it down for ever. Yes, he is a tenant for a term of years, in legal parlance, of the *Elysee National, Bourbon* no more. But was it only in joke or in vengeance, or from deeper, sterner motives, that the masses of France, in spite of the frantic opposition of monopolists, sent him there? Does Louis Napoleon Bonaparte understand their meaning? This is a vital question; for wrapped up in it is his own destiny, and the fate of France, and the well-being of the world.

There is nothing on earth I desire more to know, and there is nothing under heaven so worthy the prayers of every friend to liberty and humanity. Will it satisfy the popular hope to discourse most eloquent words? No; for Lamartine failed there, and who could out-tongue his oratory. Will it fill the popular craving to give splendid feasts to troops of hangers-on, that would make even royal profligacy remonstrate? No—again; for Marrast has tried that, and discovered that his ideas of a republic and those of the starving people agree not at all. Will it do, to do nothing? A third time. No—for Cavaignac, a good soldier, and a great orator, and who might have achieved immortality, sat cowardly still on his bench of "Executive Chief," and let monopoly govern whilst he was not ashamed to be its tool. Will so many examples of error, hypocrisy, and weakness, and their swift punish-

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ment, enlighten the President of France, and dictate his policy? I pray God it may. His course is plain, and the light of the past shines full upon it. It is embraced in a phrase: *Down with monopoly, and up with the people.* Let him fly this banner from the highest tower of his palace, and the shout that will answer it will give him nerve for his work, and strike terror to the vultures that have fattened so long on the nation's vitals. These are the men, who have spat on the name of Bonaparte, for they hated, because they feared it Oh! let them not be disappointed in their worst imaginings. To listen to them would be folly; to compromise with them would be ruin. Reform, then—real, evident and sweeping reform, that is the mission of the President. Politics, finance, and commerce, these are the labors the modern Hercules must undertake; it is in these fields of civil conflict that the new Bonaparte must win his victories, and where only the glory of Austerlitz can be surpassed. The task is immense, far greater than any his gigantic uncle ever performed, for he vanquished with the whole nation at his back, enemies from without; it is a different enterprise to contend with divided forces against traitors to the people from within. But, with five-sixths of the masses with him, who will oppose him? Why, every politician who loves power; every capitalist, who dotes on usury; and every manufacturer, who thrives on monopoly. With the wealth of the state in their hands, they will buy orators and journalists, who will rant lustily for their pay-sake—mere sound and fury. But the commercial aristocracy of France have not only the national wealth in their grip, but still hold the political power. What a farce is the new constitution of Armand Marrast & Co. It is worse; it is an impudent cheat that ought, nay will, stamp them as the most arrant political tricksters that this century of prolific fraud has sent forth. In the name of the people—what an outrage—the Bourgeois Aristocracy of the National Assembly ordained a constitution, which confers on its astute authors nearly all the powers of government. This deceitful instrument decrees a single assembly which monopoly can corrupt with its wealth or control by its talent. What laws will ever be contrived there, but for their own benefit, and the impoverishment of the people. It sets up for form's sake, an Executive, who has power to sanction legal pillage—none to oppose it. The judicial power is strictly limited to the confines drawn around it. There is only one kind of constitution under which the people are safe, and that is where each of the co-ordinate branches of government, the legislative, executive, and judicial, are equal and independent. Then, they serve as checks on each other, and their combination to oppress is almost impossible. The world has seen only one such constitution, and that is our own. All the rest have been contrived only to deceive and defraud the nation according to law. It is idle to employ other terms, for such chicanery should be boldly branded. Nor will I except from this denunciation the constitutions of Lycurgus, or of Solon; for both, whether they meant it, or not, placed the power of the state in the sole hands of the aristocracy. Hence the abuses which eventually overthrew them, as will happen in our day, to every European constitution now existing, the new French, and the old English included. Let the constitution of Armand Marrast be sent forth for ratification to the people, and he will learn that the day of jugglery is past in France. Its term is approaching, even in England. Here's political reform for Louis Napoleon; but only the beginning. As for financial reform—the field is too wide, even, to touch the threshold. I will return this way again. Now for commercial reform. This is the point I have been reaching, perhaps, by a round-about way. The present French Tariff is one of the iniquities that centuries of abuse has bequeathed to our times; but with this remarkable exceptio

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that whilst old oppressions are mitigated by the increasing knowledge of the people, this particular corruption has increased in virulence. I should like greatly to put its history fairly before your readers; but it would encroach too seriously on your space. The first tariff for *protection* dates from Colbert, 1664. Before that, duties were levied indiscriminately on merchandize going out, as well as entering, France, for the sole purpose of supplying royal extravagance. The industry of the nation had perished under this vampire process. Much credit is due to Colbert. He found every province in France surrounded with a line of custom-houses, and every road and river within, covered with tax-gatherers, who, with lash, chains, and prison at command, were more merciless in exaction than highwaymen. An article of trade, in passing from the south to the north, ran through a gauntlet of twenty-four duties. Notwithstanding the fierce resistance of the aristocracy, who fattened on these extortions, Colbert rid the greater part of France of these outrages; but he introduced another pest, as bad, a tariff of protection. In this, too, he had an excuse: England had long since inaugurated her "Mercantile System," which, in a word, consisted in exporting all she could produce, and prohibiting the entry of the products of all other nations. This selfish policy, equally opposed to the permanent prosperity of a nation, and the happiness of mankind, had been naturally imitated by Holland and Spain; and Colbert, in self-defence, introduced the system in France. How strange, that the United States, whose special mission is to correct the follies and abuses of monarchies, should have adopted the same false and unjust policy. England, which taught it to all other nations, is at length overtaken by a righteous retribution: she now begs for *Free Trade*, on her bended knees. Colbert, by his privileges to capitalists, built up manufactures in France, and gave to an agricultural country this artificial source of gain. This tariff lasted, more or less altered, till 1791, when the Constituent Assembly of the revolution abolished it, for a system far more liberal and sound. Though not without some defects, the tariff of the first revolution was conceived in a spirit enlighted and humane. Respecting, to a certain limit, the national interests already established, it ordained that all food, and all raw materials, should be admitted free. It declared that commerce was the tie between nations, and that no fabrication, however important, required for its success, even at its origin, more than a moderate duty. It recognized, to its eternal honor, that no tariff was legal, on any community, but one of revenue, and its heaviest demands, twenty-five per cent. fell on objects of luxury. The sway of Napoleon followed; and, in an evil hour for his own fame, and the prosperity of the French people, he took it in his head to open a war of tariffs on England. He closed France and the continent he controlled hermetically against all English productions: and whilst he ruined the masses of both countries, he strengthened the aristocracy of all, which led in the end to his own downfall. The Bourbons came back in 1816, and what chance had the starving masses from tyrants in the flush of triumph, and with an army of Cossacks to enforce their persecutions? The outrageous enactments of the Emperor, which, in the rage of war, had been levelled against the English, were now turned against the people themselves. Instead of repealing them, the heartless Bourbons went on year after year, increasing their spoils by adding duty on duty. Food and drink; light and air; raiment and lodging; every article to relieve the necessities, or afford a solace to poverty, was taxed higher and higher, till the labor of day and night could scarcely procure a subsistence. The persecutions that the early

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Christians underwent at the hands of the Infidels and barbarians, are light, compared to the cruelties of the Bourbon government of France, up to 1830. The moderate taxation of Colbert had a legitimate object—the prosperity of France; but the sole end of the Restoration, regardless of the wretchedness of the people, was only to fill its coffers, and those of its favorites, the clergy, the nobility, and their mistresses—the same court-gang whom the first revolution scattered. There is a limit to human sufferance; and the whirlwind came a second time. The Revolution of 1830 swept off the elder Bourbon; and another—there are plenty more yet—stept into his place. Will it be believed, that the same abominable traffic in plunder was still maintained; and capitalists and manufacturers hared with Louis Philippe and his ministers the same unrighteous gains that the two revolutions had in vain denounced? Is it wonderful that socialism rears its Medusa head, and shakes its serpent curls at all government, declaring, with the fanatic Proudhon, "that all property is robbery?" And verily, property acquired by the labor of the majority, and appropriated to themselves by the craft and force of a heartless and unprincipled minority, is robbery in the sight of God and man. Laws like these, violate that eternal standard of right, which even the Heathens acknowledged. *Suum cuique tribuere*,* was the mandate of Justinian; whilst the greatest Roman of them all, Cicero, invoked against the tyranny of the ancient world that rule of strict justice, which alone can bind man to his fellow, and which, in a strain of glowing eloquence, that ages have not weakened, he declares is not one thing at Rome, and another at Athens, *alia nunc, alia posthac, sed omnes gentes, et omni tempore, una lex, et sempiterna, et immortalis continebit?*†

It will be the everlasting glory of Louis Napoleon to break down these infamous enactments. That he has the humanity to attempt it, I feel sure; but that he has the iron-will to accomplish it, is what all are waiting to see. The struggle will be tremendous; for the monster monopoly will not be crushed without a fierce resistance. Already has it cowed two of the first men in France—Lamartine, and Cavaignac. For neither had the courage to raise their hands! Will a Bonaparte fall back in fear? I cannot believe it. Does Louis Napoleon want an incentive? Let him reflect on these, out of a thousand similar facts:—

That not *one* law for the direct benefit of the people was passed by the government of Louis Philippe.

That a man in France can neither produce, or consume, without paying for the *privilege* all the profits of his labor.

That the people must buy what is dear and bad, for the excessive gain of monopolists, instead of what is cheap and good, for their own benefit.

That an unproductive class of three millions are supported by government at the expense of the rest.‡

* To every man his own.

† Enforcing now what it forbids hereafter, but binding on all nations, at all times—constant, immutable, and eternal.—*Cicero*—fragment quoted by *Lactantius.*

‡ In corroboration of the Bourbon system of government, I will mention a single fact stated to me by an American gentleman, C. F. Moulton, Esq., who has profitably employed his residence in France, in acquiring a thorough knowledge of her condition, and deplores, with all intelligent persons, the immovable folly and obduracy of her public men, who shrug their shoulders at remonstrances, and refuse all reform. He says, that "In the small village of Sucy, just adjoining his country estate, the government annually gathers a tax of 40,000 francs, of which it expends 250 there, and carries the balance off to Paris. Nor will it allow the villagers to exercise any municipal privilege, as lighting

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It is useless to go on—volumes would be required. What is the plain remedy? It's not to be found in the new constitution of the hypocrite Marrast, who thinks he has tricked the people, by calling his spurious work republican; nor is it to be looked for in the quackeries of Socialism, which hawks about its clap-trap "rights of labor" and "principles of association," without having ever yet displayed the smallest correct knowledge of either. The President of France, if he seeks the good of the nation, lower and upper classes together; if he would save his country from a series of catastrophes, that will sicken the historian to record; if he would sanctify his name with a halo of pure renown—let him begin simply by demanding the immediate revival of the true republican laws of 1791. This will be a test of his sincerity, and a death-blow to his enemies. Let him proclaim to the masses who elevated him, that this is his wish, and then we will see if the supple tools of Armand Marrast, in the National Assembly, *dare* oppose him.

It is some consolation to the friends of the people in France, and out of it, to know that there are men neither blind nor foolish; men of talent who are honest; men of position who are humane. The Duke of Harcourt, doubly noble by title and by nature, is such a man. I was much honoured by his attentions during the winter of 1847. He was then President of the "Free Trade Society," which, with the *permission of the police*, and on condition of very proper behaviour, was allowed by Louis Philippe to assemble once a month in Paris. The Duke of Harcourt is of the best aristocratic blood in France, and yet he is the champion of the people. His property is for the most part in a state monopoly, yet he demands equal laws, and free trade for all. He might have commanded any post of honour or emolument in the gift of Louis Philippe; but he spurned both at the price of his self-respect, and the sacrifice of the people. In the Chamber of Peers, in the midst of the venal pack which obeyed, like a spaniel, the insolent orders of its royal master, he, the noblest of them all, stood dauntlessly up, and cried, "Liberty for Poland—Free Trade for the French people," till his voice was drowned in the murmurs and shouts of the shamed and enraged tools around him.

The first time I met this intrepid patriot was under circumstances curious enough to be related. I was dining at the hospitable mansion of the Marquis de Boissy, also an indomitable opponent of Louis Philippe's government, but unlike the Duke of Harcourt, no friend to Free Trade. He made no secret of his opposition, for his great wealth lying in iron mines, he feared the removal of protection. The Marquis had assembled at his table on the day in question some of the loftiest historical names in France. The Rohans, the Tremonilles, the Montmorencys; Princes, Ambassadors, and Marshals of France. A plain American was almost dazzled by the glitter of stars, ribbonds, and titles. To meet a *Democrat* in such a scene, and he a Duke, was really so singular a thing that I record it as a social phenomenon to marvel at. Democracy is all very well in the United States, where aristocracy is a "thing of shreds and patches," without privilege, ancestry, or *prestige* of any sort. To be a democrat here is to be neither a wonder, or a martyr. It is another matter in Europe; even in France, when three revolutions have stript off its gewgaws, but left it power and wealth.

and repairing their streets, erecting public buildings or improvements. This, the central government at Paris claims the sole right to do, and the right *not to do*. Such is the state of all the villages of France; and how can the situation of the masses improve under such a *regime?*"

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On being presented to the Duke of Harcourt, I was struck not so much at the unaffected ease and simplicity of his manners, as charmed with the peculiar frankness, and fearless expression of his countenance. The following conversation ensued :—After some general remarks, I expressed "very deep interest in the fortunes of the Society over which he presided, whose exertions tended not only to serve his own country, but equally to promote the welfare of all others."

"Free trade I regard," he replied, "as the cause of all nations, as well as the true interest of France. What benefitted one must necessarily aid the other. Nothing could be simpler or more indisputable than the facts which might be adduced in favor of the principle of commercial liberty, but it was a discouraging task to reason with men, who, from a narrow view of their intersts, closed their ears to truth. The position of free-traders in France was an awkward, and almost a desperate one. They stood between the ignorant prejudices of the people, and the determined opposition of the monopolists, who employed the most unscrupulous misrepresentations to defeat them. If they proposed such modifications of our abominable tariff as would relieve agriculture, and facilitate manufactures, a shout was raised that France was to be sacrificed to foreign competition. If they endeavored to improve the commercial relations with England, knowing how much their mutual interests depended on every facility being given to their trade with each other, and did the English government, through their solicitations, make any conciliatory offer to encourage France to similar judicious demonstrations, the popular suspicions were diligently aroused against "some new-laid snare of Perfide Albion." "Take care," is the hypocritical cry of our protectionists; "if England offer you an apparent gain, it is only to obtain some underhand advantage. Receive no benefits from their hands; there's poison in them—*Timeo Danaos, et dona ferentes.* You will be undone, and France is lost if you make the smallest compromise with our jealous and treacherous rival." These clamors, absurd as they are, greatly embarrass us; for we run the risk of being regarded as the *English party*, or as lacking in zeal for national ascendancy."

"But if I understand aught of the purposes of the French free-traders," I remarked, "they have no intention to throw the country open to a free race of competition with England."

"Certainly not," said the Duke; "England has immense advantages over us—not so much in natural resources, as in the superior wisdom of her legislation. Of the three great elements of manufactures, raw materials, capital, and labor, her condition is not absolutely so much better than ours that by imitating her enlightened policy we may not rival and surpass her. First, of raw material—if we are inferior, it is our own fault. Our superficies to that of England is as five to three; yet her agriculture is so much beyond ours, that her productions are one-fifth more. Our mineral resources, too, of iron and coal, are completely locked up by their extravagant price. They belong to the men who make our laws, and who, by prohibitory duties, have converted them into a monopoly. You have just heard what our host said, who is, you know, a heavy proprietor of iron mines. He pronounces us theorists and Utopists, and, smiling at explanation, proof, or remonstrance, he threatens to vote us down without mercy. If you were to go through this company, they would all respond in the same way. Every one stands resolutely in front of his own particular interest, and will defend it to the last. As regards foreign material, we might command it to any extent we pleased. England has gained, besides, greatly upon us by her

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financial contrivances; in reducing, for instance, the rates of interest,* and by her banking facilities, she has given immense impetus to her industry. But I see no difficulty in adding to our capital by similar means, if our capitalists did not oppose every improvement likely to diminish their present profits. Finally, as to labor, it is cheaper with us; and were it possible to lower our whole system of grievous taxation on articles of the first necessity,† whilst the people's situation would thus be much improved, we might easily afford to undersell in certain products all other nations."

"I observe, *Mons. le Duc*, that your adversaries, the Protectionists, resort to the shallow trick of boasting that England has thriven greatly on their favorite system; and they quote every day abundant figures to prove, that for the last twenty years France has made immense strides in prosperity."

"Yes, nothing can be more true; but who has gained by the increased industry of the people? Are they any better in pocket or condition for all this improvement in our production? No; it has gone entirely into the coffers of our monopolists, or protectors, if they prefer the term, and the unfortunate people starve amid the plenty they create. There is no panacea for these evils but in free trade; and if another revolution is to be avoided, commercial reforms of a sweeping character must be adopted whilst it is yet time."

"That is a very striking remark," I replied, "and exactly confirms my views, that the discontent of the people arises more from the misery of their situation than any love of mere political change. What matters it to them whether King, Emperor, or President reign, if their daily life is still poisoned by care, or pinched by want? The policy of the King is inconceivable; for if he lightened the social condition of the masses, he might follow up his political encroachments with impunity. But in seeking to improve the trade with England, *M. le Duc*, you have a serious obstacle in the ancient and inflammatory prejudices of the people, so easily fanned up against you by your unscrupulous opponents. No such difficulties, happily, stand in your way as regards the United States, and I trust you will persevere zealously in your enlightened efforts to improve the commercial relations between the two countries, whose interest and sympathies run in the same channel."

"I rejoice to say that is true," answered the Duke; "and you must be well aware that no sentiments exist amongst us towards your great Republic other than the warmest and sincerest. I am sensible that an infinite deal may be done to improve the trade of the two countries, whose opposite wants can be so advantageously supplied by each other. I am perfectly aware that our duties on American staples, as cotton and tobacco, are much too heavy. Your cotton is the main support of our manufacturers, and

* The French Government pays 5 per cent. on their public debt, which they affect now and then a desire to reduce to 3 per cent.; but out of regard for the capitalists who support them, they still keep it up. If the state pay 150,000,000 francs as interest at 5 per cent., it might save 60,000,000, or two-fifths, by paying 3 per cent., the English rate of interest, on their debt. The laboring classes of France, who pay the entire taxation, direct and indirect, are thus annually mulcted of this enormous amount, which goes into the glutted pockets of the capitalist by the connivance of the Government.

† Perhaps the most odious tax of France falling directly on the consumption of the poor is the *Octroi*, which is imposed at the gates of all the cities of France, on all liquors, provisions, fuel, fodder, building materials, &c. &c. No less than 1450 villages suffer under the same barbarous relic of former oppression. It can be seen at a glance, that by monopoly the necessaries of life may be raised entirely beyond the means of the poor, or rendered so dear as to absorb all their earnings.

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were we wise, we should adopt the English policy, and remove the duty altogether, as they have lately done. Fortunately for us, cotton is not a native plant, else it would be seized on by monopoly, and become doubly scarce and dear. What should be said of a system which impiously wars against the goodness of Providence, and robs a country of the natural bounties meant to bless and enrich it. Under a more enlightened tariff, the importation of your tobacco might be vastly increased to the advantage of our treasury, and to the improvement of the quality in use. Grain, too, I believe, might be made an extensive subject of trade to our mutual profit. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to contribute all in my power, either through the society I am connected with, or in the Chamber of Peers, towards a complete revision of our commercial conventions with the United States."

"The thanks of both countries are due to you," I replied, "for your ready and disinterested exertions to promote their best interests. The commercial policy of the Democratic Party, now in power, constantly and wisely seeks to improve the growth of trade with all countries, by reductions of customs duties; and from my personal knowledge of the dispositions of their leading men, they would readily support any similar movement on your part. I will send you to-morrow a letter on this important subject, just received from one of our ablest statesmen,* who has given, perhaps, more than any other of our public men, his attention to our trade with France. You will see that he complains warmly of the unconciliating course of your government in maintaining such high rates against our staples, and intimates that a resentful sense of this treatment mainly led to the late aggravation of our tariff against you."

"It is natural, I grant," said the Duke, "that you should show impatience at our blind and intolerant policy, though it is an additional difficulty in the path of us, who seek only to bring the country to a proper sense of its interest. Our opponents heartily rejoice at every new misunderstanding with foreign nations, which it is their chief aim to provoke. But your public men should reflect more justly on the situation of our affairs. Such is the extravagant expenditure of our government, that every means of revenue is grasped at to meet the requirements of our enormous budget.† It is in the extent of this unjustifiable waste that arguments are always found to level at every proposition of reform. 'Beware the confusion of a deficient revenue,' exclaim our protectionists, and public opinion is thus adroitly entrapped."

"It is enough to inspire a suspicion," I remarked, "that the Budget is thus yearly overloaded, in order to have a pretext for keeping up prohibition. But there may be political, as well as commercial motives at the bottom of this repulsive policy of the present government; and were all this wanton squandering of the public funds avoided, what useful and mutually beneficial innovations might be introduced? Might you not quote in your support, *Monsieur le Duc*, the successful example of Sir Robert Peel, who, since 1842, has freed 500 articles entirely from duty, and partially relieved 700 more, anticipating any possible damage to the revenue by a just tax on property."

* I referred to the Hon. Charles J. Ingersoll, whose remarks on the commercial interests of the two countries were considered so valuable and interesting, that the Duke of Harcourt begged to read his letter before the next meeting of the Society of Free Trade.

† The Budget of the year 1847, demands a sum of fifteen hundred millions. Napoleon in the midst of his heaviest war expenditure never exceeded eight hundred millions. What a comment on the shameful prodigality of the government of Louis Phillippe.

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"Nothing, certainly, could be more conclusive," he replied; "and the very tax you mention is ordained in our charter, which prescribes, 'that every Frenchman shall contribute in proportion to his fortune to the expenses of the state.' Yet this clause remains a dead letter; and were we to point to its efficacy in England, our protectionists would tell us, that she was no guide for France, and make their usual appeal to national prejudices. It is idle to enlarge on this subject. On every side the absurdity and cruelties of our tariff outrage reason, and shock the dullest sensibility. Of the former may be cited, an army of *forty thousand* custom-house officers, who cannot prevent, if they do not connive at, an enormous contraband trade; and of the latter, I may refer to the duties which have ruthlessly cut off the importation of cattle. It is stated, that out of our population of 35 millions, something like 24 millions, rarely, if ever, eat meat. Innumerable facts like these should stimulate every lover of the popular cause to put forth all his energies; and I am sure every triumph of ours over the heartless selfishness we have to contend against, will be hailed with exaltation by your generous-hearted people. In fine, let me indulge the hope, that your commercial country will be on its guard against the specious pretexts that would direct her legislation to the support of class interests. Your manufacturers can have nothing to fear from competition with any nation, but least of all, with France. I cannot believe that a sordid love of gain has already so deadened their patriotic love of the national welfare, as to unite them in a sullen opposition to a close commercial union with their old ally, who, of all European nations, is the only one that regards your growth without jealousy, and rejoices heartily in the promise of your future greatness." *

Frequent opportunities occurred after this, of meeting this estimable man, and on all occasions he gave expression, with even more warmth, to similar opinions. There can be no doubt, that so much good sense and correct feeling will be sincerely appreciated whenever his sentiments may be read. The popular feeling of our country run deep and strongly in favor of France, and the efforts of our government, no matter of what party, to improve our commercial and friendly connection with the nation, whose right arm so promptly supported us in our first great struggle, would meet with universal favor. Above all, no unjust recrimination should be expressed at the want of reciprocity on the part of France; for look at the real condition of that unhappy country? The government is controlled by a class of protectionists, who, like the nobles and priests of yore, divide amongst themselves the profits of their system, and heap their shameless expenditures on the aching backs of the people, who, bound hand and foot, with no voice in the laws, and without means to make their sufferings known, are forced to perish in silence, or driven to the sanguinary remedy of Revolution.†

All honor to the Duke of Harcourt, who, regardless of his interests, and braving the prejudices of his order, gives the weight of his name, position, and fortune, to the propagation of those sound doctrines of commercial

* I should remind the reader that, in translating into English, and writing from recollection, I do a double injustice to the finely-expressed sentiments of the noble Duke.

† The revolution of February last, proves how little availed the anxious efforts of the Free Trade Society to save the Dynasty and prevent the frightful tumults that have occurred. It is better for the people that it should be so, for they have now obtained a power over their oppressors in the right of universal suffrage, that it will be their own fault if they fail to employ to their own advantage.

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equality, in which he rightly beholds the preservation of order, and the redemption of the masses.

I can hardly close this article more gracefully, or with more advantage to your readers, Mr. Editor, than by adding a letter I had the honour to receive from the Duke of Harcourt, and which I afterwards begged his permission to publish. It displays, in the fullest light, not only his rare intelligence, his eloquence, but his ardent disposition to labour at all times, and in every way for the benefit of France, and the happiness of mankind.

Paris, 13*th April*, 1847.

I thank you, sir, for the journal you were so good as to send me.* The article alluded to, I like very much; first, because it speaks well of you, and next, because it presents a very just appreciation of the actual state of the nations of Europe. I think with you that commercial interests are every where destined to play a grand part, and to supercede the selfish and deceitful diplomacy of the old dynasties.

The treaties of commerce that have been made up to this time, have almost always been a game, where the most skilful got the advantage, and where the party duped was always seeking to escape. Commercial liberty, on the contrary, profits both sides, and at this day has become a prime necessity. The general desire of our improved condition and augmented wealth, has every where given an enormous impulsion to production, which is every day increasing, and nations sinking under the weight of their products, feel that their greatest want is in markets. It is not to treaties that they can look to find them—the base is too fragile, and good faith too rarely accompanies them. It is to freedom of exchanges that they must finally turn, for there only will be discovered a foundation sufficiently stable and real, which equalizes the production to the demand, which establishes relations of equality and complete confidence between all countries, and thus permanently guarantees the peace of the world.

In contributing his best efforts to this end, each one of us, on our different sides of the ocean, I believe, serves the cause of humanity. I shall always be happy to talk with you on these great subjects; and you will find me every day, from 12 to 1 o'clock, at my residence, or it will give me great pleasure to call on you.

Accept the assurance of my best sentiments.

HARCOURT.

*This refers to a copy of the *Courier des Etats Uuis* of New-York, in which its Editor, M. Gaillardet, commented with great ability on an article I published in the Democratic Review of June, 1846, in which I introduced a remarkable letter, addressed to me by the celebrated Richard Cobden, on the subject of our commercial relations with England.

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THE WEDDING IN THE GATE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The Rocky Mountains are but the northern link and continuation of the great Andes chain—that matchless chain, which cuts the Equator, and bisects the globe. And nowhere throughout the entire length of this vast range, imbedded, as it is, in the bosom of every zone, does nature offer to the eye any grander scenery than the hoary heights of our own Rocky Mountains, mailed in merble, and hooded with snow. In popular apprehension, these latter are commonly considered as one immense geological mass. This is the remote view, and correct only as a rude and sweeping generalization. A closer scrutiny immediately detects three extensive and characteristic divisions. First, there is the main eastern range, or Rocky Mountains proper, rising on a base three hundred miles broad, and running from the *Sierra de los Mimbres*, in New Mexico, to the blue ice of the Arctic Ocean, perhaps farther, to the extreme summit of the frozen pole. Then again, there is the middle, or Cascade range, which takes the name of "Nevada," in Alta California, and stretches from the Gulf of Pearls, once called "the Vermillion Sea," away into the snows of Russian America. Lastly, there is the coast range, low, but strong—the barrier that baffles the surges of the Pacific.

If we include in our survey the entire slopes of this amazing trifureated group, the transverse line through the whole plane of its base is more than two thousand miles in length. The curves of its surface, also, are remarkably contradistinguished from all other mountainous regions within the domain of geography; and could the totality of its features be *daguerreotyped* on a scale sufficiently large, the picture would astonish the world. On the eastern descent, we would see far-reaching rivers, winding like silver threads on the emerald borders of immeasurable prairies. There is the country of the Camanches, Pawnees, and valiant Sioux. To the west, we behold streams, which are torents, dashing with the roar of thunder through enormous caverns, or leaping in the white foam of cataracts down mural cliffs, whose lofty brows do battle with the clouds. Here, too, is *the great basin*, with its snow-bound rim of sky-piercing mountains, its mysterious lake, and mighty plains of sand and salt, and rivers, that send no tribute to the sea. Here the *mirage* of the desert revels in the splendor of optical illusion; and gigantic spectres dog the footsteps, and imitate the motions of the bewildered traveller from daylight till dark. This vast western declivity is the home of the Apaches, the Utahs, the brave Walla-wallas, the Snakes, and countless hordes of ferocious Diggers. In the centre, we see the principal wall of granite, with its soaring pinnacles, like Titanic bastions, bristling on high, or utterly lost from the view in the deep azure of the celestial vault. Beneath the beetling brows of these, icy lakes expand and fathomless canadas yawn, into which no beam of sun or stars shall find its way till the shock of doom. Here roam the ruthless Blackfeet and warlike Crows; while around the wandering hunter, the braves of tribes without a name skim the frozen crust, sliding on their snow-shoes, swift as the winged winds.

Everywhere, also, scattered at intervals, cresting the mountain, and shooting above the plain, the field of our picture presents those extraordi-

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nary *buttes-unique*, without a parallel in the topography of the world. Some display the outlines of old feudal castles, with turrets and spires glistening in the sun; others assume the shape of colossal columns, surmounted by domes of black basalt, or cupolas of snowy marble. The whole vista wears the appearance of enchantment, as if some poet's wild dream had been realized in the form of imperishable stone.

The range throughout is subject to the most appalling storms. At such times the thunder rattles from peak to peak, riving the cliff, and rending the avalanche; and the lightning blazes till the air seems like a burning sea, and heaven's canopy but a vast sheet of fire; while the howling hurricane sweeps onwards with the fury of a force, that rocks alone can resist. And yet these mountains boast their *white*, as well as *red* inhabitants. Yes, *there*, far as the footsteps of the buffalo and elk, and high as the flight of the harbinger bee, in spite of sterile nature and savage man, one thousand Anglo-Americans have chosen their permanent abode, where few birds dare to build. Avarice, misanthropy, romance, love, disappointment, and, perchance, crime, have poured this heterogeneous people of traders, trappers, and hunters, into such sublime solitudes. And more singular still, so intoxicating prove the charms of that wild-wood life, not an instance has occurred of its voluntary abandonment, or more than a transient return of the exile to civilized and social enjoyment. Yet this is the bloody ground, where hecatombs have fallen. Their unburied bones bleach on the desert, are flapped by the raven, and gnawed by the wolf. The wailing winds murmur, and lonely torrents talk of the dead. Sequestered gorges, and solemn rocks, even rivers, are named after the murdered. Each new name commemorates a death. But fresh recruits take the places of the perished; and the muster-roll of fearless wanderers always remains full! So sweet is the exhilarating gas of mountain ether!

At first sight, the stupendous rocky chain strikes us as utterly impassable, Its arid wastes below, its towering peaks above, seem to interpose an eternal barrier against the westerly tide of emigration. What pioneer, in his rude wagon of wood, with his wife and children, may dare attempt to scale yonder Cyclopean wall, guarded, as it is, by whole nations of barbarians? Absurd and visionary as such a feat may appear in idea, it has been achieved by multitudes, annually, for more than a dozen years. Long before Captain Fremont and his party filled the mouth of fame with the rumor of their exploits, the bare feet of backwoods boys and girls had made tracks in the sand of the South Pass. For neither rocks, rivers, or seas, can stay the march of the army of American pioneers. The perils, privations, and hardships of these *avant-guards* of freedom were sufficient to dismay the most heroic hearts, but were powerless to chill the ardor, or check the progress of a people, who have expunged the words *fear* and *retreat* from the vocabulary of their land's language. Brave first pioneers, ye deserved a rich reward; and now, ye are rewarded. The first flash of the great gold mines is yours.

The incidents of the following story, related to the author by one of the actors in its thrilling scenes, present a brief but vivid picture of the dangers to which the earliest adventurers were usually exposed:

On the evening of the 4th of July, 1844, two families of emigrants might be seen tented for the night at "the Pacific Spring," on the main trail from Missouri to Oregon and Upper California. They had left Independence, the common point of departure, and then one thousand miles behind them, in company with a much more numerous band. But dissensions had oc-

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curred, as must always happen in the absence of government, or executive physical force, and the voluntary organization split into fragments, which latter, however, continued to roll onwards, like the broken pieces of a flying ball, under the impetus of their original projection. These two families, disgusted with the obstinacy and riotous spirit of their comrades, had determined to advance alone; and being provided with excellent teams, and many loose mules and oxen, so as to rest their animals by frequent changes in the wearing service of their journey, they had been enabled to reach the first fountain which mingles its waters with the western ocean—and hence called "the Pacific Spring," some ten days sooner than the remainder of the band. Thus they were in no danger of being surprised in the Sierra Nevada by the premature fall of autumnal snow, a most dreadful contingency, which pioneers are most anxious to avoid.

But the forward movement of so diminutive a party was hazardous in the extreme. In all, they numbered only a dozen persons; four of these were small children, and the rest adults of opposite sexes, in equal proportions. Their energy, prudence, and perseverance, in spite of the hostile and thievish savages that hovered around their way, had carried them safely thus far, half the distance of their route of two thousand miles, and would probably have borne them to the settlements of the Sacramento, had not a casualty intervened, as unexpected as it was impossible to foresee or resist.

In the mean time, the little band, not conscious of the impending danger, appeared to be in the happiest mood, cooked their frugal supper over a fire of "buffalo chips," amidst jokes, laughter, and scraps of forest song, and indulged the while in the brightest anticipations as to "the promised land" before them.

About sunset, a youth and maiden strolled from their camp, and ascended one of those tall elevations, which overlook and command the celebrated "South Pass." The view opened into indescribable grandeur and solemn desolation. Immense plains and measureless mountains extended wide as the circumference of sight, and the whole glittered in the red rays of evening, as if sprinkled with a baptism of burning gold. But the finest point in the glorious perspective was the noble Pass itself—that great gate in the mountain wall—so easy of ascent, that a railway might be run without excavation, to the very key of its gentle arch, and so exceedingly broad, that all the armies on the globe might deploy within its area, and neither wing of their mighty line would touch the edge of its enormous gap.

The lovers, (for such they were,) looked till they were lost in emotions of sublimity, and in blended ecstacy and devout awe pressed involuntarily closer to each other. Then their two hearts throbbed together as one, and the musical beats of their warm life-pulses became a chime and choral anthem, for they saw the name of nature's God sculptured on the mute marble of ten thousand rocks. What mattered it, that both were indigenous products of the far frontier, and clothed in smoke-tinted leather, and coarse-threaded home-spun? That did not bar them from love and worship, any more than from dew and sunshine. He was brave above fear, and she was beautiful beyond words. Hence their love was youth's necessity—as natural as the emission of odor from flowers, or as the coming of flowers at the call of May.

"What a grand church for our wedding!" whispered Henry, as they gazed down on their white canvass tents, beside "The Pacific Spring," whence arose the tinkling melody of mule-bells, and the ringing merriment of children's voices.

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Emma's soul was in her eye; but she answered only with a smile and a blush.

"You remember your promise," continued Henry, "made one month ago, at the Grand Island of the Platte, to be my bride at the first fountain flowing towards California; and there it is. That sweet spring sends its icy rill to Green River, which, lower down, is called the Colorado of the West, and empties its waters into the pearl-producing gulf."

At the instant, the lovers started, for both, at the same time, discovered several dark-looking objects in the south, towards that extraordinary *butte*, which has since received the name of "Jacob's Tower." Their first thought was of Indians. But a nearer approach of the moving forms dissipated all apprehension. They appeared to be a herd of elk, leisurely grazing in the short, wild sage of the sterile plain. The emigrants were ignorant of the singular fact, that the prairie Indians frequently assume the skins and shapes of the various animals, and in this strange metamorphoses take the unwary traveller by surprise.

As twilight gradually deepened over the earth and sky, the youth and maiden descended to their camp. Supper was soon despatched, and all prepared for the nuptial ceremony. Emma's father, a Baptist minister, officiated as chaplain. It may readily be conceived that few luxuries had been provided for the occasion. Such occasions are common among pioneer parties. Some delicious buffalo marrow was handed round, and supplied the place of sugar-coated cake. There were no torches or torch-bearers. But the rising moon made an excellent lamp, and the stars resplendent candles. The scene had intense national significance. It was a symbol worthy of the profoundest study; for, if emigration is the pivot of American progress, holy matrimony is the main-spring of emigration. Hence, a wedding among emigrants, in the Gate of the Rocky Mountains, and on the *Fourth of July*, was in itself sublime.

The congratulations of friends were scarcely over, when a dozen Indians entered the encampment. Their appearance excited no alarm, as they were nearly naked, and entirely destitute of weapons. They said, that they were Utahs, and offered for barter a peculiar sort of bread, composed of dry seeds of the wild sun-flower and grass-hoppers, in about equal quantities, pounded, mixed, and parched together. Such an article of food would, of course, find no civilized purchasers. Presently these hideous savages were joined by a still greater number, all in the same unwarlike condition, with the exception of one. This was a huge, giant-limbed barbarian, in aspect very different from his comrades. A profusion of matted hair hung around his broad shoulders, and a bristling beard covered the lower part of his face. His body was clothed in deer-skin, and his ferocious countenance seemed absolutely frightful, from the strong obliquity of his little grey eyes. He was obviously a white-man turned savage. The wretch looked on the emigrants with a sinister expression, boding evil fortune, till his glance fell on the new bride, when his features contracted into a diabolical smile.

At the moment, Emma recognized him, and screamed, "It is Bill Moore—the murderer of my brother!"

Immediately, the outlaw gave a loud whoop—the preconcerted signal—and the whole band of Indians sprang like so many mad panthers, and grappled with the emigrants. The latter, both men and women, resisted with the bravery of desperation. The odds, however, was too great; and in a brief space, they were all overpowered, tied with cords of bark, and lay

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helpless on the ground, at the mercy of their captors. Then, at the command of their renegade chief, the Utahs broke into pieces all the rifles they could find, and prepared to depart, leaving all the males fast bound, and carrying with them the females. The shrieks of the poor women, as they struggled in vain with the naked arms which dragged them away, were most piteous to hear; while the horrors of the hour were increased by the cries of children clinging convulsively to the bosoms of their mothers.

The case seemed hopeless, when a third party arrived on the mournful theatre. The brilliant light of the full moon revealed a large company of Indians on horseback, dashing rapidly towards the camp. They were headed by a beautiful young female, dressed in a buck-skin shirt, pantaloons, and moccasins, adorned with many tasteful golden ornaments, whose graceful figure sat upon her fine steed with fairy-like ease and elegance.

"Soshones! Soshones!" shouted the Utahs, giving way to a panic of ungovernable terror, and flying off in all directions, leaving their prisoners astonished at so strange a deliverance. But there was one who did not let go his victim. The refugee, Bill Moore, seized the fainting form of Emma, and scaling, with incredible velocity, a neighboring eminence, disappeared with his living burden beyond its tall summit.

The minute after, the friendly Soshones reached the scene of recent outrage, and cut loose the cords with which the captives had been tied, hand and foot. The lovely leader of the Snakes explained, by signs, and some few words of broken English, that the commander of the Utahs was her husband, and had that morning gone out, under the pretence of hunting, when she was informed, by a comrade, of her false lord's intention to carry off a white woman, during the night, from the South Pass—a woman whom he had seen the previous day, on the Sweet Water river, and recognized as one he had loved before his exile among the Indians.—This intelligence drove Henry almost distracted; and, as well as he was able, by gestures, he told the other that her husband had borne away his wife, pointed out the course they had taken, and entreated her to pursue them, and suffer him to attend the company.

The dark eyes of the female Soshone lightened with the fires of jealousy and revenge. She instantly provided Henry with a fleet horse. He found his rifle, which, by good luck, had escaped the general mutilation, and having mounted the hardy steed of the prairies, the whole band of Snakes dashed onwards. Making a short circuit round the hill, over which Bill Moore had passed, they soon reached the level plain, and obtained a sight of the fugitive, who was galloping off on a strong horse, that doubtless had been concealed for the present purpose, and the flutter of the white garments on the wind proved that the victim was borne in the abhorred rider's lap.

The Soshone woman uttered a piercing yell, and the pursuers augmented their speed to a rate which rapidly diminished the distance betwixt them and their object. The chase extended south, in the direction of the spiral-shaped *butte*, now known as "Jacob's Tower;" and as the troop neared it, the felon was not more than one hundred yards ahead. His escape seemed impossible, for the rocky structure was of considerable height, and its irregular sides looked steep as the walls of a house. Hence even the savages were astonished, when they beheld Moore leap from his steed, and still supporting the weight of his burden, begin to ascend the extraordinary *butte*. He had discovered a narrow and difficult crevice, that enabled him to climb to the very top of the precipice. Most of the Snakes, notwith-

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standing the entreaties of their female leader, drew back, afraid to attempt the dangerous elevation. But Henry paused not a moment. Clinging to his rifle, he urged his way up the frowning cliff, and by the utmost exertions, at last succeeded in gaining the dizzy summit. Here an appalling spectacle met his eye. Moore having despaired of eluding the pursuit of the Soshones, was endeavoring to murder the beautiful Emma. Being unprovided with weapons, which he had lost in his hasty flight, the human fiend was choaking his captive to death. One bound brought Henry within striking distance. He could not take time to cock his rifle. A single blow from the heavy iron barrel went crashing through the bones of the villain's skull, and sent him to settle his final account at a bar where the court is witness as well as judge.

Henry, at first, supposed that his young bride was a corpse. He pressed her pale lips to his own. They were covered with white foam, and felt chill and frosty. Her blue eyes were closed. Oh! what a horror, that so much youth and beauty should perish by such a death!

But a few minutes of gentle pressure to that warm and loving bosom, of which she was sole queen and idol, served to re-animate her fainting form. Her eyes shone out again like the jewel of night after a passing cloud, and a sweet murmur rippled in the calm atmosphere on the peak of "Jacob's Tower"—"Dearest, I have had a dreadful dream!"

Those who would hear more of Henry and Emma, must take a trip to the fountains of Feather River, or wait for our next story of "The World's Mint Gold Mines."

TO VIRGIL.

(TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.)

WHY would false pride restrain the tears that flow
In mem'ry of a friend so dear? Come, thou
Melpomene, thy saddest strains inspire,
Muse of the liquid voice and tuneful lyre.

'Tis true then, in th' eternal sleep of Death
Quintilius lies; twin sisters, Justice, Faith,
And you bright honor, robeless Truth, how long
You'll seek his equal in the human throng!

The tears of all the friends of virtue flow;
Thine own, dear Virgil, wrung by heart-felt woe:
Vainly thy prayers would bid the gods return
That friend whose lot alas! was not eterne.

Though softer than the Thracian bard's, thy strain
Should move the forest trees, 'twere all in vain;
No pulse would e'er that form reanimate
Whose spirit—relentless minister of Fate—

Mercury once hath smitten with his wand
And gather'd to dark Pluto's shadowy band.
Stern Fate! Patience, thy soft'ning influence lend,
Teach us to bear those ills we cannot mend.

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ROBESPIERRE.

To the Editor of the Democratic Review:

The pen of the poet historian, Lamartine, has invested with an interest bordering almost on the dramatic, the character of some of the statesmen who achieved the first revolution in France. That interest has been increased by the startling events of the past year—the overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty, and the establishment of the Republic. Every thing connected with the old revolution has suddenly acquired new importance, and a fresh spirit of inquiry has been started into the causes which produced, and the character of the men who controlled it. The boldest and freest pen which has yet sketched the men and things of that day, is Lamartine's. His history of the Girondists, though written under the late monarchy, seemed to anticipate the republic. It is, in reality, the nearest approach to a republican history of the revolution which has yet appeared. Neither Theirs nor Mignet can be strictly called republican historians. The elaborate history of the former, and the philosophic narrative of the latter, are both conceived in the spirit of the revolution of 1830, after Louis Phillippe had stamped his impress upon it. The leading idea which pervades both of these authors, as well as Lacretelle, though strongly national, is conservative and monarchic. They vindicate France and the revolution from the aspersions of the English tory writers, but they fail to vindicate democracy and popular government. Lamartine has made the nearest approach to this. He seems deeply imbued with the popular sentiment of the age; and his pages breathe more of the spirit of the republic than of the late "constitutional monarchy." In that beautiful and highly finished group of historic pictures which he has sketched with such masterly skill, we find it is true, but little that is new, in fact, and of that little not everything, can be relied on as authority. His lyrical pages sparkle in the light of a poetic genius, and at times glow with almost the warm coloring of fiction. Yet his history, if such it may be called, is eminently suggestive, and none can arise from its perusal without truer notions of the men, if not the events of the old republic.

We do not mean by this to express an entire concurrence with M. de Lamartine, or to say that all his characters are drawn to the life. We greatly mistrust the fidelity of some of them, and none more so than the prominent figure in the group which he has drawn with such artistic skill, and whose biography under the title of "History of the Girondists," he has written with so friendly a hand. We republicans on this side the Atlantic entertain our own American impressions—it may be prejudices—on republicanism, on revolutions, and revolutionary men. They may be peculiar; at all events, we *think* them correct. An American history of the revolution would be a different thing from what either Alison, Thiers, or Lamartine has written.

It is for the purpose, Mr. Editor, of preventing what I deem to be this American view of the revolution of 1789, that I ask a place in the present, and some of the succeeding numbers of your Review, for two or three random sketches of the men who were prominent in the old French Republic. I shall commence with Robespierre, whom Lamartine has made his hero, taking neither his narrative as a guide, nor that of any previous writer or historian, except so far as a collection of facts may render necessary or of use. I propose to select one of the Girondists, the republican and orator, Vergniaud, as the subject for your next number.

George Van Santvoord.

October 20th, 1848.

There came up to the States General from the Province of Artois, a young man, a native of Arras, and an advocate there, who had been elected deputy of the *tiers etat* from that city. He was scarcely thirty years of age, slightly formed, and short in stature; with a sickly and atrabilarious complexion, and a cold dull eye, deeply sunk in its socket. His countenance was forbidding; and an habitual winking, or kind of nervous contraction of the eye-lid, lent to it a sinister expression. This pale, sickly looking-young man in spectacles, though prime and neat in person, presented nothing remarkable or attractive in his external appearance. As he marched along in

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the ranks of his order, in the gorgeous procession which swept through the streets of Versailles, at the opening of the States General, dressed in plain cambric cravat and black silk mantle, he passed unnoticed among the crowd. His name was scarcely known at Versailles. He took a cheap lodging in an obscure quarter of the town, associated with no one save a few of the deputies of his own order, and was assiduous in his daily attendance at the sittings of the assembly in the *Salle des Menus.* For some days he remained in his seat, a silent though attentive spectator; but he carefully noted every thing that passed around him, and was evidently a man of reflection, observing and studying much.

The assembly of the three orders of the States General which convened on the 5th of May, 1789, had been already two or three weeks in session, but were not yet organized. The nobility and clergy insisted that each order should deliberate in a separate chamber; the commons, who equalled in number the other two orders combined, determined there should be but one chamber and one deliberative body. It was the turning point of the revolution.

Thus far all attempts to induce the commons to yield, and to act with the other two orders as a separate body, had failed. At length a new and ingenious plan was devised by the clergy. The Archbishop of Aix, at the head of a deputation from that body, appeared in the hall of the third estate, and invited the deputies to an immediate conference with a few of the nobility and clergy on the subject of the distresses of the poor. The *tiers etat* at once saw through the crafty proposition. They could not adopt it without recognizing the clergy as a separate body; they were afraid to reject it, lest by so doing they might compromise themselves with the people. For the moment no one arose to answer; the assembly hesitated, not knowing exactly how to evade the proposition. Presently the silence was broken by the prim, pale young man in spectacles, whom the deputies had seen daily sitting, with studious contemplative brow, in his seat, but who had not yet spoken in the assembly. The voice of the speaker was defective and disagreeable; it had neither compass nor melody; his manner was unprepossessing, his gesture awkward, and he spoke with a strong provincial accent; but his speech was resolute, and it was delivered with spirit and determination.

"Go tell your colleagues," said he, "that if they are so impatient to assuage the sufferings of the poor, they should come to this hall to unite themselves with the friends of the poor; tell them no longer to retard our operations by affected delays; tell them it is vain to employ stratagems like these, to induce us to alter our firm resolutions. Rather let them, as worthy imitators of their Divine Master, renounce a luxury which consumes the funds of indigence; dismiss those insolent lackeys who attend them; sell their superb equipages, and convert these vile superfluities into aliments for the poor!"

The speech of the young orator was received with applause and manifest favor. It had happily given expressions to the views and feelings of the assembly, and had rescued it from its disagreeable dilemma. A whisper went round the hall, inquiring who it was whose voice had so skilfully touched the popular chord. He was unknown to most of the deputies; presently, however, his name was mentioned, and it soon passed from mouth to mouth all over the assembly. The speaker was MAXIMILIEN ISIDORE DE ROBESPIERRE—a name destined to become famous in the revolution!

Such was Robespierre's debut on the stage of political action, and such his first forensic effort in a deliberative assembly.

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The family name of this celebrated man was de Robespierre, so it is said he wrote it himself in his earlier life, and by that name he was elected to the States General. After the abolition of titles of nobility, he dropped the particle *de*, as too aristocratic, and was thenceforth known only as plain M. Robespierre

The father of Maximilien Robespierre was an advocate of the Council of Artois. His family was of English extraction. He married Josepha Carreau, the daughter of a brewer, by whom he had three children, two sons and a daughter. Though born to a respectable position in society, yet his prodigality and his thriftless habits soon reduced him to poverty. While his children were yet quite young, he emigrated from France, first to England, and afterwards, it is believed, to America, leaving his family in indigence, and ignorant of his place of abode and even of his existence.*

Of his three children, Maximilien was the eldest. He was born at Arras, a province of French Flanders, in the year 1759. When he was but nine years of age his mother died, thus leaving him an orphan, and utterly destitute. In this situation, young Maximilien found an unexpected and valuable friend in the Bishop of Arras, who, becoming interested in the orphan boy, took him under his protection and contributed to his education. Diligent, industrious, and persevering by nature, he applied himself to his studies and made rapid progress. After a few years, his friend the bishop got him admitted into the college of Louis le Grand, at Paris, where he had for a school-mate Camille-Desmoulins, whom he afterwards gave up to the executioner. Here he continued to prosecute his studies in a creditable manner, and gave promise of the possession of much talent. One of the professors, M. Herivaux, was an enthusiastic admirer of republican institutions, and of the heroes of Grecian and Roman history. Young Robespierre soon attracted M. Herivaux's attention, and became with the professor an especial favorite. He surnamed him the "young Roman," applauded his liberal sentiments, and flattered his vanity by continually praising his love of liberty. M. Herivaux's precepts and conversations did much towards exciting in the mind of the young student a love of republican institutions. It was, however, most probably at the time but a passing sentiment, as we find Robespierre some years afterwards publishing his *Eloge de Gresset*, in which he displays an attachment to monarchical government.

After remaining for some years in the college of Louis le Grand, he solicited permission to resign in favor of his younger brother, Augustin, which was granted him. He then applied himself to the study of the law, and entered an attorney's office in Paris. Upon the completion of his legal studies, he returned to Arras, became like his father an advocate of the Council of Artois, and applied himself assiduously to the practice of his profession. His integrity was universally admitted and esteemed, and the strict propriety of his deportment, and the severity of his principles, commanded the respect of the society in which he moved. Careful in his business, methodical in his habits, prudent and well judged in his conduct, he gradually arose to a position of high respectability; nor, whatever may have been said of his want of genius, were his abilities mean, or his intellect of an inferior order, as has been unjustly charged. His understanding was clear and rapid; it had been improved by careful study and diligent application; he was possessed, too, of considerable literary talent, and was the author of various works of merit. Among others, he published in 1783, when but

* According to Lamartine, he died in Germany.

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twenty-four years of age, an ably written tract, entitled, *Plaidoyer pour le Sieur Bissery*, being a defence of the right of setting up electrical conductors against lightning.

One of the most curious recollections of the life of Robespierre is his well-known opinion against capital punishment. In the year 1785, he wrote and published an essay, entitled, *Discours sur les peines infamantes*, in which he took strong grounds against the right of society to inflict the penalty of death. So ably written and well reasoned was this essay, that it gained the prize awarded by the Royal Society of Metz. The respectability of character, and the attainments of the young advocate were such, that the Bishop of Arras had him appointed judge of his diocese. This office Robespierre for some time filled with great credit to himself, exercising his functions with judgment and impartiality, until an occasion happened, when a culprit was brought before him, the punishment of whose crimes by law, was death. The strict conscience of Judge Robespierre would not permit him to pass sentence upon the criminal. So rigid and inflexible were his principles, that he laid aside the ermine and resigned his office, rather than sentence the guilty man to die! This opinion of his seems to have been deliberately formed, and for a long time steadfastly adhered to; even when a member of the National Assembly, he still advocated it; and so late as the spring of 1791, he delivered a speech in that body, in which he recommended the immediate abolition of capital punishment.

Previous to the commencement of the Revolution, Robespierre had become advantageously known in his native province, by his professional ability, and the liberal spirit that marked his conduct and writings. By his industry, frugality, and strict attention to business, he had acquired a small property at Arras, out of which he managed to support his sister and his younger brother, Augustin, who subsequently shared his fate on the guillotine.

In the revolutionary meetings of 1789, he was soon remarked as a conspicuous character. His previously well-known liberal sentiments, and his now redoubled ardor in the popular cause, endeared him to the people, with whom he became a great favorite. The spark of that quenchless ambition which consumed his life, and to which he subsequently sacrificed his rectitude, his conscience, his whole moral nature, was kindled in his bosom. He was elected deputy of the *tiers-état*, and went up to Versailles the representative of the Province of Artois in the States General.

The first appearance of Robespierre in that body as a public speaker has already been noticed. His speech had attracted the attention of the deputies and brought its author into notice, but it had by no means elevated him to a very commanding position, and came far short of satisfying his ambition. His, indeed, was not a talent that fitted its possessor for a prominent position among the first chiefs of the revolution—among Mirabeau, Barnave, Clermont-Tonnerre, Lally-Tollendal, Maury, and Cazales; and Robespierre himself felt his insignificance amid the splendid galaxy of genius which adorned the National Assembly. He had neither the physical nor the mental qualities of a great orator; a mean person—a weak sight—an indifferent, almost inaudible voice—a want of fluency, of enthusiasm, of every oratorical accomplishment, calculated to captivate and delight a popular assembly; and yet he undertook, with the dogged pertinacity of his nature, to elevate himself to power, and to carve out for himself a name. Again and again he essayed to speak in the tribune; he was looked upon with contempt; treated with ridicule; overwhelmed with sarcasm. Such treatment, instead of

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quenching the flame of his ambition, seemed only to add to it new fuel, and it awakened in his heart those bitter feelings of envy, which, in a gloomy and morbid temper like his, needed but a breath to kindle into hatred and revenge.

In an obscure and cheap lodging in Paris, which he had taken in company with a young friend after the assembly removed to that city, he passed a great part of his time, when not occupied with legislative duties, engaged in the study of his favorite authors. Chief among these was Rousseau; whose great work, the *Contrat Social*, Robespierre had taken as his text book and guide on political ethics. Rousseau was his evangelist; the *Contrat Social* his bible; on it his principles were based, and from its pages he drew his political maxims and social theories. Or abandoning severer studies, Robespierre would often seek relaxation in lighter literature. His education had been liberal, and he was by no means deficient in a taste for the classic authors of antiquity, with many of whose writings he was familiar, as the profuse classic allusions, often at the expense of good taste, in some of his speeches plainly show.

The political views of Robespierre were, from the beginning, exceedingly ultra. He was among the most pertinacious, the most radical, the most dogmatic of the popular party. He spoke frequently in the assembly on the liberty of the press, on criminal legislation and other important subjects, though his vanity was doomed to repeated mortifications from the fact, that his speeches attracted little notice, save that of contempt for their author.

Unable to become a leader in the great movement himself, he attached himself closely to the leader, on whom all eyes were fixed, MIRABEAU. The well-known vanity of Mirabeau was at first gratified at finding Robespierre among his partizans, and at the deference and homage paid him by the young tribune. Mirabeau could discover in him, too, something more than mere mediocre talents—something indeed that seemed to foreshadow future distinction. "This man will do something yet," said the plebeian count; "he believes every word he says." So assiduously, however, did Robespierre pay his court to the great man, and so marked was his sycophancy, that the people soon began to apply to him the name of *le singe de Mirabeau*—"Mirabeau's ape." As the great tribune daily rose higher in the public estimation, (and consequently in his own,) he began to look down with disdain on his more humble colleague. Mirabeau grew tired of him, despised his sycophancy, even while he felt flattered by it, and finally treated him with contempt.

After Mirabeau's death he attached himself to the republicans—members of the future party of the Gironde. Roland and his wife had just come up to Paris from Lyons, and at their house Brissot, Buzot, Petion, and others of that doomed, but illustrious band of the Girondins, were in the habit of meeting. Robespierre was often of these parties, to which he gained ready access. The modesty of his demeanor—the austerity of his principles, and the warmth of his zeal in the popular cause, commended him at once to the favor of his associates, by whom, though not warmly admired, he appears to have been much esteemed. Even the accomplished Madame Roland could extenuate his faults, and overlook his disagreeable qualities, in consideration of his undoubted patriotism.—At a subsequent period, when Robespierre had become the irreconcileable enemy of her party, and had contributed more than any three men to the ruin of the Girondins, she thus speaks of him: "That kind of reserve which seems to indicate either the fear of being seen through, because we can get nothing by being known; or the distrust of a man who finds

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in his own bosom no reason for giving credit to the virtues of others; that kind of reserve for which Robespierre is remarkable, gave me pain, but I mistook it for modesty. Thus it is, that with favorable prepossessions, we transform into symptoms of the most amiable qualities the most untoward disposition. Never did the smile of confidence rest on the lips of Robespierre, while they were almost always contracted by the malignant grin of envy striving to assume the semblance of disdain."

Madame Roland says that, at that time, she esteemed Robespierre notwithstanding his disagreeable manners, because he maintained his opinions with warmth and perseverance, and had the courage to stand up boldly in their defence, when the champions of the popular cause were greatly diminished in numbers; and then, too—she adds with *naivete*—"though he was not very attentive at our evening meetings, he would occasionally come and ask me to give him a dinner." When, after the massacre in the Champ-de-Mars, Robespierre returned from the field, pale and trembling, and harassed with fears for his personal safety, under the threatened vengeance of the National Guard, the kind feelings of Madame Roland prompted her, in company with her husband, to drive to his house in the Marais, near midnight, for the purpose of offering him an asylum. Not finding him there, they went to Buzot's, to interest him, if possible, in Robespierre's favor. "There is nothing I would not do," said Buzot, "to save that unhappy young man, though I am far from esteeming him as many others do. He thinks too much of himself to be greatly in love with liberty; but he serves its cause, and that is enough for me. I shall defend him."

It speaks much for the respectability of Robespierre's position in the earlier years of the Revolution, that he was admitted upon such terms of intimacy with Madame Roland, and the cultivated minds whom she gathered around her in her drawing-room. An acute observer and an attentive listener, Robespierre managed to profit by this intercourse with the most illustrious of the Republicans. But the inferiority of his intellect, as well as of his eloquence, was no less apparent when measured by that of Vergniaud and Guadet, than he had felt it to be by the side of Mirabeau. Cold, silent and reserved, he never mingled cordially in these brilliant social circles, of which the gifted wife of Roland was the centre and the soul. He stood apart, with his eye fixed upon the future—dim, vague, incomprehensible—biding his time.

The celebrated *emeute* in the *Champ-de-Mars*, well known to the reader of history as one of the marked eras of the Revolution, was also one of the great crises in Robespierre's life, and the beginning of his actual political consequence. The flight of the king to Varennes and his return a prisoner, had brought the subject of the dethronement prominently before the nation. Robespierre was one of its most pertinacious advocates. With Danton and other popular leaders, he arranged the meeting of the people in the *Champ-de-Mars, to petition* for the dethronement. It took place on the 17th July, 1791. The scene was a melo-dramatic one, such as could have been managed only by the French, and enacted only in Paris. There stood the "Altar of the Country," with the words inscribed upon it, "*A celui qui a bien merite de la patrie*," and underneath was blazoned in conspicuous letters, the name of *Robespierre*. Already a leader where he had hitherto been obliged to follow—his habitual prudence and constitutional timidity were for the moment forgotten in dreams of vague ambition! But the triumph was brief. Only six thousand petitioners' names were signed upon the Altar of the Country, when the roll of drums and the tramp of armed men

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broke upon the ears of the crowd—Lafayette and his grenadiers were upon the scene! Then comes the bloody finale—the summons to disperse—the red flag unfurled by Major Bailly—the volley of blank cartridges, and at last the murderous fire, followed by the shrieks of dying men, and the rush of the flying crowd,—all but a few dauntless patriots, melo-dramatic and French to the last, who stood firm by the "Altar of the Country, gathering up the loose sheets on which the names of the petitioners were written. That curious petition is yet preserved among the public archives of Paris!

Among the foremost, the most panic-struck of the fugitives was Robespierre. With blanched cheeks and trembling footsteps he fled along the Rue St. Honoré, followed by a portion of the crowd, exclaiming, *Vive Robespierre!* That cry, so flattering to the vanity of the demagogue at any other time, was now death to him, for the red flag was still floating from the Hotel de Ville. He knew not whither to fly. There was no safety in his obscure abode in the Marais, for even his character of deputy might prove no protection against the strong arm of martial law. In this emergency a cabinet-maker, named Duplay, a jealous republican and a warm admirer of Robespierre, invited him to take refuge in his house in the Rue St. Honoré. Here he lay concealed during the night and for some days afterwards, and only reappeared after the storm had subsided.

Proud of so distinguished a guest, Duplay at once urged him to continue the inmate of his family. Robespierre, without hesitation, accepted the offer; and here, in the humble abode of an artizan, living in the strictest frugality, almost in indigence, he continued to reside after he became the most powerful man in France, and down to the close of his career. Domesticated in the family, he devoted his few leisure hours to the unpretending society of the cabinet-maker's wife and her three daughters. Lamartine, in his History of the Girondins—or rather his History of Robespierre—draws a vivid and piquant sketch of the deputy of Arras at his humble lodgings in the Rue St. Honoré. Though perhaps too highly wrought by the imaginative pen of the poet-statesman, whose partiality for his hero is scarcely attempted to be concealed, yet we at once recognize in it a life-like picture, standing out in striking contrast with those barren sketches of the English historians—unnatural caricatures, grotesque, and almost hideous in outline. The Robespierre of Lamartine is a man—a better one, it may be, than the real Robespierre of history—but yet a man of human passions and even human virtues. The Robespierre of Scott and Alison, nay, of Hazlitt, the most liberal of the English historians, is a fiend and a monster. By a few touches of his masterly pencil, Lamartine, with the art of a Zeuxis, draws a most graphic and striking picture. There is life in every line—the little attic chamber at the cabinet-maker's—the straw bottomed chairs—the small table with a volume of Racine or of his favourite Rousseau lying open upon it—the voluminous manuscripts methodically arranged on deal shelves against the wall—his solitary walks in the Champs Elysées, with his great dog Brount which slept at his chamber door—the little family parties in Duplay's parlor, Robespierre reading aloud the tragedies of Racine to the cabinet-maker's daughters—the occasional visits to the *Theatre Français* with the wife and daughter of his host to witness some favourite tragedy—all blend together harmoniously to picture the frugality, the simple habits, and the regular, unobtrusive mode of life of the deputy from Arras. Duplay's eldest daughter Eleanore had won Robespierre's heart, and passed, it is said, in the esti-

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mation of the neighbors, for his mistress. Lamartine denies this, and asserts that she was betrothed to him, and was to have been married when the storms of the Revolution had blown over; and that Robespierre labored to cultivate her mind so as to make her a fit companion to share the rural retreat which he meditated whenever he should be able to retire from public life.

This young lady, when the Republic was established, took the classic name of Cornelia. Her character we should judge had in it very little of those gentle sympathies which add such grace to womanhood, if the fact related of her (not by Lamartine) be true, that during the Reign of Terror she was fond of sitting at her chamber window, and watching the groups of victims that were daily rolled off to the guillotine. Our historian has neglected to notice, too, in his description of Robespierre's simplicity of manners and humble abode, one or two little noticeable things, which tend to illustrate perhaps the most salient traits of his character—his inordinate and even frivolous vanity. Thus the little attic chamber was not devoid of ornaments, the principal ones being representations of himself—in marble—bronze—on canvass. His full length portrait hung in one place, his miniature in another; his bust stood in a niche, and by the side of Rousseau lay medallions exhibiting his face in profile. Mirrors reflected his image from every part of the room; and underneath some of these "counterfeit presentments" of himself, were inscribed, in later times, laudatory verses written by some Jacobin enthusiast, wherein he was compared to Cato and Aristides. In his dress, too, Robespierre displayed the most fastidious delicacy. He indeed never affected the squalid attire of *sans culottism*, so common at the time, but always appeared, even at the Jacobins and among the lowest of the rabble, in that careful neatness of dress which, in any other than the popular favourite, would at once have been denounced as the badge of aristocracy. We are told in the memoirs of one who knew him well, that he was fastidious about the colour and cut of his coat; wore waistcoats of delicate colors—pink, light blue, chamois, elegantly embroidered; that the dressing and powdering of his hair took a great deal of time, and that he wore several costly wigs, and had a valuable collection of snuff-boxes.

Upon his re-appearance in public after the fusillade in the *Champ-de Mars*, Robespierre took his place in the assembly, the resolute enemy of the constitution party, which was headed by Lafayette, against whom he cherished a feeling of the most bitter hatred. Robespierre was one of those who never forget an enemy or forgive an injury. His gloomy imagination led him to regard all men of superior abilities who crossed his path, or even whose opinions were contrary to his own, as in some measure his personal enemies. In his heart always rankled the poison of envy; and with him to envy was to hate—to hate was to burn with a desire to trample upon the object of his hatred.

Although no enthusiast by nature, he was doubtless sincere in advocating the popular cause. Something like genuine principle governed him at least in the commencement of his career. He advocated popular principles from conviction. Napoleon called him a fanatic, and so he was. His brain had become heated by constant meditation upon the phantom theories of Rousseau; his fanaticism was that of the founder of a religious sect or the propagandist of a creed, vindictive, intolerant, overbearing, esteeming cruelty a necessity, and persecution itself a virtue. Nor can we believe that Robespierre, down to the very close of his career, was the hypocrite in his political opinions and conduct that he has been represented. His most extravagant actions bore about them too much of the stern sincerity of conviction to justify

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any such charge. When it is considered to what extremes of persecution a mere religious zeal has urged men of gloomy temperaments and unhealthy minds, we can the more readily ascribe Robespierre's alledged cruelty to a strong, though sincere political fanaticism, and an extraordinary self-delusion. His ambition may have incited him in part; his strong instinct of self-preservation may have urged him on, as well as feelings of private hatred and revenge; still Robespierre, with all his selfish aims and unhappy passions, never ceased to identify the interest of the republic with himself, and to imagine that he was doing France a service and defending liberty against conspirators, while sending the victims of his hatred, or the objects of his fears and suspicions, by scores to the scaffold.

The Constituent Assembly closed its session on the 29th September, 1791, and on the following day the legislative assembly convened, for the purpose of setting in motion the wheels of the new constitution. Robespierre was not a member of this body, being excluded by the ordinance which he himself had introduced, that no member of the Constituent Assembly should be eligible to the new legislature. For him, however, there was no resting-place in this wild, revolutionary whirlpool. A few weeks at his paternal home in Arras, sufficient to sell his small heritage and to make a final settlement of his affairs, was all the repose he met with from the beginning to the end of his public career. He returned, to find at the Jacobins a popular tribunal where he was better appreciated than in the assembly, and where his carefully studied harangues were nightly received with a warmth that bordered upon enthusiasm. During the session of the legislative assembly his popularity greatly increased. With Danton he shared the favour of the more violent of the people; they bestowed upon him the epithet of "incorruptible." Camille Desmoulins called him Aristides, and thought him eloquent in speech. Robespierre had, indeed, by dint of constant application and practice, overcome many of his natural defects as an orator. He now spoke with fluency, and became skilled in declamation, as well as a master of the art of popular flattery. His compositions, though often turgid and always prolix, displayed literary acquirements of no mean order. The energy of his language, the dogmatism of his opinions, the perseverance and obstinacy with which he advocated his theories, gained him immense credit with the people. At the Jacobins, where his harangues were listened to with profound attention, he gradually acquired a sway as omnipotent as Mirabeau had exercised in the Constituent Assembly.

One of the weaknesses of Robespierre was his constitutional timidity. He was deficient in physical courage, and frequently betrayed a want of resolution and nerve that gave a decided advantage to his more daring rivals. This was peculiarly the case in the insurrection of the 10th of August, 1792, which resulted in the massacre of the Swiss Guard and the downfall of the monarchy. While the Girondins were planning the dethronement of the king, by means of a peaceful decree, the Jacobins were plotting to accomplish it by an insurrection. Robespierre was proposed as a temporary dictator, to direct the contemplated movement; but the timidity of his character was an insuperable objection in the minds of the popular leaders. The affair therefore passed under the control of Danton, who became the moving spirit in that formidable uprising of the people, and whose Herculean arm overturned the French monarchy. One of the meetings of the secret directory which planned the insurrection was, held at the very house where Robespierre lived. His landlady, in alarm, came in to ask the members if their object was to get Robespierre murdered. "If any body is to be mur

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dered," replied one of the conspirators, "no doubt it will be ourselves. Let Robespierre conceal himself; he has nothing to fear." Robespierre took the advice, and during the whole of that fearful day of the 10th August, while the red glare of insurrection lit up the streets of the capital, and the courts of the Tuilleries were deluged with the blood of the last defenders of royalty, he lay secure in his hiding-place, awaiting the issue of the contest. The orator, Vergniaud, in one of his eloquent philipics, subsequently made a severe commentary upon his cowardly conduct on that day. "I was sitting in my place on the 10th of August," exclaimed Vergniaud, "amid the thunder of cannon, while Monsieur Robespierre was hiding himself in a cellar!"

Two days afterwards, Robespierre appeared in the new municipal council—the commune—that disorderly and turbulent body, which always influenced and frequently defied the Convention. It is well-known that the horrid atrocities which followed the 10th of August, familiarly known as the September massacres, were prepared by the committee of *surveillance* of the commune over which Marat presided. It is but just to Robespierre to say, that he was neither an actor, nor was he in any degree implicated in them; yet it must be added, that although omnipotent at the commune which was in session during the massacres, and even paid the wages of the Septembrisers, he made no active efforts to stop the frightful disorders, nor did he risk his popularity with the rabble, by denouncing the murderers. In speaking of these massacres in the Convention on a subsequent occasion, while he lamented that *one innocent person* was said to have been killed, he yet labored to extenuate, if not to justify, the crime! How then can this man, more than Danton, clear his skirts from the blood of September!

The decree of the 10th of August—extorted from the Convention by the cannon of Westermann and the pikes of the Faubourgs—in proclaiming the dethronement of Louis, provided also for the convening of a NATIONAL CONVENTION to frame a constitution. This body assembled in September, 1792; it was composed of between seven and eight hundred members, elected by the people, and it contained a large share of the genius, intellect, and philosophy of France. True, there was no Mirabeau, Barnave, Lameth, or Bailly there; this class of men had already been swept away with the advancing wave of the revolution; and hence those writers who have no sympathy with democratic progress and liberal principles, have been accustomed to sneer at the character, and underrate the capacity and intellect of this celebrated body. But let men judge of it, not by the narrow standard of monarchic prejudice, but by the mighty works it achieved! Standing alone amid the war of elements; preserving its own existence for three years, while the whole social and political fabric went down in one common chaos under the throes of that desolating earthquake which rocked the nation, maintains triumphantly, single-handed, a war of systems—a war to the knife—against all Europe in arms—a war which eventually achieved for humanity the permanent establishment and recognition of that first principle of freedom, that governments are instituted among men, not by "divine right," but by the consent of the governed. The Convention had its work to do, and it did it. Among its members were men whose names would have been distinguished in science, eloquence, and statesmanship, in almost any age of the world. Such men among the Girondins as the philosopher Condorcet; the orators Vergniaud and Guadet; the men of letters, Brissot and Louvet. Such men among the Montagnards as the inflexible and far-seeing Carnôt; as Cambacerès, of whose commanding abilities Napoleon subsequently availed himself; as the honest and patriotic Robert Lindet; and finally, as

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that colossal and half-barbaric genius, standing out alone, and above his compeers, in his rough, strong manhood—Danton! There were many bad men in the Convention, a few ignorant, and some whose crimes had stained the very name of humanity; Carrier was there, and Lebou, and Fouché, and Billaud-Varennes, and finally Marat. It is the crimes of such men as these that have left—most unjustly we think—some of the darkest stains upon the character of their less guilty colleagues.

Robespierre came up to the Convention a delegate from Paris; one of the first elected. He took his seat upon the benches of the Mountain, opposite the Girondins, for whom he had already begun to entertain feelings of bitter animosity. He had contended freqnently in angry debate with Brissot, at the Jacobins; he had often recoiled before the keen invective and eloquent sarcasm of Guadet; with Louvet he had had a personal quarrel. These are the men with whom he was now confronted, and with whom he was to engage in that fearful political struggle, destined to decimate the Convention, and, amid the wild chaos of party, to elevate himself to despotic power.

The Girondins on the other hand, or some of them, regarded Robespierre as a dangerous man, a demagogue, aspiring to the dictatorship, and they determined to crush him. Louvet prepared an elaborate accusation, and undertook to make a systematic attack upon his enemy in the Convention. It is but justice to say, that these attacks of Louvet and others upon Robespierre, were in a great measure prompted by feelings of personal hatred and rivalry. The more prudent of the Girondins, Petion, Vergniaud, and Roland, kept aloof from the quarrel.

The battle, which resulted in the final overthrow of the Gironde, commenced on the occasion of the minister Roland reading his report upon the state of the capital. Robespierre had obtained the tribune, and was laboring to justify himself from every species of real and imaginary accusation in a diffuse, tedious, and self-laudatory speech. The Convention listened to him with patience; and Robespierre, toward the close of his harangue, growing more confident, launched out into a bolder strain. As he concluded, he uttered with an air almost of defiance, "No one here dare accuse me to my face!"

"I dare!" cried a shrill voice from the benches of the right. The next moment a slight, slovenly-looking figure, emerged like an apparition from among the deputies, and hurried with swift footsteps to the tribune. "I dare!" cried Louvet, advancing—for it was he. "Yes, Robespierre, I dare accuse thee!" As Louvet fixed his piercing eye upon him, the countenance of Robespierre changed; he recognized his old adversary at the Jacobins, whose fiery sarcasms had so often scathed his vanity, and descending the steps of the bureau, he shrunk abashed to his place on the benches of the Mountain. The moment was favorable for the accuser. With his artful and elaborate speech, carefully prepared beforehand, he strode wrathfully into the tribune, and proceeded at once to unfold his terrible budget of accusations. He followed Robespierre throughout his whole political life, and hurling upon him charge upon charge, suspicion upon suspicion, crime upon crime, he woke throughout the Convention a tempest of indignation. His superciliousness, his tyranny at the commune, his insults to the National Assembly, his aspirations for the dictatorship, his connexion with the September massacres—all were brought up in formidable array, and pressed home with fury, vehemence, and ingenious argument; and as the orator, at each new charge, pointed at the accused with emphatic gesture and exclaimed—"*Robespierre, I accuse thee!*" the loud shout of applause went up from the

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benches of the right and centre, and fell with stunning power upon the ear of the trembling demagogue. Robespierre's presence of mind forsook him; his livid countenance turned paler with fear and rage; his features became distorted; he was profoundly agitated. The Convention was about to decree him accused on the spot, without hearing a reply; but as Louvet finished his furious philippic, he tottered forward, not to answer him, for his power of speech had failed, but to ask a week's delay to prepare his defence. The Convention granted his request, and Robespierre shut himself up in his room to compose his reply.

In the mean time the Jacobins were in commotion at the peril of their favorite son. Augustin Robespierre defended his brother at the club, and during the week that elapsed, the most violent efforts were made to excite the populace in favor of the accused, and to strike terror into his opponents. On the 5th of November, Robespierre appeared in the Convention, to enter upon his defence. He took possession of the tribune as one already crowned with victory. His speech was artfully and ably composed, filled with a subtle logic, and interspersed with much frothy declamation, intended for the especial benefit of the galleries, exhibiting on the whole more ingenuity and ability than even his friends had given him credit for. "I am accused," he said, "of aspiring to tyranny; but in order to attain it, means are required, and where are my treasures and my armies? You allege that I have reared at the Jacobins the edifice of my power; but what does this prove? Only that I have been heard with more attention; that I appealed perhaps more forcibly than you to the reason of that society, and that you are but striving here to revenge the wound inflicted on your vanity. You assert that I did not appear at the commune till two days after the 10th of August, and that then of my own authority I installed myself at the bureau. I answer in the first place, I was not called to it sooner, and when I did appear, it was not to instal myself there, but to have my power verified." In this manner the accused went on replying, section by section, to the charges of Louvet. His allusion to the September massacre, amid much frothy declamation and ingenious sophistry, contained some pointed and forcible expressions, that might have troubled, not the Girondins only, but the most moderate friend of the constitution and of French liberty to answer. "The massacres in the prisons were without doubt illegal; but what was the revolt of the 10th of August, or the 14th of July? If we are to go back to what is *legal*, who can defend the Revolution, or save you all from a conviction for high treason? Without illegal measures despotism never yet was shaken; for what sovereign will establish legal forms for his own overthrow? It is said, that an innocent individual has perished. The number of the sufferers has been greatly exaggerated; but suppose there was one, it was doubtless too much. He was perhaps a good citizen, one of our best friends. Weep for him—weep even for the unworthy citizens who have fallen under the sword of popular justice; but let your grief, as every human thing must, have a termination. Let us, too, at the same time, reserve some tears for more touching calamities. Weep!—a hundred thousand citizens sacrificed by tyranny! Weep over fellow-citizens massacred in their cradles, or in the arms of their mothers! Have you no brothers, no children, or wives to revenge? The family of French legislators is their country—is the whole human race, except tyrants and their oppressors. Weep then, humanity, debased under an odious yoke; but be consoled by the reflection that, by calming unworthy discord, you will secure the happiness of your country, and perpare that of the world. I cannot help suspecting that sensibility which

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mourns almost exclusively for the enemies of liberty. Cease to shake before me the bloody robe of the tyrant, or I shall believe that you intend to rivet Rome's fetters upon her again."*

Such is a specimen of the style of Robespierre's composition and oratory. With nothing of Mirabeau's intense energy of language, of the grand imagery of Danton, of the ornate and elegant periods of Vergniaud, his speeches are distinguished mainly for a subtle argumentation, and a kind of jesuitic art of expression, plentifully spiced with *ad captandum* declamation, and a popular flattery. In this consisted their success. "*Pauvre peuple,*" "*Peuple vertueux,*" were the cant phrases frequently in his mouth; and the people listened and applauded their incorruptible patriot with the same feeling of complaisance as the man mentioned by Coleridge possessed, who always took off his hat with profound demonstration of respect whenever he spoke of himself.

On the present occasion, an immense crowd had assembled to hear Robespierre's defence. The galleries were filled with his partizans, and the grim countenances of the leading Jacobins, glared down upon the deputies. His speech was applauded to the echo by the multitude, and was not without its effect upon the Convention. That body began to regard the controversy as a private quarrel between Louvet and Robespierre. The Janus-faced Barrère, acting as mediator, moved the order of the day, and that these "despicable personalities" be dropped. In vain Louvet strove to reply; in vain Laujunais begged leave to speak; in vain Barbaroux sprang forward to the bar, and demanded to be heard as a petitioner; the Convention proceeded to the order of the day. So ended this famous accusation.

In the evening, Robespierre went to the Jacobins, where he was received with shouts of acclamation. He appeared among them in the plenitude of his triumph, as a superior being, elevated to greatness by his disinterested patriotism, his incorruptible virtue, his persecutions for the sake of the people. Forbearing to speak himself, he left the task to others, who did not fail to administer to the vanity of the demagogue the most fulsome adulations.

From this day forth he became a foremost actor in the revolutionary drama, and one of the arbiters of the destinies of France. Unsuccessful persecution always elevates mediocrity, and forces its object into notice. This was eminently so in the case of Robespierre. A delirium of ambition seized him. He saw where his real power lay, and he grasped it with a firm hand. Onward he pressed through the furious tempest, and the wild whirlwind which howled around him—onward, threading his way up the rugged ascent—through sulphurous clouds, and molten lava, till he reached

* Some of these remarks of Robespierre are not destitute of truth and force. Like him, we cannot help suspecting that mawkish sensibility which has nothing but tears for the atrocities of republicanism, and can look unmoved upon the worst crimes that royalty and despotism have committed. During the reign of Henry VIII. in England, upwards of 70,000 men, women and children, perished by the hands of the executioner. The Sicilian Vespers, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and other kindred acts of monarchic despotism, yet stand upon the bloody page of history. In his defence of the revolutionary government, St. Just, in comparing the severities of the republic with the cruelties of monarchies, says: "You have one hundred thousand prisoners, and the revolutionary tribunal has already condemned three hundred criminals; but under the monarchy you had four hundred thousand prisoners; fifteen hundred smugglers were annually hanged, three thousand prisoners were broken on the wheel, and at this very day there are in Europe four millions of prisoners, whose moans you do not hear, while parricidal moderation suffers all the enemies of your government to triumph! We load ourselves with reproaches; and kings, a thousand times as cruel as we, sleep in crime!"

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the very topmost pinnacle of the volcano, where—pausing in demoniac pride, visible from afar through the lurid light that played around him—he stood for a moment; then, plunging headlong, he disappeared in the yawning crater beneath him!

The trial of the king followed. In the debate that sprung up, Robespierre signalized himself as one of the most violent, the most vindictive, the most unrelenting of his party. Upon the preliminary question, whether the king should be brought to trial, he adopted the extreme views of young St. Just, who contended that Louis should be immediately condemned, *as an enemy*, without the privilege of a trial. Robespierre dogmatised at length to the Convention upon the ideas that St. Just had furnished. He required that the Convention should sentence Louis XVI. at once to death as a traitor, *by virtue of the insurrection!* To such an extent had a gloomy fanaticism and a morbid ambition led the once earnest advocate against the death penalty—the strict-minded judge, who chose to abdicate rather than sentence a criminal to die!

After the execution of the king, the revolution rolled rapidly onward toward that period which has been strikingly characterized as the "Reign of Terror." The illustrious republicans of the Gironde were all that stood now between France and anarchy, vainly trying to retard the wild wheels of the car of the revolution, which they had assisted to put in motion, and which was destined to crush them in its swift and bloody progress. These men were the objects of Robespierre's hatred; they stood in the way of his ambition; it is not improbable, too, that his imagination pictured them as conspirators against liberty, and the real enemies of the country. With the same dogged pertinacity with which he advocated the death of the king he set himself to work to overthrow the Girondins, and he accomplished it. On the 2d of June, 1793, they were torn from the bosom of the Convention, and a few months afterwards, when the Reign of Terror had commenced in France, were sent to the guillotine.

Thus far Robespierre had taken no part in the administration of public affairs, except as a simple member of the Convention. His main sphere of employment had been in the popular tribunes and assemblies, building up his reputation with the people, and gradually forcing his way to the supreme power, leaving to others the planning of those strong measures which saved France from the coalition. He originated nothing; he profited by everything. While Danton had been calling into existence the revolutionary tribunal, sending commissioners into the departments to rouse all France to resistance, proposing decrees to tax the rich, to levy armies, and to draw out the entire resources of the country, Robespierre had been at the Jacobins, drawling forth endless homilies on virtue from the pages of Rousseau—on the perfidy of Pitt—on the incorruptibility of the people—on his own patriotism—and on the intrigues and conspiracies of the Girondins.

The time had now come, however, when he was to assume in his own person the sovereignty of the republic, and to become the arbiter of the destinies of France. Her celebrated committee of public welfare, which had been appointed at the instance of Danton, was gradually usurping the supreme executive power. On the 10th of July, 1793, the members of that committee were renewed. It consisted of Barrère, Robert Lindet, St. Just, Couthon, Jean-Bon-St.-Andre, Herault de Sechelles, Prieur of La Marne, Gasparin, and Henriot. Danton, who, up to this time, had been a member of the committee, voluntarily retired, and refused to remain in office. Soon after, two of the members, Gasparin and Henriot, resigned

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on account of illness. The one was succeeded by the celebrated Carnôt, the other by Robespierre. Other changes were subsequently made in the committee; the infamous Collot d'Herbois, and the more infamous Billaud-Varennes, were appointed upon it. These two men, with Barrère, were the supple tools of Robespierre upon the committee. They subsequently turned against him, and became the main instruments of his ruin. The fate of Actæon was reserved for Robespierre—to be devoured by his own dogs.

Into the hands of this committee passed the supreme executive power of the republic. The Convention gradually dwindled into insignificance. The new constitution, which was ratified on the 10th of August, 1793, just one year from the overthrow of the monarchy, never went into effect, the committee plainly perceiving the necessity of retaining the power in their own hands, and of keeping the constitution for a time in abeyance. "You are too far removed from conspiracies to have the means of repressing them," said St. Just, in his report to the Convention. "The sword of the law must be entrusted to *surer hands.* It must turn everywhere, and fall with the rapidity of lightning upon all its enemies." The Convention in silence obeyed the dictates of the committee. It suspended the constitution, declared the Government *revolutionary* till a general peace, and decreed all its powers in the hands of the decemvirs. The law against suspected persons was passed, which placed the freedom of every citizen at the disposal of the committee. Thus was the sword of the law, in the language of St. Just, "entrusted to sure hands"—to the hands of such wild and unpitying enthusiasts as he—of such vengeful fanatics as Robespierre—of such monsters as Billaud-Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, Couthon, and Barrère. France, girdled by foreign armies, rent by internal factions, struggling for liberty and national existence against both open enemies and secret foes, was forced at last under the yoke of a popular despotism, almost as appalling as that under which monarchy has sometimes, "by the grace of God," crushed a people.

The committee ruled with absolute sway. It was necessary for it to propose a law to the Convention only for the formality of its adoption by that body. The decemvirs, as a matter of course, were continued in office at the expiration of each month, and thus possessed all the substance of a permanent authority. A portion of them took no share in the more despotic functions of the committee, but attended mainly to the duties of their respective offices, such as Carnôt, who controlled the war department, Prieur and Lindet, who managed the army supplies, and were called examiners. The civil administration fell into the hands of the remainder of the committee, six in number—Robespierre, St. Just, Couthon, Barrère, Collot d'Herbois, and Billaud-Varennes. Over these men the mind of Robespierre quickly obtained the ascendancy; he became the acknowledged chief of the committee, the real dictator of France.

In the latter part of October, the Convention, at the instance of the committee of public welfare, decreed that the Girondins should be brought to trial. Upon their trial, Robespierre gave a last exhibition of his undying animosity against these men. The tribunal had been tardy in its action, and Vergniaud's eloquence had shaken even his ruthless judges Fearful of the result, Robespierre caused the Convention to pass that tyrannical decree, authorizing the jury, after three days discussion, to pass judgment at once, without a farther hearing. On his motion, too, the name "extraordinary tribunal" was changed to "REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL." So fell

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the Girondins, victims at once to the political fanaticism, the envy, and the malice of Robespierre.

Other victims followed in rapid succession. The personal enemies of Robespierre were brought in quick succession to Tinville's bar—to the guillotine. Madame Roland, his friend and protector in less palmy days, followed Marie Antoinette to the scaffold. Then came the eloquent Barnave's turn, his rival and superior in the Constituent Assembly. Barnave was not yet 32; he stamped with his foot upon the scaffold, exclaiming—"This, then, is *my* reward!" The venerable Bailly, a name dear to science as well as to liberty, followed Barnave to the guillotine. "Thou tremblest, old man," said one of the executioners to the victim, as he stood shivering in the bleak November air. "My friend, it is with cold," said the venerable philosopher, mildly, and so he died. Thick and fast were lopped away the heads of Robespierre's enemies—of the enemies of the republic—thick and fast as corn before the sickle of the reaper;—fifty-three in November—seventy-three in December—so steadily increasing, till, in the months of June and July following, the number swelled to fifty and sixty a day!

It is a common mistake to suppose that Robespierre was the author of, and that his power controlled, all these executions. It is undoubtedly true that he was the master spirit of the revolutionary government during the Reign of Terror; but that he had at any time in his own hands the power to stop the public executions, is not so clear.* It is true that he devised many of those despotic laws which, while they crushed the liberties of the people, gave energy to the revolution; that he sent scores of victims to be tried for state crimes before the revolutionary tribunal, and that in these selections he did not nicely discriminate between offences against the public and offences against himself, which his gloomy and fanatic mind at length led him to confound together. These things made him the tyrant he was, but not the unnatural monster, thirsting for blood, which he has been represented. His political extravagance resembled that religious fanaticism which seeks to defend or propagate a sectarian dogma by the sword. He and St. Just were the Mahomedans of Jacobinism. Both of them were nearer in character to a Balfour of Burley, than a Nero or a Caligula.

Robespierre was a vain, envious, ambitious, narrow-minded bigot. His character, in most respects, is an unlovely one—a despicable character—disfigured by littleness; but he was not capable of the commission of many of the grosser sins and crimes that stained the revolution. Though a cold-hearted man, he was not by nature cruel; though esteeming the public executions necessary for the interest of the republic *and* himself, he never looked upon them, as did some of his colleagues, with satisfaction or delight. He had, too, some of the stern virtues of the fanatic; he suffered himself to indulge neither in luxury nor dissipation. In pecuniary matters, he deserved his title of "incorruptible;" and "had Pitt offered him two hundred millions of money, he would have refused it with indignation."† With the resources of France at his disposal, he remained in poverty and died poor. His monthly pay of 360 francs, as member of the committee

* Napoleon's opinion was, that he was desirous at last of stopping the executions, and meant, when he had destroyed the factions, to return to order and moderation. His evidence of this was a letter of Robespierre, which he had seen in the hand of his brother Augustin when with the army of Nice, in which these sentiments were expressed. Napoleon said of him, that "he was by no means the monster that was commonly believed," adding the opinion of Cambacerès, his colleague in the Convention, on the condemnation of Robespierre—"Sire, that was a case in which judgment was passed without hearing the accused."

† Napoleon in Las Cases.

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of public welfare, sufficed for all his wants. Compared with Carrier and Lebon, Robespierre is almost a Wilberforce in humanity; compared with Chaumette and Hebert, a Socrates in morals; even compared with his own colleagues of the Mountain, Barrere, Tallien, and Fouché, he is a model of private virtue and political integrity. The crimes of all these men have been indiscriminately confounded and laid to his charge. More than any other man of the Revolution, Danton alone excepted, he has been made answerable for the sins of others. This is unjust, and ought to be corrected by impartial history; for this man has many, too many, sins of his own to answer for. So far as the public executions in Paris, during the Reign of Terror, are concerned, it is but justice to Robespierre's memory to say, that far more odium attaches to his character than it really deserves. It is true that he and his five associates, already mentioned, all of whom were as guilty, and, St. Just alone excepted, infinitely worse men than he, superintended the operations of police; and it is also true, that among them Robespierre's was the controlling mind. But in order to appreciate his true position, it must be remembered that the committee of public welfare never at any time had power to condemn; it could merely accuse and place persons upon their trial. At first, this could be done only by means of a decree of the National Convention; but the law of the 10th of June gave the power of accusation directly to the committee. It was therefore a kind of informal grand jury, which furnished its presentments, or indictments, to the revolutionary tribunal to be tried. Nor were its bills of indictment equivalent to the signing of a death warrant, as has been represented. The revolutionary tribunal was bad enough, and it condemned, doubtless, many an innocent victim; but it never condemned without a trial or hearing. The worst criminals were allowed witnesses and counsel, and no advocate ever suffered for the freedom of defence which he made in behalf of his client. Charlotte Corday, who assassinated Marat, was defended by Chauveau Lagarde; the same able advocate was chosen by Madame Roland, and was also the advocate of the Queen on her trial. It should be remembered, too, that the revolutionary tribunal acquitted more than it condemned; and though the Convention, which appointed the jurors, exercised a powerful influence over its actions, it never wholly controlled this tribunal. It is not literally true, therefore, that Robespierre sent men to the scaffold. The committee, at most, could designate; the tribunal acquitted or condemned.

The anecdote related by the Duchess d'Abrantes of the Countess Lamarliere throwing herself unsuccessfully a suppliant at the feet of Robespierre to ask mercy for her husband, is no doubt in the main true. The beautiful Countess sought him at his residence on the evening of the marriage of one of Duplay's daughters. In an agony of despair she threw herself at Robespierre's feet, but pleaded in vain. "Amidst a nuptial feast," says the narrator, Robespierre *pronounced the sentence* which "made a widow and an orphan!" The latter part of the story is of course slightly colored. Robespierre pronounced no "sentence," for the simple reason that he had not the power to do so. Perhaps his influence might have been able to save M. Lamarliere, perhaps not. At all events, it seems on this occasion he did not deem it proper to exert it, and he refused, not the life of the accused, but merely to step out of his proper sphere for the purpose of interfering with the trial.

Another anecdote which is quoted as illustrative of his cold-blooded cruelty of disposition, we find in the Annual Register for 1794. A royalist lady, Madam St. Amarante, hoping to secure the safety of herself and family

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by polite attention to Robespierre invited him to dinner. He drank more wine than usual, it is said, and let drop some things that ought to have been concealed. This being mentioned to him afterwards by a friend who dined with him, he took down a list of the names of all who were of the company. In twenty-four hours Madam St. Amarante, her family, friends, and domestics, all perished on the scaffold. This atrocious act is laid to the charge of Robespierre. The accusation is as groundless and unjust as many others which have brought down upon his memory the execrations of posterity. The explanation given by Lamartine entirely acquits him of all participation in this crime. It is true he was the guest of Madam St. Amarante, and she and her family were brought to the scaffold; but their prosecution was ordered by the committee contrary to the known wishes, and as an act of hostility to Robespierre. It was just at the time when his influence with the committee was beginning to wane. He felt that he had not the power to save them, or if he had, his resolution failed him, and he dared not make the effort.

The part that Robespierre took in the destruction of Danton we regard as one of the worst passages in his history. The poor palliation of the act, that it sprang from a sincere fanaticism, cannot be here interposed. It could have been prompted only by unholy ambition, craven, selfish fear, and mortified vanity. Though ostensibly his warmest friend, yet Robespierre had never in his heart forgiven the superiority which Danton had manifested over him on the 10th of August, and on other occasions, and he looked with a feeling of envy upon that colossal strength of character in his rival which contrasted so strongly with his littleness. Danton was brought to the guillotine in the spring of 1794, at the time when Robespierre's power was at its zenith. He might have saved him with a word, but he refused it, and even became the active instrument in Danton's destruction. No wonder a voice was heard to exclaim in that last frantic struggle of Robespierre for a hearing and for life, when an agony of fear and rage stifled the word that terror sought to utter, "*The blood of Danton chokes him!*"

The death of Danton left Robespierre the first man in the republic. And now having centered in his own hands the supreme authority, he became ambitious of giving a creed and a new religious system to France. In addition to the functions of a statesman and a lawgiver, he took upon himself those of a prophet. His own religion, if indeed he had any, was Deism. His moral as well as political opinions were drawn from the philosophy of Rousseau. "If God did not exist," said he, "it would behove men to invent him." He felt the necessity of some religious system to the stability of the republic, and had never for a moment sympathized with that wretched faction of the commune, who established upon the ruins of the Christian church the worship of reason in France, and wished, in the nervous language of St. Just, "to transform liberty into a prostitute."

The miserable leaders of this faction, Chaumette, Hebert, Mornaw, and Anacharsis Clootz, had been brought to the scaffold about the time of the execution of Danton. They were the preachers of anarchy—the apostles of the worship of reason—the men who opened the church of Notre Dame to the sacrilegious mummeries of atheism—who elevated a prostitute upon its altar, and amid their profane trophes and heathen ceremonies, bowed down in impious homage before this "Goddess of Reason." Robespierre, though disgusted at these indecent scenes, awaited in silence a reaction in the popular sentiment. That moment had now come. Public opinion soon condemned the new worship. The churches had long since been closed against the "Goddess of Reason" and her besotted votaries. And now this man of

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austere virtue, set himself to work to strike down the atheist, the debauchee, the corruptors of the public morals, and to promulgate a new religious system congenial to his own ideas of virtue and democracy. This was the last as well as the greatest labor of this extraordinary man. As reporter of the committee, he took upon himself the duty of presenting his system to the Convention and the people. His speech upon the occasion was one of the most elaborate and carefully composed discourses that he ever delivered. There was in it much of extravagance, of his habitual declammation, and popular flattery, yet the composition of parts of it was brilliant, the language chaste and elegant, and in certain passages the ideas were elevated and noble.

This religious system which Robespierre caused to be established among the French people amid imposing civic ceremonies, at which he officiated as high Priest in the character of President of the Convention, is undeserving of comment, and even as a philosophical system is beneath criticism. The Republic undertook by a legislative decree, to acknowledge the existence of the Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul. The feast of the *Etre Supreme* was ordered, and Robespierre's religious system was substituted for the worship of the Goddess of Reason. Sad commentary this upon the weakness, the folly, the vain pride of human reason! The Deism of the Convention was but a shade better than the Atheism of the commune. Robespierre, with his theory of virtue and natural religion, was in truth but a degree removed from Chaumette and Hebert; and there was some sense in the tart sarcasm of Billaud Varennes, when he gruffly answered Robespierre, who was complaining of the indignities he had received while presiding at the ceremonies—"You begin to disgust me with your *Etre Supreme.*"

Robespierre acted a most unwise part in arrogating to himself so conspicuous a place in this impious festival. It excited against him the actual hostility of those of his colleagues who hated as well as feared him, but who had never yet dared manifest their opposition; such were Collot, Billaud, and Barrere; Couthon and St. Just remained faithfully attached to him to the last.

A few days only elapsed after the feast of the *Etre Suprême* before the first open rupture took place in the committee. It arose upon the question of prosecuting a crazy enthusiast named Catharine Theot, a warm admirer of Robespierre, and supposed to be under his especial protection. Supported alone by Couthon, St. Just being absent on a mission to the army, Robespierre vehemently opposed this prosecution, which he saw his colleagues meant to use as a weapon against himself. The quarrel grew warm, and the committee was forced to retire to another room in order that its deliberations might not be overheard. Robespierre, obliged to listen to the most insulting and abusive language, was at length overcome. The prosecution was resolved upon, and he retired from the committee room, it is said, weeping with rage. It was the last time he ever entered it for the purpose of deliberating with his colleagues.

Here properly closes the political life of this extraordinary man. Henceforth he took no part in the government. His influence upon the revolution was at an end, and the destinies of the republic passed into other hands. The six weeks that intervened between his retirement from public affairs and his death, brought no cessation to the Reign of Terror. The victims of the revolutionary tribunal daily increased. Never had the public executions been so numerous. The guillotine was removed from the Place de la Revolution to the Barriere du Trone, in an obscure quarter of Paris, and each

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day added frightfully to the bloody labors of the executioner. It might be inferred from this that Robespierre's presence upon the committee had served to restrain rather than to stimulate the action of his colleagues. At all events, it is but fair to draw from this isolated fact the conclusion that they have strangely erred who lay to his charge the whole catalogue of crimes which darken the annals of the revolution. Had this charge been true, his withdrawal from the committee would at once have put a stop to the public executions as effectually as did the change of administration occasioned by his death; for during the six weeks of his retirement he not only had no control over, but was utterly without any influence upon the deliberations of the committee.

Meanwhile the clouds were gathering thick upon his path; he was walking in darkness and alone. Like the fabled enchanter, he stood aghast at the work of his own hands—trembling at the storm his own incantations had raised, without possessing the art or the power to allay it. Deep schemes, far-reaching, craftily planned, were revolving through his busy brain—to purge the convention—even the committees—of their mal-contents, and to concentrate the powers of government in his own hands. The destruction of his enemies was now no longer a question of state policy, but of life and death to him; there they stood full in his path in open defiance, and either their heads or his must roll from the guillotine. Soon it began to be whispered that Robespierre had marked out many members of the Convention for destruction, and lists of their names were secretly handed about from one to another. Despair at length armed these men to resist the tyrant. They prepared for the final struggle which was to come off on the floor of the Convention, and both parties staked their lives upon the issue.

Robespierre, it is said, at first hesitated whether to commence the contest with his enemies or fly. On the 8th of Thermidor he repaired to the Convention, and spoke at great length from the tribune a discourse which he had carefully prepared for the occasion; but the chilling reception he met with from that body seemed to indicate that at last the magic wand he had so long wielded was broken. Instead of bearing boldly up, he quailed before the storm he saw arising, and from that moment he was lost. The time had come for him to act; it found him merely a man of words and empty declamation. Had he possessed a little of Danton's unflinching nerve and dauntless resolution, he might have yet terrified that Convention into submission; but instead of hurling defiance at his enemies, he hesitated, he wavered, he fell.

That last striking terrific scene which the Convention disclosed on the ninth of Thermidor, (July 27th,) we shall not attempt to portray. It was the last day of the Reign of Terror, the last but one of Robespierre's life. There stood the accused, in the bosom of that slavish Convention, which he had ruled with the rod of iron, and there, seated all around on the right, the mountain and the plain, sat his unpitying, his ruthless accusers. Half-frantic, with livid cheek and quivering limbs, he springs upon the steps of the tribune, and with the agonizing cry of a drowning man, begs leave to speak. On every side of him arises the stern, merciless, unpitying cry, "down! down with the tyrant!" The cold drops stand out like rain upon his forehead; his eyes grew wild with maniac excitement. Again and again with frantic gestures he mounts the steps of the bureau—he grasps with convulsive energy the railing of the tribune—he turns from his companions of the mountain and addresses the men of the centre. "It is to you, men of purity and patriotism, that I address myself, and not to these brigands"—a

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pause—a death-like silence—and then the stunning response, "*Down with the tyrant!*" Surely retributive justice had at last overtaken this man. He had refused to hear Vergniaud, Guadet, Barbaroux, from that tribune; he had even struck Danton down, by denying him liberty of speech to defend his life; and now, when with the energy of despair, he is craving a last hearing, the bell of President Thuriot drowns his voice, and his prayer is lost in the wild uproar which shook that storm-rocked Convention.

We will not follow Robespierre from this closing scene in the Convention to the scaffold. The events that crowded thick upon each other during the last twenty-four hours of his life were melo-dramatic in the extreme—the arrest—the rescue—the insurrection in the Place de Greve—the troops of the Convention debouching from the gardens of the Tuilleries at midnight, and the drunken Henriot planting his cannon against the Convention in defence of Robespierre—the final dispersion of the insurgents without a blow, and the recapture of the outlaw, his jaw horribly mangled with a pistol shot, either from his own hands or from the hands of one of the troops of the Convention.

One last and saddest scene remains—the closing scene in the life of the unhappy disciple of Rousseau—a terrible, a heart-sickening scene, and one whose moral will not soon be lost upon mankind.

In a little room adjoining the hall of the Convention, stretched out upon a table, his head resting upon some pieces of pasteboard, lay the crushed and humbled Robespierre. The blood was fast oozing from his wound, and he was endeavoring to staunch it with a pistol sheath which he still held in his hand, and upon which was stamped the words, *au grande monarque.* The gray light of the morning streamed through the windows of the Tuilleries, falling full upon that ghastly form, as he lay there mute, sullen, humbled in pride, yet with stoic apathy listening to the execrations of the people who surrounded him. A surgeon appeared to dress his wounds; he arose calmly, seated himself in an arm-chair, and submitted to the painful operation without a murmur or a word. Once more stretched out upon the table, his countenance ghastly pale, his head bandaged, his muscles rigid, his dress clotted with blood, he lay nine hours, immoveable, speechless, yet nervously alive to everything that passed around him. Thence to the conciergerie—to Danton's cell—to Fouquier Tinville's judgment hall—to the guillotine!

It was a hot and sultry afternoon, the 10th of Thermidor, (July 28th,) 1794. The death tumbrils, laden with victims, were rolling onwards, not towards the Barriere du Trone, but once more towards the Place de la Revolution. Robespierre lay stretched upon the cart by the side of Couthon, his colleague upon the committee of welfare. His eyes were closed and his face deadly pale; but though stunned, he was neither deaf nor insensible. What a death was that to die! Fierce and relentless, as the cry of vengeance rang out on every side, were the frantic shouts of that same rabble, which had applauded him at the Jacobins, and were now impatient to witness the head of the once popular idol fall from the guillotine. Slowly rolled round the wheels of the tumbrils which bore the victoms on—through the Rue St. Honore—past the very house where he had lived—and around them danced groups of squalid women, and on the outskirts of the crowd hovered many relatives of the victims who had been immolated in the Reign of Terror. All were anxious to catch a glimpse of the fallen tyrant. The glittering sabres of the gend'armes pointed to the spot where he lay, mute and powerless. Suddenly, shrill and clear, above the din and tumult of the crowd, arose the voice of a woman; with frantic gestures she sprang toward the death carts,

and clinging to the side of the one which carried Robespierre, she screamed in his ear in tones of almost fiendish exultation, "Murderer of all my kindred, descend to hell, covered with the curses of every mother in France!" During this hour of agony and torture not a murmur, not a word, escaped him—he was suffering *his* martyrdom for the faith by which he had lived and for which he died, and who shall say that in the proud endurance of that suffering there was no heroism displayed! Only for a moment did physical pain conquer that stoic indifference and iron resolution. It was when his turn came to mount the scaffold. The executioner tore the bloody bandage from his face, his shattered jaw fell upon his breast, and a deep agonizing groan from the victim sent a chill through every heart. It was his last exclamation. The axe fell, and the echo of his death cry of agony was lost in the thunder tones of acclamation which resounded through the Place de la Revolution. A poor man approached his lifeless corpse, and pointing at it with his finger, exclaimed, "Yes, Robespierre, there is a God!"

So died Maximilien Robespierre. "O, unhappy advocate of Arras, wert thou worse than other advocates? Stricter man according to his Formula, to his Credo and his Cant, of probities, benevolences, pleasures-of-virtue, and such like, lived not in that age." So speaks Carlyle of him. His poor landlord, the cabinet-maker in the Rue Saint Honoré, loved him; his brother died for him. May God be merciful to him and us. Who, then, shall say that his was a character of unmingled evil; that it was softened by none of those virtues which ennoble humanity; that no glimpses of a better nature ever lit up that dark and unfathomable heart? A single passage from the pen of that friendly biographer, to whom we have more than once alluded in this sketch, gives us a view of Robespierre, in his private and social relations, far different from what his public career discloses. It is the passage in which he speaks of the impression which the society of Robespierre had left upon the mind of one with whom he was intimately associated—the sister of the woman to whom he was betrothed. "This young lady," says Lamartine, "has survived for more than half a century, since that period, without having once recanted her entire devotion to Robespierre, and without having comprehended the maledictions of the world against this brother of her youth, who appears still to her memory so pure, so virtuous, so gentle!"

We repeat, in conclusion, that history, which has nailed him to the pillory of the world's scorn, for the crimes of others as well as his own, has not yet meted out to him impartial justice. It has portrayed him as an unnatural monster, not as a man with human passions of good and evil. We have endeavored to show that he was a stern zealot and a fanatic rather than a systematic hypocrite. He had a sincerity and a faith in him, such as it was. He believed in the people, in human reason, in virtue. By this belief his actions were guided; from it sprang even his errors and his crimes; he lived in it, and he died for it. It is not true, as has been related of him, that he had amassed a fortune by the revolution, and was seeking means to enjoy it, by retiring from public life. We have the authority of Napoleon for saying, that he died not worth a sou. Three little rouleaus of twelve francs each were found in his desk at the time of his death. They were the remains of his monthly pay of 360 francs, as a member of the committee of public welfare, and constituted his whole fortune.

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AMERICAN HISTORY.*

We have the testimony of Lord Bacon, that "Histories make men wise." When we are able to judge between true and false history, this declaration of the great philosopher needs no qualification. Many books, purporting to be history, are mere lifeless masses of dates and events which seem especially calculated to stupify. Histories, free from errors of narration, from the bias of party feeling, from the prejudice of sectarianism, from the blindness of national vanity, are rare. Those which give us any real idea of the living spirit of past ages—of the social life of the people, of the nature of the government, of national as well as individual habits of thought, of the moral culture of the governors and the governed, of the causes that lead either to the growth or decay of empires,—in fine, of all those strings which go to make up individual, social, national existence,—are rarer still. Historians thus far have devoted their greatest energy to descriptions of the stirring events of revolutions, and to narrations of national conflicts. We have many histories of nations at war, but few of nations in times of peace. Few historians, in narrating human events, have taken any pains to show us the progress of the human mind. If we except the attempts of Guizot, there scarcely exists such a thing as philosophy of history. If the "wisest of mankind" had said that histories are written to make fools of men, he would have spoken almost as truly.

This work of Mr. Goodrich has been some time promised. It is a neatly printed, elegantly bound volume of about nine hundred pages. In these days of cheap publications, we are glad to see a book, the external appearance of which entitles it to civil treatment, at least till we have examined the contents It is a history of the Western Continent, from its discovery to the present time. The "more than three hundred engravings" with which it is "illustrated," may be interesting to some. In spite of the conviction at almost every page, that it is little more than a compilation, we have read it with much interest. Those who have not time to read Bancroft's, Prescott's, and the histories of many others who have separately written of different portions of America during particular periods of time, will find it in many respects valuable. The size of the book, when we take into account the variety and extent of subjects treated, can by no means be a serious objection. It will be to many a new source of historical information; yet, when we consider its great want of originality, we cannot regard it as a very great addition to our historical literature. We have many thanks for the author's industry, though we have no very high respect for his ability as a historian. The book is well arranged for reference; its general accuracy may be relied upon; still, the writer is but little animated with the grandest of all historical subjects.

The style is very simple. It is neither terse nor flowing. It is nowhere very animated; often quite tame. It has none of the strength of Bancroft's style—none of the splendor of Prescott's. Mr. Goodrich, however, nar-

* A Pictorial History of America; embracing both the Northern and Southern Portions of the New World. By S. G. Goodrich. Illustrated with more than three hundred engravings. Hartford: Published by House & Brown. 1848.

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rates with great perspicuity. Whatever he relates, he makes perfectly clear. We are never troubled to understand him, either from obscurity or depth of thought. He cannot claim any of the highest qualities of a philosophical historian, although he has many of the most valuable ones of a compiler,—industry in the examination of authorities, much prudence in avoiding controverted points, and no small degree of skill in selecting what is really interesting. His work cannot be considered a single history, but rather a number of histories bound in the same volume. The relation of the different parts is none too clear. To trace the causes which have produced the great civil and political difference between the northern and southern portions of America, seems to have been entirely foreign from his purpose. He has not sufficiently regarded the influence which the English revolution had on the American colonists. From his allusions, he seems to have forgotten the splendor of the Spanish nation during the reign of Philip II.

Although each separate part of American history may have been written perhaps better, yet we have in Mr. Goodrich's book a uniform picture of the Western Continent, which enables us to judge better of the comparative condition of its northern and southern portions. His want of imagination has led him to speak of the adventures of Cortes and Pizarro with as little enthusiasm as of the landing of the Dutch in Brazil; of the romantic history of the Incas, as coolly as of the length of a river or height of a mountain; of the landing of the Pilgrims, as tamely as of Rolfe's marriage with Pocahontas; still, the whole story is uniformly told by a single person, so that we may compare the two portions of the continent with better hope of success.

Whoever desires to learn, on the one hand, those causes which are sure to degrade and enslave a people, or, on the other, those which have a tendency to elevate and make a nation free, should study well the history of the Anglo-American and Spanish-American population. To ascertain the causes which have produced the great difference between the two races, will be the reward of a most interesting historical study. The prosperity of one class is as wonderful as the adversity of the other. A course of most curious events has favored the healthy growth of freedom among the Anglo-Americans. A course of equally curious events has brought upon the Spanish-Americans nearly every civil and political calamity.

The Spanish-American republics, if indeed republics they may be called, are in a state of political anarchy. They are most wretchedly governed. They have only a vague idea of freedom. None of them has succeeded in practically establishing a free government. As colonies, they separated from Spain, because the parent state was too weak to rule an infant. At one time, they are dupes of blind leaders; at another, slaves of wily despots. They were dazzled by the military genius of Bolivar, who in the end sought to establish a dictatorship. They have tamely yielded, in another place, to the most despotic rule of Dr. Françia. The condition of a people could scarcely be worse. The worst political despotism in Europe would be indeed better than their nominal republicanism.

Their moral condition is as bad as their political. Real Christianity is almost unheard of among them. Their religion is Catholic, of which they would seem to know little more than the external form, however valuable it might be. They are as benighted in this respect as the Spaniards were in the seventeenth century, when all the rest of Europe was feeling the influence of the Reformation. The entire want of established moral character

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among the people, is a result which might be expected from a mere nominal Christianity. Errors which have grown into their mental constitution, they seem no more able to put aside than parts of their physical organization. Their political anarchy has a tendency to choke the growth of vital Christianity. The hand of oppression is removed from them, because the arm of the oppressor is unnerved. They know not what to do. They look like men standing in darkness, bleared by the sudden appearance of light into which they dare not go.

The people are also almost entirely destitute of intellectual culture. Institutions of learning scarcely exist among them. Education of the youth is almost entirely neglected. Hunting-dogs are more numerous than books. The press, for the most part, is under the control of those whose interest it is to keep the people in ignorance. If any more bold and just than the rest undertake to advocate the people's rights, they are rewarded by the assassin's dagger. It is entirely useless to talk about establishing a free government among ignorant men. They understand neither their duties nor their privileges. They are haunted with bewitching day dreams of glory, while they are veered about by every wind that blows.

The Spanish-American population are in triple darkness,—in political, moral, and intellectual night. If the people had the means of becoming educated, they would in time overcome their other difficulties. Men in intellectual darkness can be neither Christianized nor civilized. In the Spanish-American states, political disorganization and religious superstition prevent the people from receiving intellectual light. Their ignorance prevents them from bettering their political condition, or seeking much practical good from the existing form of religion. Such being the case, we cannot expect that they will make much progress towards enlightened government, until they are roused from their lethargy by some foreign influence.

As a natural result from these causes, the people lack energy and enterprise. Their territory is exhaustless in physical resources; the soil is fertile; the climate, for the most part, is good; but they neglect the true sources of national prosperity. The indolent people prefer hunting to tilling the earth. When we consider their natural advantages, they can hardly be said to have any commerce. They have a coast extending from the Gulf of Mexico to the Gulf of California. Ports are numerous and safe. No position could be more favorable for commerce to every part of the world. Their rivers afford every facility for internal commerce. The Amazon, with its tributaries, has 50,000 miles of navigable waters—10,000 more than the Missouri; the La Plata has 20,000; the Oronoco has 8,000. No part of the globe has such facilities for internal navigation. All these advantages are neglected. The people, possessing the most inexhaustible sources of wealth, are pitiably poor.

While this is the condition of the Spanish-American states, the prosperity of our country is unexampled. Our government is better than all others adapted to the wants of a free people. The people are living under the government, happy, prosperous, contented. They are industrious, moral, and intelligent. Christianity has a strong hold on their hearts. There are more institutions of learning in our country than in any other of equal population. Freedom of the press is enjoyed. More newspapers are printed and circulated among us than in all the rest of the world. The activity of our people is unsurpassed. The soil is made to yield its fruits in the richest abundance. Our manufactures vie with those of Europe.

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Our lakes, rivers and coasts are teeming with busy commercial life. Our sails whiten every sea. Our flag is respected in every part of the globe. American energy and enterprise are without a parallel. There is scarcely a spot upon the earth which does not bear proof of our people's industry. Improvements in every art show the superior skill of our operators. The steam palaces which float upon our waters, the railroads that intersect every part of the country, the telegraphic lines that bring in close proximity the confines of the Republic, are proofs of the inventive genius and the practical talent of the Anglo-American race. All these things combined, constitutes the most admirable character of our people, establishes the great glory of our institutions, and makes our nation envied by the world.

The inquiry for the causes of this difference is a subject of great interest. It concerns alike the statesman, the historian, the literary man. By diligent study we shall be able to find the sources of uneasiness in those collective bodies, which in all ages have been called governments. We shall be able to see something of those grotesque figures, sometimes fattened to lazy corpulence; oftener starved to haggard leanness; now gorged with blood; in turn mangled and bleeding; rarely inflated with success; often humbled, meditating inquisitions, star-chambers, and death; every now and then treading out the life of the people with huge iron heels; in the lapse of centuries laying their own brawny necks down for the infuriated people, madly to play at the sport of the *guillotine;* many times blindly storming in the midst of chaotic confusion; once in the course of ages smiling upon the people in acknowledgment of man's native independence.

It is necessary for us, in the first place, to inquire *what was the difference in the character of the nations from which adventurers went to the New World.* In the next place, we must look for the *causes in the countries settled, which had a tendency to produce so great a diversity.*

Colonies usually retain the characteristics of the nations from which they spring. The Spanish character is still seen in the Spanish-American. The weak government of Spain has transmitted many of its worst constitutional diseases to the Spanish-American states. On the other hand, the settlers in North America carried with them the English character. The constitution, which has been the glory of the English people, lives a new and more perfect life in our political institutions. This was the original cause of difference. Many causes in the New World have operated to make this difference great as possible.'

To the genius of Columbus must be attributed the discovery of the Western continent. No nation can rightly lay claim to the honor of having extended patronage. The discoverer obtained the most pitiable supply for a voyage of discovery, only after being repulsed again and again. His success was not owing to the efforts of the Spanish government. With scarcely a single friend to second his proposals, he prevailed against the opposition of silly prelates and ignorant courtiers. Although he was received with much applause at Barcelona, after his discovery of the New World, yet his splendid success only roused the hatred and jealousy of the Spaniards. After four voyages of discovery, he was at last entirely neglected. The death of Isabella, who had patronized and protected him, deprived him of his last resource. Overwhelmed with calamities, disgusted with the ingratitude of those whom he had faithfully and successfully served, declining in age, and broken in heart, he lingered a few years longer in poverty and neglect, making from time to time a fruitless appeal to the honor and justice of those who had given him "*chains for a crown, a prison for a world,*"

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and finally closed his life at Valladolid, May 20th, 1506, in the 59th year of his age."

The discovery of Columbus added a half to the world. A new field of enterprise was open to Europe. Every nation was alive. Adventurers flocked to almost every capital for patronage. Kings were proud to give their support. But of all European nations, Spain and England did most towards colonization. All the southern portions of America fell into the hands of the Spaniards. Great Britain contended to get possession of the greater part of North America. France indeed displayed her usual activity, but her jealous British neighbors were equally busy, better supplied with ships, and more determined to gain the ascendancy.

When Columbus discovered America, the government of Spain, though more efficient than it has been for a century past, was still feeble enough. The successors of Ferdinand were in many respects ignorant, jealous, selfish. Columbus was feared and neglected. They felt towards him as the Carthaginian rulers did towards Hannibel, when they thought him on the eve of conquering Rome. Nothing could exceed the blindness of their jealousy, the madness of their injustice, the stupidity of their general policy.

The Spanish people were exceedingly superstitious. They were then, and have continued to be, devoted to the Catholic form of worship, but have not, like other nations, received from it any vital principle. The influence of the Reformation was felt everywhere in Europe, except in Spain. The Spaniards only clung the tighter to their cherished idols. They venerated St. Dominic more and more. The nobles were slaves of bigotry. The masses were blind with ignorance. Those who went to the Western continent took with them the same character. They adhered to the form, and retained the name of the Catholic religion, nevertheless they were the worst of mankind. They were wild adventurers whom the jealousy of the government at home could not deter. To the rights of the natives of the New-Hemisphere they did not pay the slightest regard. When self-interest interfered they had no respect for one another. Destitute of moral purpose, they had no principles to establish. They only sought something to promote their own interests—to make a fortune, or to retrieve a sunken one. The natives were commanded to adopt their religion, to supply them with provisions, to bring them gold. Death was the penalty for refusal or inability to comply. Demoniac joy pervaded the breasts of the Spaniards, while firing cannon among those who were kneeling to worship the great spirit whose voice they supposed they heard. Females were the victims of unrestrained and most brutal lust.

The character of the British people was essentially different from that of the Spanish. They were by far the best governed of any people in Europe. They possessed, when compared with others, a good degree of intelligence and freedom. Before their attention had been turned towards the west, Comines, who had seen much of European governments, said of the English people; "*Or selon mon entre toutes les seigneuries du monde, dont j'ay connaissance, ou la chose publique est mieux traitée, et ou regne moins de violence sur le peuple, et ou il n'y a nuls edifices abbatus n'y demolis pour guerre, c'est Angleterre; et tombe le sort et le malheur sur ceux qui font la guerre.*" They had from time to time, after obtaining the Magna Charta, tasted somewhat of national liberty, and most manfully resisted when the kings ventured to revive systems of continental oppression. In England, too, the fruits of the Reformation were more abundant than in any other nation. Henry the Eighth gave his people an example of resisting oppression. The fire of Puritanism, while the enemies of freedom

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were endeavoring to smother it, broke out with a clear blaze in the revolution of Cromwell. Those who went to the New World, only sought an asylum from political oppression—from religious persecution. They were not lured away by promise of fortune. The natives they sought neither to oppress nor to destroy. They only sought a place where to declare themselves men, and where it should not be accounted treason to worship God according to the dictates of conscience—should not subject them to the accusation of heresy.

These were the original causes of difference. Spain was in the worst condition of any of the European kingdoms. The Spanish people were most ignorant, most bigoted, most oppressed. England was the best governed nation in Europe. The English people were most intelligent, most liberal, most free. The worst of the Spaniards were adventurers to the new continent. The purest and best of the English sought a retreat in the wilderness of North America. Although the government at home was *comparatively* best, yet despotism in any form was more than they could bear.

The Spaniards for the most part were attracted by love of gold, and by fondness for adventure. The daring and unprincipled ventured on enterprises the most hazardous. The leaders were reckless, their followers were prepared for any fortune. Their conquests in America are without parallel for wanton cruelty. The simple, terrified natives were massacred by millions. The Spaniards rushed on from slaughter to slaughter, with the hot haste of infuriated demons. Beasts and birds of prey followed in their train, feasting on the bodies of the dead. More than half of the inhabitants of the West Indies in a short time were the victims of remorseless invaders.—Cortes, notwithstanding the jealousy of his countrymen, rushed on with startling rapidity to the conquest of Mexico. Not even the "night of blood," when the subjects of Montezuma fought with the desperation of men who feared the loss of their homes, their wives, and their children, could dishearten him. His jealous countrymen at length rewarded him for his splendid achievements, with disgrace. We next see Balboa rushing on to the Pacific Ocean, and hear him exclaiming, "Spectators of both hemispheres, I call you to witness that I take possession of this part of the universe for the crown of Castile. My sword shall defend what my arm hath given to it." The Peruvian empire was overcome by the Pizarros. Cities were detroyed, temples were despoiled, the peaceful inhabitants were put to the sword. The simple Inca was the victim of the infamous Valverde. Immense quantities of gold were obtained, by means which even pirates rarely employ. The Peruvian monarch was butchered after paying an incredible ransom. One passion, of all others the most absorbing, had taken possession of the hearts of the Spaniards—thirst for gold. Every danger was braved, every hardship endured, every cruelty practised, to get possession of the immense treasures of the natives.

Contrast with this the Pilgrims' landing in New-England. They were seeking a place where they might enjoy the natural rights given by God to man. They would no longer bear the oppressor's wrongs, the proud man's contumely? They were sincere and in earnest, hence heroic, and God's truth was in their hearts. Willing to die for their principles, no terrors could frighten, no threats intimidate, no hardships dishearten, no privations overcome them. For their eyes, the light of heaven had a brighter radiance than gold. Morning and night found them bowed in prayer. They were only desirous of laying up treasures in heaven. They sought not glory, but freedom to worship God. For this purpose, the re-

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finements of civilized life, the endearments of home, were left for the wilderness of an unknown world.

The climate and productions of the country were against the Spanish-Americans. They were exposed to every temptation which it could not be expected undisciplined men would be able to resist. There is no telling what effect the South American gold might have had, even on the Puritans. Some small quantities which were found, show what effect gold had on the settlers in Virginia. The Spaniards were never checked by the inclemency of the season. They were protected by the mildness of a tropical climate. They despoiled the natives to procure means for subsistence. They were neither chastened by want, nor restrained by severe and protracted toil. Destitute of every virtue, save the dazzling one of chivalry, they were stimulated by external objects to every excess.

On the other hand, though seemingly adverse, everything was in favor of the northern colonists. The climate was severe; the soil comparatively unproductive; no valuable mines were found. They were obliged to clear away the heavy forests, and cultivate the earth, in order to procure subsistence. Thus they were trained to industry, and inured to hardship. Want compelled them to practice the most rigid economy. Necessity bound them more closely to one another. Misfortune taught them not to forget their dependence upon heaven. Possessed of almost every virtue, save that of toleration, they were preserved by the very obstacles which they were obliged to overcome. It is with nations as with individuals; success and prosperity in the end are the results of failure and adversity in the beginning. No trials, if they are bravely borne, can be too severe for the development of noble character.

The American Colonies were not without their effect upon the the parent states, which in turn affected again the colonies.

Spain was enriched and grew rapiply into power. Philip the Second was one of the most splendid monarchs that ever sat upon a throne: His dominions almost encircled the earth. His authority extended from the western ocean to the Philipines. Nearly all southern and south-western Europe acknowledged his sway. He had the largest standing army in Europe. His income much exceeded that of any monarch of his time. His fleet was the most powerful in the world, and rode triumphant in every sea. He was master both on land and sea. The Spanish of that time excelled all European nations in diplomacy, in war, in letters. Conquering Italy they imbibed the literery spirit of a most refined people. The Italians in being conquered, conquered the Spaniards, as the Greeks conquered the Romans. In Spanish history, Garcilasso de Vega, Hutardo de Mendoza, Alonzo de Ercilla, Boscan, Cervantes, Lope, Ximines, Alva, and Gondomar, with Philip in the centre, form a group scarcely surpassed in splendor by that of Elizabeth surrounded by Essex, Oxford, Sidney, Raleigh, Sackville, Walsingham, Shakspeare, and Bacon in English history.

All the magnificense of the king and his court was maintained by the gold and silver from the mines of the west. The treasures of the western continent produced expensive habits in Spain. Waste of treasures in Spain made a constant demand for more, which must be supplied from the mines that first gave rise to the same demand. To the cultivation of the soil, the only permanent source of prosperity, they gave but little attention. Commerce, next in importance to agriculture, save the exchange of Spanish goods for gold and siver, was entirely neglected in the colonies.

Periods of great national prosperity are usually followed by those of great national adversity. As a distinguished military man has said that gaining a

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battle is to be dreaded next to loosing a battle, so nothing, except sudden national calamity, is to be feared more than sudden national aggrandisement. Imbecile rulers soon brougt upon Spain most fearful evils. The way in which Mr. Goodrich accounts for the decay of the Spanish monarchy does not altogether satisfy us. "A sudden and enormous influx of wealth," he says, "must ever bring pernicious consequences in its train, by overturning all sober plans of industry, and breeding a taste for whatever is wild, extravagant and daring in business and action." If the influx of national wealth continues there is little danger of national poverty. The produce of the mines continued to be greater and greater down to the eighteenth century. The cause of their calamity would only be owing to the weak government. At the treaty of Utrecht the trade of Peru was opened to the French. The merchants of St. Malo having been granted the privilege by Louis Fourteenth, soon flooded Spanish America with European commodities. At the same treaty the horid privilege of the *asiento*, and that of annually sending a ship of five hundred tons to the fair of Porto Bello was granted to England. The British South Sea Company bribed the inspectors of the fair and clandestinely landed and sold large quantities of goods. Foreigners thus obtained the trade of the Spanish colonies. Notwithstanding the *guarda costas* Seville and Cadis lost their mercantile glory. A fifth on silver was nearly all that was left to impoverished Spain. Laws to prohibit the exportation of specie were enacted to no purpose. Copper was raised to nearly the value of silver, but the national treasury was still empty. The literary splendor of Spain died with Calderon, and the wretched condition of the parent state brought fresh misfortunes upon her colonies. The court of Madrid was more interested in the shameless squabbles and intrigues of the Queen Dowager and Cardinal Porto Carrero, than in the prosperity of the nation. In the war of the succession, Spain was wasted to the very embers, and the colonies left to the mercies of rapacious governors.

The British colonies, on the contrary, at first promised to be only a burden to the mother-country. They were consequently neglected. England rarely interfered, except when her colonies were in danger of falling into the hands of a foreign nation. The growth of virtue was healthy and vigorous among the colonists, who were uncorrupted by lawless adventurers from the old world. The country had not sufficient attractions for those who had no other objects than ambition and self-interest. The people attained manly strength of character, while left to overcome every difficulty alone. Thus, in early youth was laid the foundation of a healthy, vigorous, national constitution.

The asylum which was opened in America for the persecuted and oppressed, had a tendency to embolden those who were the champions of political and religious freedom in England. In the last extremity, they could flee to the far west. This increased opposition to tyranny, kept England busy elsewhere, while the American colonists were left to inhale freedom with the mountain air of the new world, to imbibe a deeper reverance for the holy, the pure, the just, the good, amid the solitudes of an unexplored continent.

We are most forcibly struck by the difference in the intellectual condition of the Spanish and English colonists. The mental condition of the Spanish-Americans could be expressed in one significant word,—ignorance. The leaders were brave, but never had received the humanizing influence of intellectual culture. The Jesuits, indeed, were the only ones who did anything for the cause of education. Their influence is proof positive that peaceful means would have been far more effective for gaining permanent ascendancy

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over the natives than the practical system of wholesale butchery. Had the Jesuits been undisturbed, the Spanish-Americans would at this day be enjoying a much higher degree of civilization. Their intellectual darkness contributed no small share towards producing their awful moral obliquity. Ignorant, accustomed to shedding blood, they came at length to regard murder itself as no great crime, if not indeed as sanctioned by heaven. The Buccaneers, who at one time controlled almost half of the western continent, were accustomed to return thanks to heaven after success in robbery and slaughter.

The condition of the English colonists was wholly the reverse. Although Smith declares that most of those who settled in Virginia were ignorant, yet the leading men and governors were educated. In New-England, at the very first, schools were established, institutions of learning were founded. The Pilgrims, themselves cultivated, turned their attention at once to the cause of education. Thus was laid the foundation of that intellectual character for which the people of New-England have ever been pre-eminently distinguished. Early as 1680, a traveller remarked, that many men in Boston had made fortunes as booksellers. The early theological writers of New-England have a reputation wide as the extent of Protestant Christianity. Cotton Mather, Hooker, John Cotton, and other names, are familiar after the lapse of about two centuries.

Another great cause of difference may be found in the manner in which the colonies were governed. The selfish, avaricious system of government in the Spanish colonies was without parallel. The viceroys, who were the principal rulers, were rapacious as those Roman governors who were allowed to enrich themselves by despoiling the provinces over which they were appointed. Their term of office being short, lest they might at length become too powerful, they went at their plunder with no lack of haste. Their magnificent style of living was equal to that at the court of Madrid. Their authority bore no semblance of having been delegated, but was in reality supreme. All Spanish-America was divided, at first into two, afterwards into four governments. By this arrangement, many of the people were far away from the reach of all authority, all justice. Petty magistrates oppressed those who were unable to bear the expense of a journey to the seat of government in order to obtain redress. Many lived in constant violation of the law, while the rulers did not regard the most obvious rights of humanity. The people had no encouragement to become industrious, frugal, or virtuous. In addition to everything else, a tenth part of all the products of the soil was exacted to support an endless train of church dignitaries. The church had to be established with its deans, its bishops, its archbishops.

The reverse of this was the government of the English colonies. Self-protection gave the people habits of self-respect. They were left, for the most part, to govern themselves. Their laws were such as to encourage industry, promote the growth of virtue, and restrain every excess. Their severity was, no doubt, too great. We cannot even find an excuse for their brutal intolerance towards the Quakers, although those who bore that name then were not the peaceful, order-loving people who bear it now. Would to heaven the bloody page upon which are recorded the executions for witchcraft might be blotted from our history! May it ever be passed over in sad silence, more expressive of condemnation than severest speech. However posterity may regard it, better was it that our fathers should err on the side of too much severity than on that of too much indulgence. We

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of this age are sometimes guilty of an irreverent smile when reading some of their rigid laws. Walking on the Sabbath, "except reverently to and from church," even cooking, sweeping, and shaving, were prohibited. On that sacred day, mothers were not allowed to kiss their children. Kissing a woman in the streets, even with the purest intentions, and among relatives, was punished with flogging. Women were not allowed to cut their hair short, or let it hang about the face. Persons who wore clothing too costly for their income were fined. Although we may sometimes regard the Puritanism of our ancestors as quite too rigid, still it was the conservative principle which fitted them for establishing a free government.

The mixed population of the Spanish-American states have sometimes contended among themselves, and never were sufficiently united against the Spanish rule. Although they have all separated from the parent state, yet their struggles towards independence have been almost in vain. The vehement, robust, firm, passionate Tussac Amaru, after the slaughter of the Spaniards at the battle of Sangararo, assumed the crown in Peru. This was followed by the reckless adventures of Tomas Catari and Juan Apasa. The natives and the Spaniards waged a bloody war with alternate success. La Paz, Puno, Sorata, were scenes of unprecedented cruelties. The Indians were at length defeated, and their leaders put to death. Ubalde, a distinguished jurist of Cuzco, lost his life for his plots against the government, but predicted on the scaffold, that the days of the Spanish dominion were numbered. San Martin was successful for a season, but his departure was followed by disasters of the country. Bolivar, by his military success, established the republic of Bolivia. In the field, his talents, as a commander, were the best; but he lacked the best qualities of a statesman. The Bolivian constitution was introduced into Peru, but the people were still discontented The country has been distracted to this hour with insurrections, conspiracies and revolutions. The condition of the other states of South America, although their attempts at independence were earlier, has been even worse than that of Peru. Their struggle has been but little better than a sorry farce. The world has never seen a more cruel dictator than Françia. Mexico has fared but little better. The fickle multitude at one time were shouting, "Long live Iturbide, Augustin the First, Emperor of Mexico." In less than a year, his Imperial Majesty of Mexico and Anahuac abdicated his throne. Jove, in his anger, sent the croaking people, for a harmless beam, a living serpent. Santa Anna has been alternately at the head of government and in exile.

On the other hand our people, by a noble effort, achieved their entire independence, and established a government which will be a model for future republics which will grow out of the ruins of monarchies. The leaders were wise, sincere, disinterested, patriotic men. Washington was the first of military leaders. He governed without ambition the country which his arms had made free. He was the best of peaceful citizens. When he died, a nation mourned, and admiration was extorted even from the enemies of freedom. We may say of him as Plato said of Socrates, as Cicero with characteristic vanity said of himself,—to him home was dear, friends were dear, parents were dear, children were dear, but dearer than all things else was his country.

We have endeavoured to describe the difference in the condition of the Anglo-American and Spanish-American population, and to show the causes of it. We sometimes hear it said that climate is the principal cause; but in regard to this we must acknowledge ourselves to be somewhat skeptical.

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In civilization, the natives of South America were far in advance of those of North America. In history we do not find that the more northern nations have always been superior. A southern nation is not necessarily weak. A northern one is not necessarily powerful. The opposite extremes have been found in the same nations at different periods of time. The Carthagenians in the time of Hannibal were only equalled in power by the Romans. Political causes brought ruin upon the empire of Dido. Cyrus was one of the most powerful of monarchs, Sardanapalus and Laborosoarchod, in the same Asiatic region, were among the weakest. The Egyptians under Sesostris were the greatest conquerors the world had then seen, yet they are now the weakest of mankind. For ages the descendants of Pericles, Leonidas, Themistocles and Lysander, were slaves on the soil of freedom, in sight of Thermopylæ, Salamis, Platæa, and Marathon. The modern feeble Italians dwell in the same place in which dwelt the most energetic of mankind. The Paulists of the 17th century were hardy and energetic, notwithstanding the climate of Brazil, in the twenty-fourth degree of southern lattitude. If there are any causes of difference worthy of serious consideration which we have not mentioned, they are the early introduction of slaves into the Spanish colonies, and the extensive mingling of the Spaniards with the natives. But the first of these has not prevented us from becoming a free people, and the latter is but the result of causes which we have already given.

What is to be the destiny of the new world, is an inquiry which naturally suggests itself. That the population will be immense, there can be no doubt. The physical resources of the western continent are sufficiently great to support and even enrich an incredible number. "The western continent," says Mr. Goodrich, "although only half the size of the eastern, has at least quite an equal amount of useful soil. Two-thirds of the surface of the old world are unproductive, and much of the remaining soil is poor; while more than two-thirds of the new world are not only productive, but for the most part fertile to the highest degree." The navigable lakes and rivers of the western continent are greatly superior to those of the eastern. There is nothing wanting on the part of nature to make the nations of our hemisphere great and happy.

Whether the people of the new world are to enjoy political success, is a question of the deepest interest, which our limits will not allow us to discuss. We do not doubt that our nation will prosper, at least for a season. We believe the time will come, when, as De Tocqueville predicts, our republic will number one hundred and fifty millions. But whether that Persian epitome of the history of nations thus far—"they were born, they were wretched, they died,"—shall in the end be applied to our nation also, time alone can tell. It is quite certain that a new act in the great drama of man's existence upon this planet, has now commenced; but whether it will be one to make beholding angels weep, or one to give them joy, will be known only after decades of centuries have glided away. Whether there are to be at present any heroic ages, or many more unheroic, godless, utilitarian ages, we dare not now prediet. We cling fondly to the hope of future ages; for, as Carlyle says, "the ages differ greatly, even infinitely, from one another. Considerable tracts of Ages there have been, by far the majority indeed, wherein the men, unfortunate mortals, were a set of mimetic creatures, rather than men; without heart-insight as to this Universe, and its Heights and its Abysses; without conviction or belief of their own regarding it at all; who walked merely by hearsay, traditionary

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cants, black and white surplices, and inane confusions; whose whole Existence accordingly was a grimace,—nothing *original* in it, nothing genuine or sincere, but this only—their greediness of appetite and their faculty of digestion. Such unhappy ages, too numerous here below, the Genius of Mankind indignantly seizes, as disgraceful to the Family, and, with Rhodamanthine ruthlessness—annihilates; tumbles large masses of them swiftly into Eternal Night." No doubt many ages of the same kind will hereafter go the same way: but, since the human race is progressive, unheroic ages in the future must become fewer and fewer.

There is one thing of which we cannot be too often reminded, that we are in danger as a people of neglecting moral culture, while we employ every means for the development of intellect. We do not believe the saying of Solon, το πλεον κακον, "the multitude are wicked;" but moral principle, as Judge Story said, "is the crying want of our countrymen everywhere." Virtue alone will preserve our government. In vain are we told that bad men are powerless. Just as if, in the language of Macaulay, "history were not made up of the bad actions of extraordinary men; * * * * as if nine-tenths of the calamities which have befallen the human race had any other origin than the union of high intelligence with low desires." If we allow bad men to gain the ascendancy, our national existence may become almost a calamity. The words of Martial are as applicable to nations as to individuals:

Vita non est vivere, sed valere.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.

THE POET TO HIS LYRE.

They bid me sing; if e'er beneath the shade,
Upon thy strings in idle hours I've played,
Respond, a Latin song, and one that Rome
Shall not forget in years to come.

Since to the warlike Lesbian thou didst yield
Thy first born strains, who, in the tented field,
Or when his ocean-batter'd ship at last
To the moist strand he had made fast,

Of Bacchus and the Nine found time to sing,
Of Venus, and the boy that loves to cling
To her side ever, and of Lycus fair,
With raven eyes and raven hair,

O Lyre, thou pride of Phœbus, and delight
Of Jove's own banquets, thou who makest light
The heavy load of care, with accents sweet
Thy poet's invocation greet.

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PROPHECIES FOR THE PAST.

We have read somewhere, that the best proof of the immortality of the soul, was that universal craving for a knowledge of futurity, which in all ages has prevailed among the various families of the human race. We may not pause to consider whether that appetite be entitled to the honor of furnishing evidence of so exalted a nature; but we cannot question that it exists, nor that it has enabled the designing to practice upon the vulgar mind for evil ends more frequently than for good.

Prophecy, however, to say nothing of holy writ, is not always an unprincipled device to ensnare the credulous; under a certain aspect, it may be considered the most lofty employment of the human faculties. A deep knowledge of the past, and a careful observation of the present, have often enabled men to predict the future with wonderful accuracy. But for the occasional exercise of this species of rational divination, the aruspex and augur would soon have sunk into general contempt. And we read, that many individuals, without any pretensions to inspiration, have succeeded to a wonderful degree in foretelling occurrences of which no indications were apparent to the vulgar mind.

Many of the great men of antiquity certainly exercised this faculty of foresight to an astonishing degree. It was a distinguishing trait in the character of Themistocles, and one which secured for him the greatest influence over the chieftains of the allied Greeks. Solon possessed it prëeminently; and oftentimes did the lapse of ages justify the conclusions of his searching and sagacious genius. Cicero, himself the author of a treatise on Divination, is said to have displayed incredible prescience; and he appeals to his friend and correspondent, Atticus, to bear testimony to the truth of many of his predictions. No wonder; he lived at one of those troublous periods of political agitation, that furnished the readiest incitement and the best opportunities of development to the faculty of judging of the future from the past. No great convulsion of society is without its sure prognostics.—Revolutions closely resemble each other in their main features, and only differ in proportion as the causes which led to them may vary. Nay, a surprising similarity has often been noticed, even in their most minute details. The civil wars in France and England offer the most striking analogy, and their courses diverge only so far from the parallel as they were directed by circumstances, whose operation could have been appreciated at the time.—The same might be said of the great French Revolution, as compared with the "Great Rebellion." The unfortunate Louis XVI. was not slow to notice the similarity of the two epochs, and passed much of his time in reading the history of Charles I. His character bore no likeness to that of the haughty Stuart, and his utmost endeavor was to avoid imitating his conduct; but these points of difference were of no avail, because their tendency was opposed by counter-dissimilitudes in the elements of the strife; and the end of both princes proved the same.*

* A writer for Blackwood's Magazine, quoting from an ingenious French author, notices a great many striking analogies between the events of the Revolution of July and those of February, 1848. We copy at length this curious passage, which gives a clue to the feelings of Louis Philippe, when in his flight he exclaimed,—"*Comme Charles X.:*"—"In the elder branch of the Bourbons, the Duke de Berri, the son of Charles X.,

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A French author, struck with the ever recurring similitude of human events, composed a book on the startling principle, that "It would be possible to frame a table or chart in which all the given imaginable events of the history of a people would be reduced to a mathematical exactness." It is upon this principle that Coleridge was led to foresee the fall of Napoleon's empire, at the height of its prosperity. He searched the history of the past for precedents, and judged from analogies. "On every occurrence," says he, "I endeavored to discover in past history, the event that most nearly resembled it. I procured the cotemporary historians, memorialists and pampleteers. Then fairly subtracting the points of difference from those of likeness, as the balance favored the former or latter, I conjectured that the result would be the same or different."

Since the art of printing has given a character of durability to the opinions of men, we possess proofs that scarcely any occurrence of unusual magnitude has taken place in modern times that had not been clearly foretold. We deem it of infinite consequence to insist upon this truth, because it often happens that individuals of superior mind, either deceiving themselves, or purposely to impose upon others, choose to clothe their speculations on the future in mystic words, and claim the authority

espoused a foreign princess, and had by her a son, who was regarded as the heir to the throne: in the younger, the Duke of Orleans, the son of Louis Philippe I., likewise espoused a foreign princess, and had by her a son, likewise regarded as the eventful heir of the dynasty. The father of the Duke de Bordeaux was assassinated on the 13th of February, 1820; the father of the Count of Paris died by an accident on the 13th of July, 1842. In both the years preceding the fall of either monarch, the price of provisions was at an excessive height, the want was great, and the cold such that the Seine was frozen over—a circumstance which did not occur between the winters of 1829 and 1847. In both instances, the anti-liberal tendencies of the heads of the state, after most inviting promises, called forth from their best friends remonstrances upon the course they were pursuing, and warnings of an approaching crisis, which in both instances were rejected. In both instances, the last speech of the crown to the parliament assembled, contained words concerning the 'culpable manœuvres,' or 'blind inimical passions,' of the Opposition which created the discontent, and called forth the protest of several deputies, and the resolution to hold the famous banquet. The capture of the Dey of Algiers, and that of Abd-el-Kader, which immediately preceded each catastrophe, were both in vain considered as triumphs by the ministry of the day. The ordinances of July suspended the liberty of the press; an ordinance in February prohibited the banquet. In both cases these ordinances caused a commotion in the capital, and a species of presentiment of revolution on the Monday evening; on the following day the revolt broke out, and lasted during three days, commencing on the Tuesday, and terminating on the Thursday; and the power fell into the hands of the insurgents. The gendarmerie in the one case, the municipal guard—another name for the same corps—in the other, offered the chief defence of royalty, were overcome, and finally disbanded. Charles X. fell from his throne at the age of seventy-four, Louis Philippe at the same age; the one in July, the month in which the Duke of Orleans died—the other in February, the month in which the Duke de Berri was assassinated. Each monarch abdicated in favor of his grandson; each was met by the fatal cry, '*Il est trop tard.*' In each case a provisional government was established, and the royal family was obliged to quit the French territory; both the monarchs sought a refuge in England. Here, however, the 'coincidences' offer a striking dissimilitude. The one monarch was accompanied, in his departure, by his guards and numbers of faithful servitors—the other fled poor, wretched, and in disguise, abandoned by those who had called themselves his friends: the one shed tears on landing in the country of exile—the other hailed it with joy. In both cases, the ministers of the fallen king were impeached. In even smaller circumstances, other coincidences have been recorded. During the combats of both revolutions, the temperature was excessively warm for the season of the year—a circumstance not wholly without its weight, if the well-known barometric nature of the Parisian temperament be considered; and a few days after, in both years, an extraordinary tempest burst over the capital, obscured it for many hours in darkness, and swept down the new flag placed aloft upon the column of the Place Vendôme."

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of Divine Revelation for conclusions which extraordinary sagacity alone had suggested. It is to some such strange mixture of self-delusion, design and prescient genius, that we must attribute, in a great measure, the otherwise unaccountable influence which religious impostors have so often exercised upon their fanatic followers. Some of the predictions of Knox, the Reformer, happened to be verified in a manner so striking, that he was supposed to be directly inspired from Heaven. But he prophesied in guarded words, so that his failures were overlooked.

One of the most singular predictions on record is that of Cazotte, a writer of some reputation, whose mind was slightly deranged by misfortunes and religious melancholy. Several years previous to the great French Revolution, he happened to meet at a supper party, with some of the leading characters of Parisian society of both sexes. This was a period of strong hopes and buoyant anticipations. The truly prescient warning of Rousseau, that the impending Revolution "could not be virtuous," was disregarded, and every mind was turned towards the birth of a new order of things, as to the dawn of a brighter day. While the other guests were discussing opinions of this nature, Cazotte sat gloomy and thoughtful: but suddenly rising from his chair, he struck a Pythonic attitude, and in forcible language poured forth a strain of prediction, foretelling in turn the future fate of every person present. To one he announced exile, to another imprisonment, to several suicide, and to the greatest number the scaffold.

The tragical nature of his revelations, their seeming improbability at the time, together with the earnestness of the prophet's manner and his reputation as a religious enthusiast, made a profound impression upon the listeners, several of whom have since testified to this singular occurrence.—Strange to say, the gloomy oracle delivered by Cazotte was subsequently verified most circumstantially, *to the letter*, and *within the period announced.* How far the impression left upon his auditors, and increased, perhaps, by the fortuitous accomplishment of some of his previsions, might have led them afterwards to become instruments in accomplishing the prophecy, we cannot now ascertain.

Thus we perceive that there has been enough in the experience of the past of successful, authentic vaticination to feed the superstitious craving of our nature for a "peep into futurity," and to furnish a ready reply to skeptics in behalf of the possibility of a foreknowledge of things. But of all prophecies, whether based on inspiration or world-wisdom, prescience, or deductions from the past, the most truthful, accurate and circumstantial are those prophecies made *after the event*, which we will call *Prophecies for the Past.*

This, the most successful style of prediction, presents but one difficulty, which is by no means insuperable, and which consists in ante-dating it. Of course, it must purport to belong to a period anterior to its fulfilment, and it must offer such characteristics as best refer to its alleged date. Many pretty devices have been adopted to produce such a result; but the most impressive and successful is the following. Discover, if possible, some prediction already famous, which has descended by tradition only to the present times; and, if you are certain that the original cannot be found, manufacture it unhesitatingly to suit your purpose. Considerable care is necessary in preparing a document of that class. It must wear the venerable appearance of antiquity, and collateral forgeries should be drawn up to back and support the principal imposture. Now, therefore, when we consider the comparative ease of such a task, and the extent of misdirected

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ingenuity which has been expended in organizing frauds of this kind, on the most gigantic scale—when we remember that entire editions of works have sometimes been bought up, destroyed, and reprinted, merely for the purpose of interpolating or suppressing some particular passage—that individuals of high rank and character have been implicated in such conspiracies—we are justified, it seems, in refusing our belief to discoveries of accomplished prophecies, unless the clearest proofs be given of their authenticity.

Our Pyrrhonism in regard to prophecies has not been in the least shaken by an article in Blackwood's Magazine for December, entitled "Prophecies for the Present." In that article the reviewer professes to give an account of the famous prophecy of Orval, and a translation of it from a late pamphlet. We have compared this translation with a French text purporting to give this prophecy in the words of the original, and we find such radical and unaccountable variations between the two, that we must give our own version, if only to show that the "prophecy" has not descended to us in its original purity, since there exist several readings. It runs as follows:

PROPHECY OF PHILIPPE OLIVARIUS.

1.—At that time, a young man, come from beyond the sea into the regions of the Celto-Gaul, will manifest himself by counsels of might.

2.—But the great ones, to whom he will give umbrage, will send him to battle in the land of captivity.

3.—Victory will bring him back to the former country.

4.—The sons of Brutus will be much stupefied at his approach, for he will rise above them and take name emperor.

5.—Many high and powerful kings will be in real fear, and his eagle will carry off many sceptres and many crowns.

6.—Men on foot and horse, as numerous as gnats in the air, will run with him throughout Europe, which will be much astounded and blood-stained.

7.—He will be so strong that God will be thought to combat on his side.

8.—The Church of God, much desolated, will be consoled somewhat, seeing her temples again opened to her long wandering sheep, and God will be blessed.

9.—But it is done; the moons shall have passed.

10.—The old man of Sion, maltreated, will cry to God, and behold the powerful one will be blinded in punishment of sins and crimes.

11.—He will leave the great city with an army so fair, that the like of it was never seen; but never shall warrior withstand the face of Time (or weather.) The third part, and again the third part of his army will perish by the cold of the Mighty Lord.

12.—Then two lustres shall have passed since the age of desolation; widows and orpans will cry to God, and behold the humbled high ones will resume strength; they will unite to overthrow the man so much dreaded.

13.—Here comes, with many warriors, the old blood of centuries, which will resume place and stead in the great city. Then the man so much dreaded shall return quite humbled to the country beyond the sea from which he came.

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14.—God alone is great! the eleventh moon shall not yet have shone, and the bloody scourge of the Lord will return into the great city; the old blood will leave the great city.

15.—God alone is great! He loves his people and has blood in abhorrence. The fifth moon will shine over very many warriors from the East; Gaul is covered with men and engines of war; all is over with the man of the sea; here comes again the old blood of the man of Cap.

16.—God wills peace and that his name be blessed. Therefore great peace shall be in the country of the Celto-Gaul; the White Flower will be in very great honor; the houses of God will hear many holy canticles.

17.—But the sons of Brutus, hating the White Flower, obtain powerful regulations, at which God is again very wroth on account of his people; the great day is still much profaned. Nevertheless God wills to try the Return (Restoration ?) by eighteen times ten moons.*

18.—God alone is great! He purges his people by many tribulations; but always there will be an end of the wicked.

19.—At this time a great conspiracy against the White Flower will move on in darkness, by the hands of accursed companies, and the poorold blood will leave the great city, and greatly shall the sons of Brutus increase.

20.—The servants of God will greatly cry to God; but God for that day will be deaf, because he will retemper his arrows, to place them ere long into the hearts of the wicked.

21.—Woe to the Celto-Gaul! the Cock will efface the White Flower, and a great one will call himself *king of the people;* great commotion will be felt among the nations, because the crown will be placed by hands of workmen who will have combated in the great city.

22.—God alone is great! the reign of the wicked will be seen to increase; but let them hasten! Behold the thoughts of the Celto-Gaul are clashing, and great division is in *their* understanding.

23.—The king of the people being seated will be seen very weak in appearance, and yet will prevail against the wicked.† But he was not well seated, and behold God throws him down.

24.—Howl, sons of Brutus, call by your cries the beasts which are about to devour you. Great God! what noise of arms! There is not yet a full number of moons, and here come many warriors.

25.—It is done; the desolate mountain of God has cried to God; the sons of Juda have cried to God from the foreign land; and behold, God is no longer deaf.

26.—What fire goes with his arrows! Ten times six moons, and not yet ten times six moons have fed his wrath. Wo to thee, great city! here are ten kings armed by the Lord; but already fire has levelled thee with the earth. Yet thy righteous shall not perish; God has listened to them.

27.—The place of crime is purged by fire; the great stream has rolled its waters all red with blood.

* The time mentioned in the article above alluded to is "Eighteen times twelve moons," which number, divided by thirteen, gives 16 years and 8 moons. Altogether this passage in Blackwood's translation varies so materially from the text before us, that either the translator did not understand prophetic French, or his "Prophecy" differed from ours. We prefer our version because it comes nearer to the truth, as "prophecy" should.

† The text reads thus:—*Le roi du peuple assis, sera vu en abord moult faible et pourtant contre ira bien des mechants.* The obscurity of this sentence results from an attempt to word it in ancient style. The translation quoted in Blackwood's article turns and avoids the difficulty—or perhaps it is based on a different text.

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28.—Gaul which appeared, as it were, rent to pieces, is about to reunite.

29.—God loves peace. Come, young prince, leave the isle of captivity; join the lion to the White Flower.

30.—What is foreseen, that God wills.

31.—The old blood of centuries will again terminate long divisions.

32.—Then a sole pastor will be seen in the whole of Celtic-Gaul; the man powerful through God will seat himself well; many wise regulations will invite peace; God will be thought to battle on his side, so prudent and wise will be the offspring of the Cap.

33—Thanks to the Father of Mercy! Holy Sion sings again in the temples one sole great God.

34.—Many wandering sheep will come to drink at the same living spring; three princes and kings will throw off the cloak of error and will see clearly in the faith of God; a great people of the sea will resume true belief in two third parts.

35.—God is still blessed during fourteen times six moons and six times thirteen moons.

36.—God alone is great! the good things are done; the saints are about to suffer. The man of evil comes from two bloods; he takes growth; the White Flower becomes obscure during ten times six moons and six times twenty moons, and disappears to appear no more.

37.—Much evil, little good, shall be in that time; many great cities will perish.

38.—Israel will come to God Christ in earnest.

39.—Accursed and faithful sects will be in too well marked parts.

40.—It is done; God alone will be believed in; * and the third part of Gaul and again one third part and a half will be without any faith, as also the other nations.

41.—And now six times three moons and four times five moons have been separated, and the final century has begun after the number not complete of these moons.

22.—God combats through his two righteous ones and the man of Evil prevails. But it is over; the high God places a wall of fire which obscures my understanding, and I can no longer see. Let him be blessed evermore.—Amen. So be it."

Some body, it seems, has been at considerable pains to trace the alleged history of all this gibberish; we extract a concise summary of it from the article above mentioned.

"The Abbey of Orval, from which the prediction has taken its title, was, it appears, a religious institution, situated in the diocese of Treves, on the frontiers of Luxembourg; and it is said that the abbot and the monks, when they fled from their convent, during the siege of Luxembourg by the French revolutionary army, to the 'refuge' in the town, conveying a part of their archives as well as their sacred vessels with them, first communicated the *printed* copy of the *Provisions of a Solitary* of 1544 to Marshal Bender, who commanded the army, and other French gentlemen, by whom copies were then taken as a matter of curiosity, and put in circulation. Tradition at that time attributed the prediction to a monk of the name of Philip Olivarius, although the exact period of the existence of the 'Solitary' does not appear to have been well known. What at present remains,

* This sentence is in flagrant contradiction with the rest of the verse; at least so it seems to minds not illumined by light of prophecy. The translation in Blackwood's article coolly drops the sentence. *Dieu seul sera cru.* Perhaps it did not exist in the original from which the version was made. We have omitted to notice numerous minor discrepancies.

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or is supposed to remain, commences only with the history of Napoleon Bonaparte, although the 'Oracle' of Henri Dujardin speaks of the prediction relative to the death of Louis XVI., as having excited considerable sensation among the emigrant circles of that time; and the circumstance of the absence of any events anterior to the prophecy, as it stands at present, is accounted for by a remark made in the *Propagateur de la Foi*, that, when it was discovered, at the conclusion of the last century, the copyists generally neglected to transcribe what related to the past, and contented themselves only with that portion, the accomplishment of which was still to come."

We must beg leave to differ with the *Propagateur de la Foi*:—whoever discovers a good and valid prophecy, will never neglect "to transcribe what relates to the past;" because its value as regards the future, will be in exact proportion with the accuracy of the part which relates to the past. What better recommendation can be given to a prophecy not wholly accomplished than to show that it truly predicted what we know to have happened since? The absence of what "related to the past" must ever be viewed as a suspicious circumstance. But at all events, no such blunder can be charged on the modern compilers of the prediction as it now stands, who have most faithfully inserted what now relates to the past, as we will presently show.

As regards proofs of authenticity, we are told that they exist in many shapes; but as we are not in possession of those proofs, and as we know that they may be unsatisfactory, we will merely dismiss them in the language of the writer of the article before us:—"Could they be forgeries (they) would assuredly be some of the most ingenious of the kind." But the writer of that article is so far disposed personally to endorse the genuineness of the prediction as to assure us that "he himself has seen, in Paris, the whole prophecy, as far as it is still in existence, printed in a newspaper of the year 1839—and consequently, to his own knowledge, published to the world, previously at least to the events of the present year; that an old English lady, upon whose faith he can implicitly rely, positively declared to him that she had it in her hands as early as the year 1802, and thus even before the crowning of Napoleon as Emperor." We do not for an instant question the accuracy of the writer's statement as regards his own experience; and, under certain restrictions, we believe that the lady of whom he speaks, told him the truth—that is, we believe she had in her hands at the time mentioned, the "Prophetie d'Orval"—but not the prediction of which we have just given a translation.

We have, apart from these statements, good and valid proof within our own knowledge, that the prediction in question was published in 1839; but we require no proofs to that effect, and we are inclined to think that it was written several years before.

The prediction is perfectly accurate, as regards the history of Napoleon, the Restoration, and the Revolution of 1830. Indeed, by adding a few proper names, and translating its mystic style into vulgar parlance, we could make it an excellent summary of the History of France, for the first thirty years of the present century. It is so faithful and minute, that could sufficient proof be obtained of its having been in existence before that period, it must certainly be considered as the most wonderful prophecy extant.—But since, in the absence of evidence, we must necessarily withhold our admiration and belief, and since, on the other hand, we have seen good cause to admit that the prediction *was* in existence in 1839, if not before, let us examine if the events which transpired since that time are set down

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with that amazing exactness which marks the rest; and if so, it would be in bad taste to doubt any longer.

By reference to our translation, we find that the whole reign of Louis Philippe, a reign which, in point of eventful chronicle, growth of arts, and general prosperity, nearly rivalled that of Louis XIV., a period of eighteen years, during which humbled France once more asserted her rank among the nations, and accomplished her only lasting conquest of territory since the age of Marlborough and Eugene—why, this entire period is disposed of in two verses of prophesy. And what prophesy? "The thoughts of the Celto-Gaul are clashing." When did they ever cease to clash? "Great division is in *their* understanding." Whose? But no matter; it is safe always to predict such a division in any country. The apparent weakness of the king, and his prevailing over many of the wicked, was apparent as early as 1832. "But he was not well-seated, and behold God throws him down." This, to be sure, is a prediction, and one beyond a doubt, made before the event. But we question whether any extraordinary degree of witchcraft was necessary in framing such a prediction, in language so loose that it would equally apply if the aged king, instead of being expelled, had died of an apoplectic fit, or of the pistol of an assassin. We have predictions innumerable, to the same point, and equally satisfactory, from persons who claimed no revelation from on high. Read the following passage from a newspaper* whose editor is no great conjuror: "Every mind that is clear and far-sighted, is filled with anxiety and sadness. This feeling arises not only from regret for the past, and sorrow for illusions long dispelled, but also from pre-occupation concerning the future."

This language, proper allowance being made for the control of the government over the press, may be considered truly prophetic, as likewise the following words, uttered by M. de Lamartine before the Chamber of Deputies in the same year:

"Where are we? Whither are we going? Is confidence once more springing up in the hearts of the people? Is power gaining root? Does any one see any horizon in the sombre future of our politics? No! the tremulousness of uncertainty prevails in the public mind, the supreme power, and the very soil."

We might cite instances without number to prove that throughout French society—nay, throughout Europe—the greatest distrust was entertained as to the stability of the Government of July, particularly during the first eight or ten years of its reign. Everybody felt that a catastrophe would sooner or later take place—when, no one undertook to determine; neither does "the prophecy." As to the manner in which the predicted revolution is to take place, the prophecy is quite sparing of detail. Verse 24 of our translation contains all that it vouchsafes of explanation. How unsatisfactory, when compared with its copious illustration of a former period. The allusion to the agency of the republican party required no gift of supernatural prescience. Every one knows how bold, active and energetic the sons of Brutus have ever shown themselves in the French capital. We may suppose that they "howled," as they were bound to do by prophecy; but "the beasts" are yet to come who were to devour them. Granting that a revolt was impending, it needed no aid from inspiration to guess that there would be some "noise of arms," nor that troops would be marched towards

* Siecle—June 19, 1839.

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the focus of revolt. In the succeeding verse, "the sons of Juda" must be supposed to mean the elder branch of the Bourbons—at least the expression was so explained to a commentator several years ago.

Really, the "prophecy" must be allowed to be anything but lavish of information as to the only period which we *know* to have been subsequent to its utterance. We need not, therefore, follow it into what is still to us the future. The tone of its previsions is essentially religious and Catholic; and yet no allusion is made to the remarkable events which the metropolis of the Catholic world has recently witnessed, although sufficient mention has been made of the "Old man of Sion," in that part which relates to the history of Bonaparte.

We think that we have said enough to justify a rational skepticism, but we have more to say. The instrument we have just been reviewing, is written in a most anomalous language, resulting, we verily believe, from an awkward attempt on the part of an *ignorant* writer to imitate the style of the period at which it is alleged to have been composed. We submit to any competent French scholar, whether the form and construction of its sentences in the least resemble those in use at the time of Rabelais. Besides, the expression is, in many instances, suspiciously modern; we need not go far to find examples: the very first words are anything but the style of 1544. "*En ce temps la*" is good French, doubtless, and may be found in the Bible, from which the prophet probably copied the expression, thinking that anything therein smacked enough of antiquity for his purpose. The corresponding expression in use at the time was "*En cestuy temps.*" We likewise feel suspicious as to the antiquity of such words as "*Les grands qu'il ombragera,*" and many others which it would be tedious to mention. On the other hand, the "prophecy" not unfrequently errs in the opposite extreme. For instance, it is prodigal of the word "moult," which, at the alleged date, was already obsolete. We doubt whether it can be found in the writings of Rabelais, Ronsard, or Marot—or if it be found there, it will be seen that it is used purposely as an antiquated term. In short, we verily believe that no person conversant with the French language, and acquainted with its writers of the sixteenth century, will hesitate for a moment to pronounce that the "prophecy" was never written at that time. But *when* was it written? Why, any being of common sense will declare at once, unless good proof to the contrary be shown, that it was composed at the time concerning which it ceases to be explicit—subsequently to the events minutely set down, and previously to those which are not so; probably during the first "*lustre*" of the reign of the "*king of the people*"—a few *moons*, more or less.

Of all the evidence which the author of "Prophecies for the Present" adduces on his own authority, or upon reliable hearsay, there is not one that militates against our conclusion, except that he states that an old English lady worthy of belief informed him that she had the prediction in her hands as early as 1802. We have already said that, under certain restrictions, we felt disposed to admit the truth of her deposition. We will now explain our meaning. To say nothing of the different readings which we have been led to discover in comparing several versions of this famous prophecy, it seems that the "Prophétie d' Orval" has been several times disinterred, and produced at different periods, always in a different shape. It is said, that an alleged original document bearing that title was once presented to Napoleon, who was rather fond of such playthings and that at the time, it produced considerable sensation. Might not the English lady in question have had

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that document in her hands at the time of which she speaks. It would be a creditable effort of memory for an old lady, to remember in 1848 the precise terms of a piece of mysticism perused by her in 1802. We have in our possession two several copies of a "Prophétie d'Orval," in substance resembling each other, although they differ in many minor particulars, but both at total variance with the "prophecy" above translated. One of these copies is in a legitimist periodical of 1846; the other accompanied by comments, is inserted in a magazine of 1840. The latter comes to us recommended by a historical account, stating that it was first discovered in 1793, by François de Metz, who took a copy of it; that the original was presented to Napoleon in 1804, and that since that time nothing has been heard of it; *that it was printed in* 1815, and several times since. The French editor further says, that he has found the copy among the papers of François de Metz, in his own hand-writing, and dated 1793; he then concludes that there can no longer exist any doubt whatever concerning it. We also think that no doubt can exist, except as regards the authenticity of the copy which the French editor found—we are not told when. But we do not in the least question that it was extant in 1815. Indeed, from intrinsic evidence, we would wager that it was first composed at that time. It purports to have emanated in 1542, two years before the other; it is not, like the other, signed by Philippe Olivarius, a monk, but by Philippe—Dieu—Donné—Olivarius, a doctor, surgeon, and astrologer. It reads as follows:—

1. Italic Gaul will behold, not far from its bosom, the birth of a supernatural being.

2. That man will issue very young from the sea; will come to take language and education among the Celto-Gauls; will open for himself, while still young, a way through a thousand obstacles, among the soldiers, and will become their first chieftain.

3. That sinuous way will give him much labor; he will come to combat near his native land, for one lustre and more.

4. Beyond the sea, he will be seen combating with much glory and valor, and will once more wage war in Italy.

5. He will give laws to the Germans, pacify troubles and terrors for the Celto-Gauls, and will be named all but a king, but soon after called *Imperator*, with great popular enthusiasm.

6. Will battle everywhere in the empire, expel princes, lords, kings, for two lustres and more.

7. Then will raise up new princes and lords for life, and speaking upon his platform, will cry: *Nations! O Sidera! O Sacra!*

8. Will be seen with an army composed of forty-nine times twenty thousand foot, armed, who will bear arms with iron tubes He will have seven times seven thousand horses, ridden by men who will wear more than the others, a large sword or a lance and brass bodies; he will have seven times seven times two thousand men, who will play terrible machines, will vomit sulphur, and fire, and death.* The whole amount of his army will be forty-nine times twenty-nine thousand.

9.—He will bear in his right hand an eagle sign of victory to battle.

* It is incredible that an author, or even a prophet of the sixteenth century, should require all this circumlocution to describe objects perfectly known to him. It would never have entered any one's head in 1542, to call a cuirass a brass body, or artillery anything but artillery. But a writer of the nineteenth century, accustomed in the Latin exercises of his youth, to use periphrases, would naturally adopt this mode of spreading the color of antiquity over his style

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10.—Will give many regions to the nations and to all peace.

11.—Will come into the great city, ordaining many great things; edifices, bridges, seaports, aqueducts, canals; will do alone, through great wealth, quite as much as any Roman, and as all within the domains of the Gauls.

12.—Will have two wives and one son.

13.—Will go waging war as far as where cross each other lines of latitude and longitude, fifty-five months.* There his enemies will burn by fire the great city, and he will enter it and issue from it with his people under ashes, many ruins; and his people having no longer either bread or water, through great and tenfold (décime) cold, which will be so untoward that two-thirds of his army will perish, and besides one-half of the other, he no longer being in his domination.

14.—Then the greatest man, abandoned, betrayed by his friends, followed up in his turn with great loss as far as his great city, and expelled by great European population.

15.—In his stead will be placed the kings of the old blood of the Cap.

16.—He compelled to exile in the sea from which he had come so young, and near his native place, will remain there for eleven moons, with a few of his people, true friends and soldiers, who being only seven times seven times twice in number, as soon as the eleven moons are complete, he and his people will take ship and land on the Celto-Gallic soil.

17—And he to proceed towards the great city where is seated the king of the old blood of the Cap, who rises up, flees, carrying with him regal ornaments Replaces his old dominations. Gives the nations many admirable laws.

18.—Then, again expelled by trinity of European population, after three moons, and one-third of a moon, in his stead is replaced the king of the old blood of the Cap.

19.—And he believed dead by his warlike subjects, who in that time will keep household gods against their hearts.

20.—The nations and the Gauls, like tigers and wolves will devour each other.

21.—The blood of the old king of Cap will be the sport of black treason.

22.—The unfortunate will be deceived, and by steel and fire destroyed,

23—The lily maintained.

24.—But the last branches of the old blood will be still menaced,

25.—Thus they will battle among themselves.

26.—Then a young warrior will proceed towards the great city; he will bear lion and cock upon his armor.

27.—The lance will be given him by a great prince of the East.

28.—He will be marvellously seconded by warlike people of Belgic Gaul who will join the Parisians to terminate troubles and gather soldiers and cover them all with olive branches.

29.—Battling again during seven times seven moons with such glory that a trinity of European population, through great terror and cries and tears, will offer their sons and wives as hostages, and bend under just and wholesome laws, beloved of all.

30.—Then peace for twenty-five moons.

* Moscow is not far from lat. 55° N. As to longitude, it depends upon the meridian. From the meridian of Paris, which an unwary French forger of the 19th century would naturally use, 55° E. is not far out of the way. But we believe that in the 16th century, a different primary meridian was in vogue.

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31.—In Lutetia, the Seine, crimsoned with blood, from pitiless battles, will extend her bed by ruin and death.

32.—New seditions of hapless Parisians.*

33.—Then they will be expelled from the palace of kings by the valorous man, and afterwards the immense Gaul will be declared among all nations great and mother-nation.

34.—And he, protecting the remnants escaped of the old blood of the Cap, rules the world's destinies, dictating sovereign counsel of every nation and every people.

35.—Places the base of endless fruit, and dies.

The same objections urged against the other prophecy, apply with equal force to this one, except that the latter imposture, in point of style and verisimilitude, is a great deal more creditable to its author. We have sufficient proof that it was in print in 1815; and up to that time—strange coincidence—it is a close, though concise, chronicle of French affairs. Beyond that time, of course, it accords no more with truth than it does with sense. It is true, that the French editor, commenting in 1841 upon this prophecy, asserts that it foretells "the commotions of 1827, and the revolution of 1830." We feel disposed to allow superior knowledge in prophetic matters to a gentleman well-known in the literary world as the compiler and commentator of the Predictions of Nostradamus.† But since his knowledge on that curious topic enables him to discover an interpretation which no one else would ever have dreamed of, we wish he had likewise condescended to explain to us why, subsequent to the authentic date of the printing of this prophecy, the text is so dark as to require his learned expoundings, while, previous to this time, it is so clear and lucid, that a child, if at all versed in the history of the period, can at once discover its drift and meaning. Why, in all cases of prophecy, does this awkward stumbling-block, the year of publication, rise up like a wall, dividing day from night, the light of history from the darkness of unmeaning nonsense? or at least from the dim twilight of imperfect vision?

In spite, however, of our declared skepticism in regard to soothsaying of all kinds, we may perhaps be permitted, in concluding this paper, to claim the attention of our readers for a genuine authentic prognostication, written, beyond a shadow of a doubt, some time previous to the year 1533. It is prophetic, every tittle of it, and although it professedly looks for its accomplishment to "the perpetual year," perhaps M. Bareste, or the author of Prophecies for the Present, may discover that it has been verified to the very letter.

The prognosticator, after sundry remarks which we may not here reproduce, proceeds thus:‡

"Desirous, therefore, to gratify the curiosity of all jovial fellows, I have revolved all the Pentarchs of the heavens, computed the quarters of the moon, hooked all that has ever been thought of by astrologers, cloud-seers, wind-prophets, sky-readers, and weather-wise folk, and conferred upon the whole with Empedocles."

* *Malencontreux Maillotins.*—The French editor, it seems, does not know what to make of this expression. He had not read Rabelais:—"Les Parisiens avecques leurs mailletz (dont feurent depuis surnommés maillotins) estoyent hors la ville issuz en bataille. —*Pantagruel L. IV., Ch. XXXVI.*

† Nostradamus. By Eugene Bareste. Paris: 1840.

‡ *Pantagrueline Prognostication.*—This little pamphlet is the more curious, that together with a production of a similar character, written or translated by Jacobus Henrichman, it may be considered as the parent of our modern Comic Almanacs.

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After this pompous announcement, he submits a long list of previsions, of which the following are samples:

"Crabs this year will walk sideways and rope-makers backwards. Fleas will be for the most part of a dark color. Bacon will have nothing to do with peas during Lent. Dice will not always turn up to suit the players; nor will the desired throw often come. Brutes will speak in several places. The blind will scarcely see; the deaf will be hard of hearing; the dumb will hardly speak; the rich will be a little better off than the poor, and the healthy in better condition than the sick. Many sheep, beeves, hogs, geese, chickens and ducks will die; no such mortality will prevail among monkeys and dromedaries. Old age will be incurable this year on account of the years previously past. People affected with pleurisy will have the side ache."

A little further on, the prognosticator, throwing off entirely the thin veil of satire which hung over his true sentiments, breaks forth in the following strain of true philosophy:

"The greatest folly in the world is to think that there are stars for kings, popes, and great lords, rather than for the poor and suffering; as if new heavenly bodies had been created ever since the flood, or since Romulus or Pharamond, at the birth of kings.

It is somewhat strange, that a sentence breathing such enlightened and rational views, should have been uttered at the beginning of the sixteenth century—but passing strange that it should require repeating in the nineteenth.

AWAKE THEE, AWAKE.

A SERENADE.

Awake thee, awake, 'tis a fair summer night,
The shadows lie still in the moon's hazy light;
All hushed is the night breeze, all silent the grove,
All slumbers save love,
The nightingale's song o'er the rose tree yet hovers,
The lake's bubbling ripples sigh faint as they break,
Then, dearest, since midnight's the noon time of lovers,
Awake thee, awake thee, awake.

Awake thee, awake, there is love in the gale
That kisses the slumbering flowers in the vale;
All nature around us, below and above,
Is teeming with love.
Earth smiles through the thin veil of darkness, that covers
Her sweet face with mystery's mantle, to make
Its beauties thus shrouded more sacred to lovers,
Then dearest, awake thee, awake.

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MINNA VON BARNHELM,

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF G. E. LESSING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM, a Discharged Officer.
MINNA VON BARNHELM.
COUNT VON BRUSCHSAL, her Uncle.
FRANCISKA, her Maid.
JOCELYN, Servant to the Major.
PAUL WERNER, former Sergeant to the Major.
THE LANDLORD.
A LADY IN MOURNING.
A MESSENGER FROM THE ARMY.
RICANT DE LA MARLINIERE.

The scene is alternately in the Hall of the Inn, and in one of the adjoining rooms.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

SCENE—*The Hall of the Inn.*

Jocelyn. (*Sits in a corner, talking in his sleep.*) Knave of a landlord! You, to us?—Briskly, comrade!—Strike hard, comrade!—(*He reaches forward, and is awakened by the motion.*) Ho, there! again, already? I cannot shut my eyes lest I am fighting him. If he had but received half the blows!—But see, it is daylight! I must seek my poor master without delay. He shall never set foot in this house again, with my consent. Where can he have passed the night?

SCENE II.—THE LANDLORD, JOCELYN.

Landlord. Good morning, Herr Jocelyn; good morning. Ah! up so early as this? Or shall I say, still so late up?

Jocelyn. Say what you please.

Landlord. I only said good morning; and this deserved that Herr Jocelyn should have replied—"Thank you!" Did it not?

Jocelyn. Thank you!

Landlord. It makes one rather peevish not to have his usual rest. How happens it that the Major has not returned, and you have watched here for him?

Jocelyn. What cannot the man discover?

Landlord. I surmise; only surmise.

Jocelyn (*turning to go out.*) Your servant!

Landlord (*detains him.*) Not yet, Herr Jocelyn!

Jocelyn. Well, then; not your servant!

Landlord. Ah, Herr Jocelyn, I will hope, however, that you have not been vexed, Herr Jocelyn, ever since yesterday? Who would keep his anger over night?

Jocelyn. I would, and through all following nights.

Landlord. Is that Christian?

Jocelyn. As Christian as it is to thrust an honorable man from your house into the street, because he cannot pay immediately.

Landlord. Fie! who could be so wicked?

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Jocelyn. A most Christian inn-keeper!—My master! such a man! such an officer!

Landlord. Have I thrust him from my house into the street? I have far too mch regard for an officer, and too much pity for one who has been discharged, to do anything like this. I was compelled by necessity to remove him to another chamber. Think no more of it, Herr Jocelyn. (*He calls to some one behind the scene.*) Holla!—I will make it good in some other way. (*A boy enters.*) Bring a glass; Herr Jocelyn will have a glass; and something good!

Jocelyn. Do not trouble yourself, landlord. Might the drops become poison, but—I will not swear, however; I am sober yet!

Landlord (*to the lad, who brings a flask of liquor and a glass.*) Give it here; now, go!—Now, Herr Jocelyn; something very excellent; strong, delicious and wholesome. (*He fills and presents to him.*) This can restore the stomach when exhausted by watching.

Jocelyn. Really, I ought not. Still, why should my health suffer on account of his rudeness? (*Takes it and drinks.*)

Landlord. How is that, Herr Jocelyn?

Jocelyn (*giving back the glass.*) Not bad!—But, Herr landlord, you are still a clown!

Landlord. Not yet! not yet!—Quickly, another; it is not well to stand on one foot.

Jocelyn (*after he has drank.*) This I must say: good, very good!—Made by yourself, landlord?

Landlord. Save me! Real Dantzic! Genuine double distilled!

Jocelyn. Look you, Herr landlord; if I could play the hypocrite, I would do it for such as this; but I cannot; you are still a clown, Herr landlord!

Landlord. In all my life, no one ever said this to me before.—One more, however, Herr Jocelyn; all good things are three.

Jocelyn. On my own account! (*drinks.*) Good thing! truly a good thing!—But, truth also is a good thing. Herr landlord, you are still a clown!

Landlord. If this were true, would I listen to it so peaceably?

Jocelyn. Oh, yes; for clowns seldom have much gall!

Landlord. Not one more, Herr Jocelyn? A fourfold cord holds so much the better.

Jocelyn. No! too much is too much! And what will it avail you, Herr landlord? Even to the last drop in the flask, I should remain of the same opinion. Fie, Herr landlord; to have such good Dantzic and such bad manners!—Such a man as my master, who has been with you so long, from whom you have received so many fair thalers; who, in all his life, never remained in debt to the amount of a farthing; because, for a few months past he has not paid promptly—because he no longer allows himself to spend so much—to clear his room during his absence!

Landlord. But did I not need the room? I saw beforehand that the Major would have willingly given it up himself, if we could only have waited until his return. Should I then allow such a lady, a stranger, too, to turn from my door? Would I willingly throw such a good chance into the hands of another inn-keeper? And, besides, at this time, I do not think she could have found admittance anywhere else. The inns are all entirely filled. Should so young, so fair, so lovely a lady remain in

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the street? Your master would be too gallant to allow this. And what has he lost thereby? Have I not prepared for him another room?

Jocelyn. Behind the dove-cot; the view between the neighbor's chimnies..

Landlord. The view was very fine, before that mischievous neighbor built. Still, in other respects, the room is genteel, and it is papered.

Jocelyn. Has been!

Landlord. Is it not now? one wall is, at least. And the small room adjoining, Herr Jocelyn, what is wanting there? It has a fire-place, which smokes a little in winter, it is true.

Jocelyn. But in summer it is very convenient.—Herr, I really believe you would vex us still more and more.

Landlord. Well, well. Herr Jocelyn, Herr Jocelyn—

Jocelyn Make not Herr Jocelyn warm in the head, or—

Landlord. I make him warm? The Dantzic did that!

Jocelyn. An officer like my master! Or think you a dismissed officer is, therefore, one who cannot break your head for you? Why were you inn-keepers so very pliant during the war? Why was every officer then a worthy man, and every soldier an honorable brave fellow? Does a short peace make you so insolent?

Landlord. Why are you so angry now, Herr Jocelyn?

Jocelyn. I will be angry.

SCENE III.—MAJOR VON TELLHEIM, LANDLORD, JOCELYN.

Major (*entering*) Jocelyn!

Jocelyn (*supposing that the landlord spake to him.*) Are we so very intimate?

Major. Jocelyn!

Jocelyn. I thought I might be Herr Jocelyn for you.

Landlord (*perceiving the Major.*) St—! st—! Herr, Herr Jocelyn,—look, your master!

Major. Jocelyn, I believe you are quarrelling; what have I commanded you?

Landlord. O, your honor, quarrelling? Before heaven! Your most humble servant would not presume to quarrel with any one who had the honor to belong to you.

Jocelyn. If I could only give him one on that humpback of his!

Landlord. It is true, Herr Jocelyn speaks for his master, and rather warmly. But therein he does right; I esteem him so much the more highly; I love him for it.

Jocelyn. If I could but knock out some of his teeth for him!

Landlord. Only it is a pity he should get so angry for nothing! for I am sure, your honor will not take offence at what I have done, because —necessity—compelled me—

Major. Too much already, sir! I am in debt to you; you have cleared the room during my absence; you must be paid; I must seek lodgings elsewhere. All very natural!

Landlord. Where else? Will you leave us, kind sir? Unhappy, unlucky man that I am!—No, never! Rather must the lady relinquish her lodgings. Herr Major cannot, will not give up the room to her; the room is his; she must leave it; I cannot help it.—I go, kind sir—

Major. Friend, not two foolish acts for one! The lady must remain in possession of the room.

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Landlord. And your honor will believe that I was distrustful, anxious about my pay? As if I did not know your honor could pay whenever you wished. The sealed purse—five hundred thalers in louis d'ors is marked upon it—which your honor had placed in the writing-desk—is in good keeping.

Major. This will I hope; so as to my remaining business—Jocelyn will take a receipt as soon as he has settled our account with you.

Landlord. Truly, I was much astonished when I found the purse.—I have always considered you an orderly, prudent man, who would never allow himself to be wholly out of cash. But still, if I had supposed that you possessed so much ready money—

Major. You would have treated me with greater courtesy. I understand you. But go now, sir, leave me; I have something to say to my servant.

Landlord. But, kind sir—

Major. Come, Jocelyn, the gentleman will not allow me to tell you, in his house, what I wish you to do.

Landlord. I go immediately, kind sir!—My whole house is at your service.

SCENE IV.—MAJOR VON TELLHEIM, JOCELYN.

Jocelyn (*stamping his foot and spitting at the landlord.*) Fie!

Major. What is the matter?

Jocelyn. I am choking with rage!

Major. This would be as bad as a plethory.

Jocelyn. And you, I no longer know you, my master. Let me die before your eyes, if you are not the guardian angel of this knavish, merciless villian! In spite of gallows, sword and wheel, I would—I would have strangled him with these hands, I would have tore him with these teeth!

Major. Brute!

Jocelyn. Better a brute than such a man!

Major. But what do you wish?

Jocelyn. That you may be sensible how much the man has injured you.

Major. And then?

Jocelyn. That you avenge yourself!—No, the fellow is too contemptible for you!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

MONEY has become exceedingly abundant under the influence of those causes which, in former numbers, we indicated as in operation to produce it. It is now with some difficulty that money can be placed on good securities at all, and many brokers, accustomed to take in money at call, have, during the month, turned away considerable sums at any price. This is the case, notwithstanding that much speculation exists in many articles of produce at advancing prices, naturally requiring more money; and also, though large imports for the three first weeks in January, and the pressure of goods upon the market creates a demand for cash to pay duties on the part of importers, prior to the realization of cash for the spring sales. Hence a demand for short loans springs up, and this demand the banks seek to resist, in order to seize every opportunity that offers to manufacture opinion against the Independent Treasury. The importers, however, understand the matter, and the amount of capital in private hands enables them to set the banks at defiance. The lapse of a few months now will so justify the operation of the present system of finances, as to make a reversion to Bank rule impossible.

As, however, the amount of outstanding obligations, both on the part of individuals and corporations, is quite small, the process of expanding these credits, as the spirit of enterprise developes itself, supplies means. It is not until a considerable amount of paper matures that an enhanced demand for means is felt. The prospects of the foreign trade continue very fair; and the industrial sections of England, as well as of western Europe, give promise of a season of great prosperity, which has already produced an influence upon raw materials. Cotton particularly, which, although it has advanced much within a few weeks, is yet quite low.

The latest advices from abroad continue to evince indications of returning industry, restored confidence, and reviving trade. Raw materials were more in demand, intercourse more active, and stocks advancing, as the general effect of the peaceful election of Louis Napoleon. In Great Britain, affairs are also promising. The accumulation of specie in the Bank of England was great, having been progressively as follows:

SPECIE IN THE BANK OF ENGLAND, AND NOTES ON HAND.

	Bullion.				
	Gold.	Silver.	Coin.	Total.	Notes.
October 28,	£12,100,246	£507,907	£664,987	£13,273,142	£8,018,165
November 4,	12,228,751	507,909	610,893	13,347,553	8,242,675
November 11,	12,453,296	307,909	717,559	13,678,764	8,894,875
November 25	12,378,646	507,909	753,291	14,139,846	9,896,110
December 10	13,225,826	507,909	789,855	14,523,590	10,771,720
December 23	13,676,886	507,909	815,881	15,000,676	11,309,335
January 6,	13,726,831	507,909	790,062	15,024,802	10,985,050

The dividends on the national debt are payable quarterly at the bank, and the amount of notes on hand fluctuates with the payments. The accumulation of coin has been steady and large during the three months, notwithstanding a large importation of produce, including 3,000,000 qrs. of grain. A considerable portion of

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this was sent from a disposition in Europe to realize; and it has been supposed that many districts have so far oversold themselves as that they will be obliged to re-purchase in the spring. Two remarkable facts are prominent, however, viz: that the price of grain has been well sustained under the large importation to realize; and that notwithstanding the payments required to be made in the face of small exports, the bullion has increased to a very considerable extent (fully 10 per cent.) in five weeks. The large import into England has only served, however, to keep down prices of food to such a level as has permitted the revival of the home market, and stimulated that revival of trade of which the manufacturing districts affords evidence. The continued cheapness of money resulting from this state of things, must sustain that improved condition of the manufacturing districts that has manifested itself in the last few weeks, causing an advance in cotton.

This is indicated in the following table of prices in New-York :—

PRICES OF COTTON IN NEW-YORK.

	Inferior.	Ord. to good ordinary.	Mid. to good middling.	Mid. fair to fair.	Fully fair to g'd fr.
November 15	4¼ a 4½	5⅛ a 5½	5⅝ a 6	6¼ a 6⅝	6¾ a 7½
November 22	5 a 5¼	5⅝ a 5⅞	6 a 6⅜	6⅝ a 7	7¼ a 7¾
December 6	– a 5	5¼ a 5⅝	5⅞ a 6¼	6¼ a 6⅞	7 a 7½
December 13	5 a 5⅛	5⅝ a 5¾	6 a 6⅜	6½ a 7	7¼ a 8
December 20	5 a 5¼	5½ a 6	6¼ a 6½	6⅝ a 7	7¼ a 8
December 27	5 a 5¼	5½ a 6	6⅛ a 6½	6⅝ a 7	7¼ a 8
January 3	5¼ a 5½	6 a 6⅜	6½ a 6¾	7 a 7½	7¾ a 8¼
January 10	—	6¼ a 6⅝	6¾ a 7⅛	7⅜ a 7¾	8 a 8½
January 17	—	6¼ a 6½	6¾ a 7	7⅜ a 7¾	8 a 8½
January 27	—	6½ a 6¾	7¼ a 7⅜	7½ a 8	8¼ a 8¾

The prospect is that the United States produce will continue to improve in value and extent of sales, more particularly cotton. It is, however, to be borne in mind, that as an adverse element, cotton in the last few years has lost much of its influence upon the money market. Thus, until the last two or three years, the bills offering in the market for sale were in the proportion of 60 per cent. drawn against sales of cotton. That is to say, out of an aggregate export value of about $100,000,000, $60,000,000 was cotton, and that article furnished nearly all the bills drawn on England. These bills being sold to importers of goods, frequently, with city indorsements, were subject to discredit and non-payment upon every reverse in that article. This discredit involved a demand for money and an export of specie to cover a remittance that produced a pressure throughout the country. Now, in 1849. the proportion of bills in the market drawn against farm produce advanced from 17 to 50 per cent. of the whole amount offering, while those against cotton were only $42,000,000 out of $150,000,000. In this state of affairs, it will be observed, that the reverse in the cotton market was of minor influence, and during the fiscal year, 1848, when cotton had been low the bills drawn against food have reached $37,000,000. In the present year the export of food has increased, and consequently the accounts which reached us from Europe generally are of a character different from any that have been received for many months, inasmuch as that they indicate what might generally have been expected, namely, that while the future course of political events is becoming more clearly indicated, industry and commerce are accommodating themselves to the new state of things, and consequently reviving. It is not in the nature of things that the complete paralysis which overtook all branches of industry last spring could continue for any great length of time. Such a supposition would involve a relapse into an age of barbarism; accordingly we find a demand for raw materials becoming more extensive,

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and prices disposed to rise, giving great stability to the chief staple product of the United States. It is also apparent that the demand for breadstuffs and provisions must continue, to a considerable extent, to counteract that tendency in prices to advance which has been found detrimental to the progress of general business in England.

The advancing value of cotton is a matter of great congratulation to our southern friends, whose product last year sold unusually low, but are this year likely to realize higher rates, for an increased production. It is also the case that the European demand for United States' stocks is reviving rapidly, and for United States' 6 per cents coupon stocks, the foreign demand has been active.

The following table indicates the transfers for the ten weeks ending with November, when the books closed, and for the two weeks succeeding the opening on the 1st January, when the dividends were paid:

TRANSFERS OF UNITED STATES STOCK TO FOREIGN ACCOUNTS.

	Sept. to Dec. 1.	Jan. 1 to 13.	Total.
England	$2,303,500	$1,068,500	$3,372,000
Germany	472,400	395,800	867,700
France	311,600	375,850	687,450
Switzerland	56,800	29,500	86,400
Cuba	5,000	2,000	7,000
Portugal	7,000	—	7,000
Canada	98,100	3,800	101,900
Ireland	10,000	13,300	23,3000
Belgium	3,000	—	3,000
Brazil	28,000	5,000	33,000
Spain	62,000	—	62,000
Madeira	7,000	—	7,000
Hayti	—	3,200	3,200
	$3,364,400	$1,894,350	$5,271,600

It would seem from these figures that the desire on the part of Europeans to invest in American sotcks, particularly in Germany and France, increases as the ability to realize property there progresses. Thus the French *rentes*, under the peaceful election and inauguration of Louis Napoleon, have risen to 45.50 *a* 48, and other property has become more saleable—circumstances which, although they might not induce the great mass of holders to change interests, would be seized upon by many shrewd capitalists to transfer to safer regions. In fact, the continued large demand for silver for Europe that sweeps the London market at advancing rates as fast as very considerable sums arrive from South America, indicates the constant disposition throughout Europe to exchange paper for silver, more particularly in Austria and Prussia. Trade improves, as it must, upon a specie basis, and the old disposition to hoard specie, which thirty years of peace had, in some degree softened, appears to have revived throughout Germany, and with good reason. This discredit appertains more particularly to government credits. The paper system has for long years formed the bond of union between the governments and the moneyed aristocracy, represented by great bankers in all countries. Thus, the nobles, gentry, and wealthy citizens having money to invest, put it into the hands of Rothschilds, who turn it over to the several governments for stock bearing interest; which interest is paid by the working many. The governments, under the plea of protection, have given their moneyed citizens monopolies of almost all trades, by which their wealth, and therefore their means of lending to the government, has been increased, at the expense of consumers. This system

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is now falling to pieces. The age is progressive; and when Austria, as recently, comes forward for a loan of $40,000,000 for the purpose of defraying the expense of the re-conquest and subjugation of Italy and Hungary, and on the success of which the payment of the interest depends, her calculations are fallacious. The constituency of the Rothschilds, like those of all other bankers, decline loans on terms so manifestly opposed to the spirit of the age. The whole fabric of European paper credit is tottering. It is come to be recognised as the sole means of governmental strength, as opposed to the people; and the migration of capital to the United States may be expected to proceed in increasing amounts, more particularly that discredit is passing from the indebted states. The events of the past year in Europe have imparted more than usual interest to the message of the President of the United States; all parties in Europe being desirous to see in official documents the workings of republicans amid the disasters of the old systems. *There never was a more opportune display of the great blessings of our institutions than was contained in that document.* Even the English papers betrayed the admiration that they necessarily felt in contemplating such extraordinary evidence of a prosperity to which Europe has long been a stranger.

The late report on the finances of Pennsylvania, affords a similar instance of the great recuperative powers of an American state, when freed from the oppressive burdens of paper credits. When the noble Key Stone State became enthralled in the meshes of the U. S. Bank, she abandoned her taxes for the support of government, embarked in wild schemes of speculation, ruined her credit, and became insolvent amid the bankruptcy of the institution which had lured her to ruin. Manfully, however, she rallied to the work, and has now resumed her place amongst the most irreproachable of indebted states.

Her revenue and expenditure for four years have been as follows:

REVENUE AND EXPENDITURE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

	1845.	1846.	1847.	1848.
Balance on hand,	663,851	384,886	384,678	680,890
Revenue	3,010,062	3,529,057	3,977,025	3,831,776
Means	3,673,914	3,913,943	4,361,704	4,512,867
Expenses	3,289,028	3,529,264	3,680,813	3,935,376
Balance on hand	384,886	384,678	680,800	577,290

Hence, after paying all expenses, including the payment of $800,000 domestic debt, the balance on hand at the close of the year, has increased about $200,000. In 1840, a tax was imposed on real and personal estate, to raise the means of paying the state interest. As this was a new and onerous tax, it came very hard in a season of general depression, but was persevered in until it has become eminently successful.

The gold fever continues to affect the several markets to a considerable extent. Although there may be less *general excitement* in relation to the matter, there is more methodical enterprise. Instead of persons without means hurrying off individually without any matured plan, the great American principle of association is being more extensively applied, and persons with means, and of high character, combine to insure success. There are a great variety of ways for the formation of companies. Thus there are parties who, as in case of the copper mines, form companies under some outstanding state charter, and then fit out a vessel with every possible convenience, such as a large frame house, india rubber tents, every variety of tool and machine necessary to thorough and scientific work, and well provisioned. They seek as great a variety of mechanics as possible, requiring no money, but that each shall give responsible security in $500. These are to work the mines on shares—that is, all the gold dug will be divided, one-half to the com-

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pany, and one-half to the miners, whose half will be charged $100 for each passage. Another plan is for parties of (say) forty persons of all trades, and a physician, to subscribe $500 each, buy a schooner something like a Baltimore clipper of perhaps 250 tons, with frame-house, machines, tools, goods, tents, and provisions, for the purpose of ascending the rivers as near the gold regions as possible, keeping the vessel for a magazine and depot. The company to work in relays and divide equally, all being drilled to the use of small arms for mutual defence in case of accumulating difficulties there. Companies of these descriptions, from this and other cities, will be the most effective form that the gold enterprises will take. In the mean time, goods, in very considerable quantities, are both ordered and being consigned there.

The favorable aspect of the foreign markets for produce, aided by the collateral influence of the demand for California, has produced higher pretensions on the part of holders of goods generally for the spring trade. Domestic cottons and wollens particularly are higher, and holders will not contract for future delivery at present rates, and many manufacturers will not deliver at all until May, and then only at future market rates. The pressure which the markets endured in the last year from the goods driven out of Europe by the political revulsions, has evidently passed; and the manufacturers, after earning reasonable dividends in the face of that pressure, are now about to reap the advantages of a healthy market, based upon the prosperity of the consumers of goods—a prosperity founded upon the extended foreign markets for the sale of surplus productions. They are already aware of the soundness of the business for the coming year, and are by no means disposed to have their business again disturbed by a nominal change in the tariff, which would induce the investment of large capitals in manufactures, and again expose them to a more ruinous and lasting competition than that which the revolutions in Europe created during the last year. For these reasons, the leading organs of the manufacturers are discouraging any change—much to the distaste of superficial demagogues, who cannot afford to lose the tariff excitement. The ad valorem principle of duties has, more than any other, been triumphantly vindicated by its own action, because it was more pointedly assailed. The late circular of the department most effectually removes the only material abuse to which it was exposed through the collusion of collectors with owners in the appointment of appraisers. It has been repeatedly alleged by theoretical protectionists that it is practically impossible to fix the market value of goods so as to cast the duties; while they assumed that *specific duties* could always be attained in the accurate ascertainments of quantities. Experience has shown this notion to be purely chimerical. The markets for goods in Europe are in usual years very steady, and not subject to material fluctuation from month to month. Hence, when invoices from all ports, and from a great variety of manufacturers and exporters, pass into the hands of an appraiser, he finds that the variation of price in certain styles of goods is scarcely perceptible. But if among (say) 20 invoices, he finds one description of goods valued at ten per cent. less than all the other invoices, perhaps from the same parties, fraud is apparent. In such cases, the owners of the goods, being dissatisfied with the judgment of the appraiser, have a right to demand another appraisement. In this case the appraiser makes out a list of five names of such persons as he knows to be well acquainted with the goods in question. This list is submitted to the collector. If, now, the collector sought rather political popularity among dishonest merchants than the faithful discharge of his duty, he could send for the owner of the goods, show him the list, and ask if the names *suited him*. The owner might then designate his own clerk or friends as appraisers, or, in short appraise them himself—an operation which completely neutralizes the whole object in having an appraiser at all. The late circular puts an end to all this. It requires collectors to retain at least two names submitted by the appraiser, and to conceal from the owner the names of all. Thus impartiality of judgment is arrived at, and the legal duties faithfully levied. It has already occurred, under this order, that the dutiable value of goods has been advanced 25 per cent. by the appraiser, and the *owner has declined to call an appraisement*. All regular merchants and business men rally strongly to the support of the vigilant and faithful officer who insures fair play to all parties, and who does not connive at the designs of a few.

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GOSSIP OF THE MONTH.

Music has, during the past month, absorbed but little of the public interest. There was neither row at the opera, nor speech in the concert-saloon; and the music offered at either place was not sufficiently attractive to draw people from the cheerful fireside, or to cause them to neglect the many invitations to parties and assemblies exhibited in the card-basket of the drawing-room.

Mr. Fry gave us three new operas, besides a *tutti-frutti* on the occasion of the Simpson benefit, in which fragments of different operas, and a solo on the violin, were performed. Of the three operas—*Il Giuramento*, *La Somnambula*, and *Roberto Devereux*—the first was performed most to our satisfaction, while the latter were but too plainly impressed with the hurry with which they were "got up." The music of *Il Giuramento*, by *Mercadante*, belongs to the very best of the Italian school, and demonstrates that truth of character, flowing melody and good harmony can be combined. We admire particularly the manner in which the parts of Bianca and Eloisa are treated throughout the whole opera. Amidst the din of all the brass, the scraping of all the cat-gut, and the bellowing of a numerous and badly-trained chorus, these two parts preserved their distinct character, and though *Rossi Corsi* does not possess a very powerful voice, her manner of singing showed that she had a very excellent conception of the part of Eloisa, while the singing of Truffi and Benedetti, in their interpretation of the parts of Bianca and Manfred, did ample justice to even the most sanguine expectation.

La Somnambula, with Madame Laborde as Amina, did not please us much, though there was less French about the latter's singing, than she generally contrives to mix with all her Italian parts. It seems that Madame Laborde is well aware of her want of physical power, and she endeavors to cover this defect by *fiorituras* of the most brilliant description. But despite these displays of execution, a want of soul shows itself the more plainly; and only in such parts where singing only is required, Madame Laborde can shine to advantage. The singing and acting of Monsieur Laborde threw such an air of ludicrousness over all those parts in which he had to sing, as to jeopardize the whole opera happily redeemed by Novelli's count. Indeed, it was a relief to the ear, when, after the exaggerated mannerism of Beneventano, and the unsatisfactory performances of Dubruenl—which had held possession of the Astor-place stage ever since it was built—the exquisite notes of "vi raviso," reached the audience, and Mr. Novelli was rapturously encored. The less we say of chorus and orchestra on the occasion the better it is; but we should really like to know, whether *La Somnambula* was originally written for three trombones, and whether Bellini meant that the chorus should take the part of second violin.

We shall reserve *Roberto Devereux* for a future number, and now turn to the various concerts that took place during the last month.

The most prominent of these were the festival of Henry Herz, and the Italian Opera Company, with its additional glare of thousand wax tapers which greased the dresses of the audience, and the "Voyage Musicale" of Mr. Bochsa, with its variegated lamps which did not burn, and its four military bands that did not make their appearance,—to say nothing of the musical reception the audience was to have met with at the doors of the Tabernacle.

We are glad to see that such outrageous humbug no longer attracts crowds to the Concert-saloon; and we hope that public opinion at last, will teach these fortune-hunters what their own sense of propriety should have taught them long ago, viz:—not to

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degrade themselves and their profession, by courting public favor with means so unworthy of their noble art, and so insulting to public taste, never justifiable, and allowable only to mountebanks and puppet-shows.

The music of the festival-concert was neither better nor worse than that of other work-day concerts given by Mr. Herz. The melodious strains of the Italian *virtuosi* formed too pleasant a contrast to the insipid variations of unmeaning themes, not to be gratefully acknowledged by an appreciating audience. Why will Mr. Herz, with his music, remain behind the age? Have his own brilliant *tours de force* woven a net around him, which he cannot break through? Or does he delight, as he sits before the piano, meditating on by-gone days of glory, recall to memory, by those very pieces which, twenty years ago, were already the delight of the boarding-school misses? Why not rest on those well merited laurels—why not evacuate an arena, in which he appears but a shadow beside all those artists of the present day?

The "Voyage Musicale" of Bochsa is a very clever composition, and we regret that we could not hear it performed with all those instruments for which it was originally written; and we further regret, that as we journeyed along with the composer, we had as often to return to the sunny clime of Italy, as if Italian music were the standard by which he wished the melodies of other nations to be judged. Madame Bishop needs none of our praises to establish her in the favor of her audiences; and Signor Perelli, although somewhat harassed by the unsatisfactory accompaniment of Mr. Bochsa, proved anew the excellency of the Italian school, if not exaggerated.

The Hohnstock's, "The Twin Artists," as their agent graciously terms them, favored us also with several concerts, which did not meet the success they deserved. Here is another proof of the correctness of our first assertion,—that the public no longer can be gulled by the impositions of quack projectors. Long before the arrival of those artists, public attention was directed to the advent of these wonders of the world. Pamphlets, in English and German, descriptive of the early life of these prodigies, were widely circulated, but though nothing was wanting, but that young Charles had brought a violin with him into the world; and that Adele had made her first appearance in this unbelieving creation, riding on the keys of a pianoforte. The public only the more suspected the veracity of even probable events, as recounted in that biography, and the consequences were—empty houses and vacant seats. Now, we by no means intend to disparage the merit of these artists; on the contrary, we think the performance of Mr. Hohnstock extraordinary, and the execution of Miss Adele, as equally deserving of praise; but they should have remembered, that nearly six years have elapsed, since Ole Bull, by means of amusing anecdotes, and astounding tricks on the violin, took the Americans by surprise, and six years in this country, are enough to teach an American audience to judge of the merits of a performer, without the assistance of complaisant agents.

We should speak more at large of the other concerts of the month—those of the Distin Family, the St. George Society, &c., &c.—if it were not our intention to say a few words in regard to an institution, lately come into existence.

We refer to the Free Academy in this city. Amongst the branches taught in this institution, we find—Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, Greek and Latin, and Modern Languages, Political and Moral, and Intellectual Philosophy, History and Belles Lettres, Chemistry and Natural History, Drawing, Writing, and Book-keeping, but no mention is made of either the theoretical or practical part of music. According to the report of the Board of Education, it was one of the most important objects in the establishment of a Free Academy "to bring the advantages of the best education that any school in the country can give, within the reach of all the children of the city, whose genius, capacity, and desire of attainments are such as to render it reasonably certain that they may be made, and by such means would become, eminently useful to society." Now, if we are not mistaken, vocal music is taught in nearly all the public schools of this city; and teachers are generally aware of the fact, that such a study exerts the most beneficent influence over the mind

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of the pupil; and how comes it, that the committee, to whom the selection of the branches to be taught in the institution was entrusted, could have overlooked so important a study? Are they aware that upwards of two thousand people in this city gain a comfortable and honorable livelihood, by either teaching or practising music? To be sure, most of them are but indifferently fitted for such purpose, and by far the greater part consists of foreigners; but why not lay within reach of Americans the means to compete with, or even surpass those strangers? We have before stated that vocal music is taught in the public schools. The teachers employed for such purpose are not generally educated for their task; hence the indifferent attainments of the pupils. Would it not be an excellent plan for the Free Academy, to educate teachers for these schools? Nay, the public schools of the whole country might be supplied with efficient teachers, graduated at this academy; and expensive as the study of music is to a single person, it is reduced to a mere nothing, in comparison with the advantages to be derived from it, when taught in large classes.

We might point out many other advantages if our space permitted us, but we reserve them for some future occasion, and leave this to the consideration of the Board of Education.

"THE NATION."—We have noticed with much interest the novel and high-minded course of our talented cotemporary of *The Nation*, since that sheet was "born again" amongst us. It is unlike any other Irish organ in our country, although strictly, peculiarly, nay, almost exclusively Irish in the spirit. It spreads no gloss of cant over Irish faults, it lends no countenance to Irish prejudice, but manfully rebukes whatever there is of evil in Irish character. Although strongly attached, it would appear, to the Roman Catholic Religion, it offers no support to Catholic encroachment—it nowhere bends the neck to clerical assumption—but boldly, openly sets at defiance the influence of organization and hierarchy. In truth, although it is avowedly devoted to teach, and instruct, and enlighten, not our community at large, but those of us who claim an Irish origin, it is the organ of no sect—the mouth-piece of no faction—the trumpet of no clan. It is thoroughly, candidly, *strangely* independent. It speaks fearlessly what it deems the truth, and leans on nobody. There is no committee of prompters, secular or clerical, huddling around Mr. McGee, its eloquent editor, and whispering what he must write or leave unsaid.

In religion, he admits without discussion, the settled points of faith—in politics, he advances and courageously defends certain opinions; but apart from these, he is no respecter of doctrines or persons, and in his effort to discover and spread truth, he attacks as readily his countrymen as their foes—the pastors as their flocks.

We clip from a late editorial the following passage. It illustrates his principles as well as his style:—

"It were, indeed, better for you had you never been born, than be the author of all the evils which would inevitably flow from such an unnatural conflict as you would provoke.

"No! Religion and Liberty are not hostile, but kindred to each other. Liberty means only leave to do good. So soon as men pass that meaning they enter under the rule of Law. Religion is the source and teacher of all goodness; hence Liberty must be her ally and her aid. Oh! blessed is the union of Liberty and Religion! This union is the hope of humanity, the stay of order, the prop of peace, the highest earthly combination of all that is good, and pure, and holy in our human nature. May this union be perfected and endure for ever! May it fill the earth and subdue it, and remain unbroken and unchanged till the night of the last day closes over the ruins of the world."

We heartily concur in the wish of our contemporary. We would cheer him in his career, and bid him be of good heart. While he maintains his present lofty and independent stand, he deserves, and will have support and patronage.

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NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

1.—The Romance of Yachting. Voyage the First. By Joseph C. Hart. New-York: Harper Brothers.

For the benefit of those candidates for literary honors, who may not have an opportunity to study this work, as a practical guide, we here give a recipe for writing a book. Take one or two well received, popular opinions—the more respectable the better—the more generally entertained, the more eligible for the purpose. Then attack them lustily. No compromising, milk-and-water detraction, but downright, open abuse. Connect and embody your remarks within the compass of a plot of some kind or other; no matter if the plot turn out to be an appendage of your remarks, instead of *vice versa*. And then, if peradventure you have wit, humor and fancy, our word for it, your book will be, to say the least, readable, and stands a very good chance to attract universal attention.

This is precisely what the author of "Miriam Coffin," has done in the work before us. With a little allowance for author-craft, the statement in his preface will answer admirably as an expose of his book:

"Among the *incidental* subjects treated of in this volume, there are several favorite and prevailing historical assumptions, which the author has made the objects of his *dissent*." We love that last word; without exception, Mr. Hart is decidedly the most dissenting writer of the day: he then proceeds: "The subjects thus considered, and to which he invited the reader to apply historical tests, are these:—The precedence claimed for the Puritans in the introduction here of 'freedom, religion, and civilization.' The misrepresentations of female character, and the character of the Spanish people generally. The original cause of the invasion of Spain by the Moors, in modern times, supposed to be attributable to the violence done to the daughter of Julian. And the position generally assigned to Shakspeare, as a superior literary genius." After thus stating the "incidental" subjects which he intends to treat of, he adds in his own quiet way: "the arrogance and wantonness of British writers, in regard to this country, are by no means forgotten among other *incidental* matters." Indeed they are not; most faithfully does the work redeem the promise of its preface in that particular; and for this reason alone, had we no other, we should wish voyage the 1st of the "Romance of Yachting," to be trampeted by the hundred mouths of fame, in as many languages, to all the nations upon earth. Since Mr. Hart is so little partial to "British arrogance," will he pardon us for suggesting to him another "prevailing historical assumption," much in want of the battering ram of his logic, and which could be demolished quite easily by "applying historical tests." We mean the arrogant and presumptuous assumption that the great nation of freemen who inhabit these United States, is of the Anglo-Saxon race. Surely there are statistics within the reach of Mr. Hart's persevering research, to blot out the preposterous slander for evermore. We entreat him to take up this subject in some forthcoming "voyage."

Although candidly solicitous to add to the publicity of the work we are noticing, we are compelled, for want of space, to allow much of its contents to pass without any further comment. His leading ideas in regard to the Puritans in this country, are by no means so peculiar or extraordinary as to startle many of his readers. Several writers and speakers in the latter times had prepared us for the freedom of his attacks against "Puritanic mendacity."

But the fame of Shakspeare is, of all "historical assumptions," that against which Mr. Hart aims his most vigorous blows. Hear him concerning Shakspeare's literary resurrection.

"After the bard has been dead for one hundred years, and utterly forgotten, a player and a writer of the succeeding century, turning over the old lumber of a theatrical 'property-room,' find bushels of neglected plays, and the idea of 'a speculation' occurs to them. They dig at hazard and promiscuously, and disentomb the literary remains of many a 'wit' of a former century, educated men, men of mind, graduates of universities, yet starving at the door of some theatre, while their plays are in the hands of an ignorant and scurvy manager, awaiting his awful fiat." Then comes the resurrection—'*on speculation*.' Betterton the player, and Rowe the writer, make a selection from a promiscuous heap of plays found in a garret, nameless as to authorship, 'I want a hero!' says Byron, when he commenced a certain poem. 'I want an author for this selection of plays!' said Rowe. 'I have it!' said Betterton: 'call them Shakspeare's!' And Rowe, the 'commentator,' commenced to puff them as 'the bard's,' and to write a history of his hero, in which there was scarcely a word that had the foundation of truth to rest upon."

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Mr. Hart's theory is, that Shakspeare's property-room had, in the course of time, become lumbered with plays of all kinds, which, in his capacity of "factotum," to the theatre, it was his business to patch up, amend, revamp, and renew, as the necessities of the playhouse required; that in so doing, he seldom added to the plays which he pirated, anything except those obscene allusions which Mr. Hart denounces as the peculiar "mark of Shakspeare's genius."

Too many circumstances, unfortunately, combine to prove that there is much truth in this theory; else it certainly were somewhat unaccountable, that while we possess so many authentic facts concerning the cotemporaries of Shakspeare, every thing relating to himself is still involved in obscurity in spite of commentators, and the labors of Shakspearian associations. The Elizabethan period was not an age of literary vandalism. All the leading "wits" of the day seem to have enjoyed their due share of public consideration. Why not also Shakspeare? since, if he wrote the dramas attributed to him, he was superior to them all. Why is it that no memoir was published concerning "the bard," until that drawn up in 1709 by Rowe, from materials furnished by Betterton?

The most enthusiastic worshippers of Shakspeare are compelled to acknowledge, that many of his plays are derived from more ancient pieces; nay, it is equally beyond all question, that the writer of these dramas, whoever he was, was not indebted to his own imagination for any one of his plots. This charge is universally admitted, but dismissed with a careless smile by the admirers of "the bard." And, yet it seems to us, that of all the qualities that combine to make a poet, the most exalted and prëeminently characteristic, is invention, or the power to create. But since his partisans are content to admit the charge of plagiarism in an inferior degree, may we not avail ourselves of the benefit of their admission, to fasten upon him the reproach of downright piracy, provided we can, by circumstantial evidence, prove that he enjoyed the opportunity of indulging that propensity. Having shown, to a certainty, that he did, in many instances, pilfer, will it not raise a rational doubt as to his subsequent honesty, when we show that he enjoyed unparallelled facilities for doing that wherewith he is charged? If we knew that an individual had been convicted of stealing, would we not search his pockets, when we saw him coming out alone from the vault of a bank? This is precisely the situation of Shakspeare. That he did, on many occasions, avail himself of the labors of others, we know, beyond the shadow of doubt. And we happen, likewise, to know, by recorded proof, that he was the *proprietor* of the "properties" of his theatre, including, of course, the manuscripts. We know, also, that many popular plays, included among the "properties," are lost to us, unless they live under other names in the dramas of "the bard." Verily, the chain of evidence is quite complete. There stand proven the propensity to pilfer—the opportunity to pilfer, and the fact that valuable property, which the accused had the best chance to pilfer, has disappeared.

However interesting this topic, we are compelled by the limits of a mere notice to deal only in generalities. We would refer to the "Romance of Yachting" such of our readers as may feel curious to learn what additional evidence can be brought forward in support of the author's theory. One instance, however; the famous Monologue in Hamlet is found to be almost verbatim a translation from Plato. Now, Shakspeare did not know Greek, and there was at that time no version of the Philosopher's writings accessible to "the bard." What is the inference? Why, that Shakspeare was not the man who "did" into English, the thoughts of the disciple of Socrates. True, some friend might have suggested the passage. True, also, some work of the period might contain it in a quotation or otherwise. But when such suspicious circumstances, requiring to be explained away, occur at almost every page—when we find the counsel for defendant stumbling under the accumulated *onus probandi*, exhaust their ingenuity in making out a case, and fail, we exclaim with deepfelt sorrow:—O Shakspeare! thou, almost worshipped Swan of Avon! the boast of Britain! art thou after all but a receiver of stolen goods? Was it of thee that poor Robert Greene, thy cotemporary, on his death-bed, wrote—"There is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you! And being an absolute *John Factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only *Shake-scene* in a country."

2.—Mary Barton: A Tale of Manchester Life. New-York: Harper Brothers.

No author's name stands on the title page of this work. But it reaches us fully endorsed, as to the truth of its descriptive passages, by the press of Great Britain. The journalists of that country, though not over prone generally to acknowledge British wrongs, or British injustice, or anything that is to the disparagement of the institutions under which they live, do not contradict, or condemn as exaggerated, the pictures of human misery, which this work spreads before the reader: they could not. The truth stood up too plainly before them. The author, a resident in Manchester, and well acquainted with the wants and feelings of the manufacturing classes, composed this work

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purposely "to give some utterance to the agony which, from time to time, convulses this dumb people." With such an object in view, he laid the scene at Manchester, in the heart of the manufacturing interest; and, with a few indispensable exceptions, his characters are all taken from among the operatives—the men and women who toil early and late, and live upon oatmeal, in damp, dismal cellars; and after an existence of unremitting labor, exclaim with their last breath: "Oh, Lord God! I thank thee, that the hard struggle of living is over,"—beings whom misery has embittered, who look to the system under which they exist as the cause of their wretchedness; and who, nevertheless, cling to that system, merely because, under it they do not quite starve—beings who, in spite of their physical and moral degradation, in spite of the intense hatred and envy they bear towards the rich, their oppressors, contrive to practise unostentatiously the loftiest virtues which Christianity teaches. For, as the author remarks:—

"The vices of the poor sometimes astound us here; but when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known, their virtues will astound us in a far greater degree."

One of the personages of the novel, is "a thorough specimen of a Manchester man, born of factory workers, and himself, bred up in youth, and living in manhood, among the mills. He was below the middle size, and slightly made; there was almost a stunted look about him; and his wan, colorless face, gave you the idea, that in his childhood he had suffered from the scanty living consequent upon bad times and improvident habits." This is John Barton. His daughter Mary, the heroine of the tale, is conspicuous for beauty and ambitious spirit. Another actor in the play is Alice, an aged victim of the manufacturing system, whose excellent heart and sweet temper misfortune cannot harden, want cannot sour. Another is Margaret, a young workwoman—a sallow, unhealthy, sweet-looking young woman, with a care-worn look." For such characters we are somewhat prepared. But others are quite startling, and present combinations of qualities good and bad, as strange as unexpected. Margaret's grandfather is one of these; "a little, wiry-looking old man, who moved with a jerking motion, as if his limbs were worked by a string like a child's toy, with dun colored hair lying thin and soft at the back and sides of his head; his forehead was so large, it seemed to overbalance the rest of his face, which had indeed lost its natural contour by the absence of all the teeth. The eyes absolutely gleamed with intelligence; so keen, so observant, you felt as if they were almost wizard-like." And yet this "wiry little old man" is a votary of study, an adept of recondite science, a sort of "learned blacksmith"—a character not very rare, it would seem, among the workmen of Manchester.

We shrink from the task of again wading through scenes of gloom, despair and famine, or we would attempt to give a sketch of the really interesting tale of "Mary Barton." It commemorates one of the great struggles between masters and operatives, commenced in wrong, oppression, and injustice, protracted in obstinacy and suffering, and ending in crime. The object of the workmen in making their "strike" is feelingly expressed by John Barton, in a speech at one of the secret meetings of the trades' union:—

"It makes me more than sad—it makes my heart burn within me—to see that folk can make a joke of earnest men; of chaps who comed to ask for *a bit o' fire for the old granny, as shivers in the cold*; for a bit o' bedding and some warm clothing to *the poor wife as lies in labor on the damp flags;* and for victuals for the childer, whose little voices are getting too faint and weak to cry aloud wi' hunger. For, brothers, is not them the things we ask for, when we ask for more wage?——We donnot want their grand houses, we want a roof to cover us from the rain, and the snow, and the storm; ay, and not alone to cover us, but the helpless ones that cling to us in the keen wind, and ask us with their eyes, why we brought them into the world to suffer?"

The American reader will shudder oftentimes in perusing "Mary Barton," and wonder at the extent and intensity of human misery, of which he had entertained no adequate conception. The story leads him through damp, unwholesome dens, crowded with human beings who starve, infested with pestilential diseases, which are hailed as deliverers since they bring a term to want and woe—through scenes of agony and death, yet of fortitude, Spartan endurance, and obscure heroism—and occasionally, as if in mockery, or to deepen the gloom of lowly wretchedness by the contrast of the gorgeous dissipation of the wealthy, the reader is ushered into the glittering palaces of the merchant princes, the "masters" who found the proud edifice of their fortunes upon the ill-requited toil of starving thousands. No ranting speech of aspiring demagogue could have a more incendiary tendency than the gloomy work we are now noticing. Written in a plain but nervous style—somewat *à la* Carlyle—it holds up two pictures, the starving operatives, and the luxurious rich who own the factories. And while it purports to hold forth doctrines of a conciliatory nature, while it preaches in a spirit of laudable conservatism,—on the one side, patience—on the other, charity—its consolatory comments are uttered "in the desert;" because the substance of the book illustrates in vivid colors, the evils of the manufacturing system, when carried to a certain point. It pictures the

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necessary consequence of reckless competition, in driving the "masters" to extend their operations, in holding forth fitful inducements for factory labor, in training thousands to a factory life and no other, so that when the supply of such labor chances for any cause to exceed its demand, the poor operatives find themselves utterly at the mercy of their employers. That such a state of things cannot for ever last, that sooner or later, the thousands who have long suffered in silence must be aroused to active despair, with some such war-cry as "*La propriété est un vol*,"—lamentable experience teaches us to believe. Long may such a result be averted, even for England; and may the system that leads to such a result, never obtain upon our native soil!

3.—The Great Hoggarty Diamond. By W. M. Thackeray. New-York: Harper Brothers.

The author of Vanity Fair, whether he elect to call himself Thackeray or Titmarsh, requires no introduction to the public. His fame is established. At one giant stride he placed himself in the first rank of fiction writers His talent is of a peculiar order. He seeks no aid from extraordinary events, or combinations of accidents; he takes but little apparent trouble in painting character; he never goes out of the way to describe, and nevertheless, somehow, character is painted, localities are described, or at least, the reader feels perfectly intimate with personages and places, although unconscious of the process through which he became acquainted with them. So naturally does the action develope itself, so unaffectedly do the several actors unfold their respective peculiarities, that in reading a novel of Thackeray, we feel as if we were actually *living* through the story we are perusing.

The most conspicuous agent in the *nouvelette* before us is, "the great Hoggarty Diamond,"—a precious stone presented in token of great affection unto Samuel Titmarsh, by his aunt, Mrs. Hoggarty, of Hoggarty Castle. It is hardly worth our while to point out, how this diamond being set into a pin, and inserted in the shirt-frill of the hero, brings about his sudden elevation; or rather how, in directing attention to him, it gives him an opportunity to show those good qualities which, in due time, promote his success in life. The *morale* of the tale inculcates the necessity of labor; the superior dignity and certain advantage of steady, persevering toil, over the tempting glitter of reckless speculation. Never was the promulgation of that great truth more necessary than it is now—never was story written better calculated to effect that promulgation. The tendency of Thackeray's writings is truly Christian in the spirit. He labors to invest the scenes of humble life with an attractive coloring, to exalt the virtues of the lowly,—to establish the majesty of poverty, and in so far,

"To justify the ways of God to man."

His genius had not yet taken its free scope when he composed the work we are now engaged in noticing; yet no one can read "The Hoggarty Diamond," without discovering, at every page, the germ of "Vanity Fair." The quiet contempt of bigotry, the chivalrous respect for true religious feeling, the half suppressed pathos, the unpretending manner, the plain but exquisitely correct style, all are as conspicuous in the earlier essays of this writer, as they are in his more labored productions. We are free to encourage and advocate the perusal of these works; they appeal to the softer feelings of our nature; they exert a genial influence over the young; they divert, without exciting over much the spirit of adventure; they teach the knowledge of mankind, without hardening the human heart in the tuition.

4.—A Letter about the Lions. By Frances S. Osgood. George P. Putnam; 155 Broadway.

This is a delightful little spicy production of a favorite authoress, being addressed to "Mabel in the Country," and descriptive of the literary curiosities of the day, with the peculiarities of which, the fair writer shows a just acquaintance, yet mysteriously intimates,—

"But *all* I see, and *all* I'm told
Till night, from early morn here,
I wouldn't tell for all the gold
Unfound in California."

5.—A New Spanish Reader; consisting of Passages from the most approved Authors, in Prose and Verse, &c., and a copious Vocabulary. By Mariano Velasquez, de la Cadena, Professor, &c. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

Of the many good books published by the Messrs. Appleton in their admirable educational series, this is well calculated to aid in the acquirement of that language becoming so important to the commercial interests of the country.

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6.—Frank Forester's Field Sports of the United States and British Provinces, North America. By H. W. Herbert, Esq. Stringer & Townsend, publishers, 22 Broadway.

The style of this well-known and versatile writer is peculiarly felicitous and elegant. He has remarkable turns of expression, lucky hits of the pen, which win our reluctant belief in his boasted achievements with the gun. What if these be somewhat startling at times; to misquote Horace:—

"Omnibus hoc vitium commune est venatoribus."

Besides, these titbits of romance are always so well told, that the Italian proverb invariably applies: *Se non è vero, è ben trovato.* Elegantly prodigal of his wealth of imagination, it is in vain that he seeks, in attempting new careers, or adopting many pseudonymes, to disguise his identity. *Him*, whether gun in hand, he lead us through the brake or half-frozen morass—or pensive in his study, he aspire to rival Buffon or Cuvier—or in a sportive mood he indulge lively communion with a friendly *Spirit—him*, whether Frank Forester he calls himself, or by any other *nom de plume*, elect to be designated—*him*, no man for a moment can mistake, who has an ear for musical turn of phrase and orginality of style.

But it is not only the setting that deserves praise, the gem is the subject matter itself. The peculiar habits of our game of North America, can but be learned through his pages—the scenery of our woods and mountains was never better painted even by professed describers. Fiction was never more gracefully adapted to illustrate the manners of a class.

Much credit is due to the enterprising publishers for introducing a work of this importance in so superb a dress. It is as worthy by its binding, typography, and illustrations. to occupy a place on a lady's centre-table, as by its intrinsic worth it deserves a nook on the student's shelf.

7.—Irving's Works.—The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus; to which are added, those of his Companions. By Washington Irving. Vol. II. George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

The immense sale which this excellent standard edition of the works of Irving has met with, affords evidence of the lasting renown which the author has acquired. The population of the country has quadrupled since the appearance of his first work; and as the English language spreads over the continent, the pure diction and classic elegance of Irving must continue to be the guide for increasing numbers of learners, as well as the amusement and instruction of those of riper years. The first volume forms the fifth of the series—of which there are to be twelve—and it is the second of the voyages of Columbus. It is of 150 pages, and contains a large and accurate map of the four voyages of the discoverer.

8.—The Legends of Montauk. By J. A. Ayres. With an Historical Appendix. Geo. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

This is a very pleasing poem, with considerable poetical merit. The scene is attractive from its local and romantic nature, being on the extreme point of Long Island.

9.—Labor and other Capital: the Rights of each secured, and the Wrongs of both eradicated; or, an Exposition of the causes why few are Wealthy and many Poor, &c. By Edward Kellogg, author of "Currency: the Evil and the Remedy." Published by the Author.

This volume advocates commercial law, paper money and public economy that belong to a by gone age. The antiquated views of projectors, based upon principles that experience has shown to be fallacious, and of which the number of advocates is daily and hourly diminishing in all countries, can possess little of interest to any parties. As well might an author write in favor of the institution of knighthood, or of the service of heraldry, as to advocate class legislation, usury laws and paper money in this age of the world. We may, hereafter review the work more at length, in order to show how far it lags behind the present state of economic science.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

Vol. XXIV. MARCH, 1849. No. CXXIX

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Sincerely yours,

Samuel S. Patterson

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THE PAST ADMINISTRATION.

On the fourth of the present month closes one of the most remarkable governments that has occurred in our national progress. The administration of Mr. Polk will, when time shall have softened party asperities, and the conflicting intrigues of faction have been forgotten, stand out in the page of our national history, as the most active and successful, if not altogether the most famous of the governments of the first century of the Republic. For the number and magnitude of the measures that have been perfected in the compass of four years, no former adminstration can vie with it; and certainly none have had such great difficulties to encounter, either from a powerful opposition or from party treachery. A war forced upon the country by untoward events, that were beyond the control of the administration, has been carried successful to a conclusion, at once the most glorious, the most brilliant, and the most substantially beneficial.

The military power of the country, which before had been held in so light estimation, as to excite the sneers of European writers, and tempt the self-sufficiency of Mexican leaders, has developed itself with such vigor and imposing strength, as to command at once the astonishment and admiration of Europe. Never before, in the short space of twenty-two months, was a nation of 7,000,000 souls repulsed, invaded, conquered, dismembered, and pacificated by a treaty ceding half its territories to the conquorer, who, when attacked, had but an army of 11,000 men. With prompt valor, citizen freemen left their plows, their anvils and their planes, turned upon the invader, hurled him back upon his own mountains, and in an unchecked series of brilliant victories, utterly destroyed an army that had been in existence for a quarter of a century, and which was officered by veterans of the Spanish war of independence. A rapid succession of triumphs, unclouded by a single defeat, was crowned by a treaty annexing 526,078 square miles, or 336,689,900 acres of territory, having 900 miles of coast on the Pacific,

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to the federal domain, as an indemnity, increasing its area 50 per cent., and its mineral and commercial resources in an almost limitless degree. These have been the extraordinary results of the first foreign war of the Republic, and they have been attained at a very moderate increase of debt, and without in any degree disturbing the course of commerce, or the progress of the national industry. It is not alone in mere glory that this formidable display of strength is valuable; it is a guarantee that no nation will henceforth wantonly provoke a power so irresistible in its exercise. No government will again presume upon a weakness, manifest only in the absence of a standing army, or infer an easy victory over a people untrained to war. The indomitable valor of the troops in the campaign of Buena Vista, and the skilful generalship in that of Mexico, are qualities that are easily appreciated.

While our unsought military triumphs have been the most brilliant, and the conquests of territory the most marked points of the administration, they are, perhaps, of less real importance, and will be regarded by the statesman, the economist and the philanthropist with less satisfaction, than the establishment of sound commercial and financial principles, accompanied by a considerable step towards their practical exposition. In almost every branch of government, in diplomacy, in commerce, in finance and in civil progress, advance has been apparent.

The leading measure of the past four years may be thus enumerated:—1. The Oregon boundary treaty, definitively marking the claims of England upon this continent for the first time since our independence. 2. Treaties of commerce with New Granada, Peru, the Two Sicilies, Belgium, Hanover, Oldenburg, Mecklenburg Schwerin, Saxony and Nassau, opening the way to an extension of our commerce with interior Germany; and also the postal treaty with Great Britain. 3. The Mexican treaty, by which California and New Mexico were acquired. 4. The admission of four new States—Texas, Florida, Iowa and Wisconsin—into the Union, and the erection of Oregon into a Territory. 5. The abandonment of the "protective principle," which has haunted our tariff laws, boding evil to our national industry for thirty years; and the establishment of the revenue *ad valorem* principle, by which the credit of the country has been restored, and the revenue, which had been deficient from 1837 to 1845, raised to the current expenditure. 6. The establishment of a ware-house system, of a nature similar to that which in England has drawn the carrying trade of the world into British harbors, and by which a renewed impulse is given to those causes irresistibly in operation to draw Canada peacefully into the Union. 7. The separation of bank and state, and the establishment and successful opperation of the constitutional treasury plan of finance. 8. The commencement of ocean steam navigation to Bremen and California. 9. The establishment of cheap postage.

Each and all of these important measures have had a direct tendency to enlarge the area of the country, multiply its resources, promote the interchange of its products, and to enhance its general prosperity, by removing those injurious restrictions which tend to prevent every producer from disposing of the results of his industry to the best advantage. How the country at large, as well as every department of the Federal and State finances, and the condition of corporate companies, has improved, under the genial influence of these measures, is manifest in the fact of enhanced dividends, resumption of payments, rising credit and growing surpluses, with so manifest an increase of the capital of the country as to indicate a permanent reduction in the rent paid for its use. No better proof of the great prospe-

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rity of the country can be adduced than the fact that, for the first time in our commercial history, a revulsion in England, unrivalled in severity, has expended its force in the last two years, without making itself felt at all upon this side of the Atlantic.

The progress of our treaties with the other powers of the earth, is a gratifying instance of the consideration to which the country has risen. When the United States had successfully thrown off the yoke of England, they formed a government based on new and untried principles. The sole object of government was avowed to be the protection of the people at large, and to guarantee that every man should enjoy in peace the fruits of his own industry, on a footing of perfect equality, socially and politically. All power was admitted to rest with the people; the federal government possessing no authority, save that which was expressly granted in the instrument which gave it being. The powers derived by the government from a constitution matured after long and anxious deliberations by the founders of the Union, in the memorable Congress of 1776, were specified and clearly defined, being such as confined its relations with foreign countries very nearly, if not quite, to commercial subjects. These circumstances caused the foreign policy of the government to be different from that of any of the existing nations of the earth. After the settlement of territorial limits, the manner, mode, and terms of international commerce came to be almost the exclusive subject of treaties with foreign countries. As a republican Union could have nothing in common with the general policy of monarchical governments, and was likely to encounter nothing but hostility, until the importance of its commerce should *command* the attention of Europe, it followed that there was little danger of "entangling alliances" in other respects, than in granting special commercial advantages to one nation, to the exclusion of others. A nation of energetic and enterprising people were just emancipated from the colonial state, and were looking round upon a world suddenly opened to their commercial enterprise. Instead of struggling in the bonds of selfish imperial regulations, the nation found itself raised to political equality with all others, but debarred from their intercourse on all sides by their restrictive system. In every direction, absurd interdictions met the American merchant. His commerce, which hitherto had been confined to the mother country, was cut off even from that by the operation of the British navigation laws, which took effect against the states the moment they ceased to be colonies. Those laws, which had been in being for 150 years, had practically never been in operation. The principle of the law was, in brief, that there should be imported into Great Britain no goods, the produce of Asia, Africa, or America, except in British vessels; and goods imported from Europe in vessels of the continent were subjected to higher rates of duties than were laid on those imported in British vessels. It is evident that, down to the independence of the United States, these provisions of the navigation act were a dead letter; because, in the three quarters of the world whence foreign shipping was interdicted, there was no shipping owned except by British subjects. Those built within the colonies had all the privileges of vessels built in England; and, as the Spanish and Portuguese colonies, and the nations of India, had neither vessels, nor means of building them, those of England would have met with no competition, had there been no navigation act, which came first practically into operation when the independence of the United States was acknowledged; and, as soon as it produced an influence upon trade, its fate was sealed. As respects the United States, it re-

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quired a commercial treaty to modify the operation of the act in their regard. To enter generally into the commerce of the world, it became necessary to acquire the right by treaty, as the natural right had been destroyed by artificial restrictions. The great rivers of Europe—those channels of communication formed by nature to promote trade between neighboring countries, as well as to connect distant nations with the ocean, and through it, with remote climes—were rendered as impassable by hostile laws as if their channels presented natural difficulties to navigation. The United States, a young country, with but little shipping and less capital, distributed among a sparse population, had little to offer in return for the facilities they asked. They demanded that European nations should throw aside the exclusive policy hitherto pursued, and allow United States vessels to visit their wealthy cities, in return for the privilege of sending their vessels to our comparatively poor and unattractive towns.

In a republican government, an equal distribution of wealth, and the promotion of the general welfare, in a uniform degree, being the object, trade and commerce, rather than war and glory, are the means to obtain them. It became, therefore, at the formation of the government, a matter of as much importance to fix a rule of intercourse with all foreign nations, as to define the internal policy of the federal government. The same men who brought so much wisdom to the construction of our constitution, considered as anxiously the true principles of fair commercial negotiations between independent states. These principles were, *independence*, *equal favor*, and *reciprocity*, and were laid down and proclaimed to the world for the first time in the diplomatic history of nations, in the preamble to the Treaty of France, February 6, 1778, which was annulled by act of Congress in 1798, for repeated violations on the part of France. That treaty was the foundation of our commercial intercourse, and bore the same relation to our foreign policy that the Declaration of Independence did to our internal government; and it has formed the basis of all subsequent treaties.*

As the policy of all monarchial governments is to concentrate great revenues in the hands of the central power, in order that profuse expendi-

* TREATY BETWEEN FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES.

"The United States, willing to fix, in an equitable and permanent manner, the rules which ought to be followed relative to the correspondence and commerce which the two parties desire to establish between their respective countries, states, and subjects, His Most Christian subjects and said United States, have judged that the said end could not be better attained than by taking, for the basis of their agreement, the most perfect equality and reciprocity, and by carefully avoiding all those burdensome preferences which are usually sources of debate, embarrassment, and discontent; by leaving, also, each party at liberty to make, respecting commerce and navigation, these interior regulations which it shall find most convenient to itself; and by founding the advantages of commerce solely upon reciprocal utility, and the just rules of free intercourse; reserving, withal, to each party, the liberty of admitting, at its pleasure, other nations to a participation of the same advantages. It is in the spirit of this intention, and to fulfil these views, that certain negotiators were appointed—" &c. &c.

Art. 1. There shall be firm, inviolable, and perfect peace, &c.

Art. 2. The parties mutually agree not to grant any particular favor to other nations, in respect of commerce and navigation, which shall not immediately become common to the other party, who shall enjoy the same favor, freely, if the concession was freely made, or on allowing the same compensation, if the concession was conditional.

Art. 3. No greater duty or impost shall be levied, under any circumstances, upon the subjects of either country, than those of the most favored nation; and the citizens of each shall enjoy all the rights, privileges, &c., that are enjoyed by those of the most favored nation.

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ture may enlarge the circle of imperial influence, and extend the patronage of the crown, so does occasional war and large armies become a part of the general system of such governments. The many are to be kept poor to support the few in affluence, and sustain the strength of the government.

It becomes a consequence of such a system, that the people at large must neither in war nor peace, acquire wealth faster than it can be absorbed into the hands of the government. The policy of such governments has, therefore, ever been to discourage, under the pretext of "protection," all industry that does not throw its profits into the hands of a few individuals, manageable by the crown. Through taxation the general wealth must flow concentratively into the lap of the executive, and from it, in uninterrupted and corrupt channels, through all official action, down to the lowest officials. The late government of France was a melancholy picture of this system of corruption. Thus, the customs department supported 31,400 officials, at an expense of 37,000,000 of francs per annum; and they collected 110,000,000 francs, under a rigid system of restriction, which, if modified to that of England, would probably employ but 6,000, instead of 31,400 persons: but, by cheapening the articles purchased by the people, industry would return a better reward; an amelioration would tend to raise their condition, while it weakened the government by diminishing the means of its corruption.

When peace was declared, Congress did not condescend to ask treaties of foreign powers acknowledging the independence of the Union; but, as related by Mr. Jefferson, in a letter to Mr. Adams—

"Were willing, by some of the ordinary international transactions, to receive what would imply that acknowledgment. They appointed commissioners, therefore, to propose treaties of commerce to the principal nations of Europe. I was then a member of Congress; was of the committee appointed to prepare the instructions to the commissioners; was, as you suppose, the draughtsman of those actually agreed to, and was joined by your father and Dr. Franklin to carry them into execution. But the stipulations making part of these instructions, which respected *privateering*, *blockades*, *contraband*, and *freedom of the fisheries*, were not original conceptions of mine. They had before been suggested by Dr. Franklin, in some of his papers in possession of the public, and had, I think, been recommended in some letters of his to Congress. I happen only to have been the inserter of them in the first public act, which gave the formal sanction of a public authority. We accordingly proposed our treaties, containing these stipulations, to the principal governments of Europe. But we were then just emerged from a subordinate condition; the nations had, as yet, known nothing of us, and had not yet reflected on the relations which it might be to their interests to establish with us. Most of them, therefore, listened to our proposals with coyness and reserve; *Old Frederick* alone closing with us without any hesitation. The negotiator of Portugal, indeed, signed a treaty with us, which his government did not ratify; and Tuscany was near a final agreement. Becoming sensible, however, ourselves, that we should do nothing with the greater powers, we thought it better not to hamper our country with engagements to those of less significance, and suffered our powers to expire without closing any other negotiation. Austria soon after became desirous of a treaty with us, and her ambassador pressed it often upon me; *but, our commerce with her being no object*, I evaded his repeated invitations. Had these governments been then apprised of the station we should so soon occupy among nations, all, I believe, would have met us promptly, and with frankness. These *principles* would then have been established with all; and, from being the *conventional law* with us alone, would have slid into their engagements with all, and become general."

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The United States thus took the lead in commercial negotiation, although they may not lay claim to the paternity of a system which had its origin in the Congress of Utrecht—an era remarkable in commercial history for the enlightened views and liberal regulations then embodied in treaty stipulations. Although France was the first to recognise us as a nation—we have made less progress with her, in a commercial way, than with most other nations, if we except Spain, that wretched abode of despotism and desolation.

The present administration has enlarged the circle of American influence in Europe, more than has been effected in any similar period of our existence, and there now exist 42 treaties between the United States and foreign countries; of these 30 are treaties of reciprocity, containing the "favored nation clause," which stipulates that any concession to one shall be enjoyed by all others, freely, if the concession is made freely, and upon paying the same equivalent, if compensation is stipulated. The great emigration which has taken place between the nations of Europe and the United States, has transferred to the United States a great number of useful citizens, and a considerable amount of property. It has also closely connected the descents of property in the United States with persons in Germany, and, *vice versa*, a great number of the citizens of the United States inherit property in the countries of Europe. This has given rise to a new class of treaties, particularly with those nations which, remotely situate from the sea, have no occasion for commercial treaties. The first treaty with the Netherlands, in 1782, embraced a clause to remove the duties on the property of emigrants, and to allow the citizens of the United States to inherit property in the Netherlands, without first obtaining letters of naturalization. A similar clause was contained in the first French treaty. This was a wise and liberal provision, and did great credit to the foresight of the negotiators. As the country advanced, and the intercourse became more extended among the citizens of the new and old world, the necessity of extending these provisions to other nations became more urgent. As an instance, it may be remarked, that the kingdom of Bavaria contained, in 1837, 4,315,369 inhabitants; and the emigration from it, in four years, ending with 1839, was 24,507 souls, of whom 23,978 went to the United States. The Bavarian government levied a heavy tax on the money and property carried away, and the amount ascertained as so taxed, was 7,000,000 guilders, or $2,800,000, and was estimated to be about half the actual sum, as a great deal was concealed to avoid the tax. In the other countries of Germany, similar taxes prevailed.

With nine of these German states new treaties have been now enacted, abolishing the duty on property inherited by aliens, and upon property conveyed out of the country. Thus gradually has the United States been enabled to bring the countries of Europe towards it, by a successful policy, which, as we have seen, has much progressed in the last four years.

From a system of strict exclusion at the close of the last century, England has, under the influence, direct and indirect, of the United States' policy, modified her navigation laws, her colonial laws, her commercial laws, and having now abandoned her corn laws and established a reciprocal postal intercourse, is about to abandon her navigation act, and must soon relinquish her colonies.

The speech from the British throne, February 1st, on the day the corn laws ceased to act, contained the following paragraph:

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"I again commend to your attention the restrictions imposed on commerce by the navigation laws.

"If you shall find that these laws are, in whole or in part, unnecessary for the maintenance of our maritime power, while they fetter trade and industry, you will, no doubt, deem it right to repeal or modify their provisions."

This, then, is the end of those famous laws which were supposed for 150 years, to have been the source of England's commercial greatness; but in relation to which, it is now declared from the throne, that they "fettered trade and industry." Such has been the enlightenment of the 19th century, notwithstanding that the Hon. Daniel Webster, in his Baltimore speech of 1843, spoke in regard to those laws as follows:

"In my opinion, the true principle—the philosophy of politics on this subject, is exhibited in the old navigation laws of England, introduced by some of the bold geniuses of Cromwell's time, and acted upon ever since. In other respects, its operation is the most just, the most philosophical, and the most beneficial, that could be desired."

Those who have tried the navigation act for 150 years, pronounce it injurious to the national interests, while a small interest here, casting experience aside, express admiration of its supposed benefits.

The steady progress of the commercial principles so successfully carried out by the out-going administration, has immensely enlarged the markets for produce. As an indication of this fact, the quantity of American produce sold and carried abroad in American vessels has been progressively as follows:

	1830.	1840.	1842.	1845.	1848.
Produce exp....	$51,106,189	90,030,898	71,467,634	75,483,123	95,544,217
Am. vessels, tons....	971,760	1,647,009	1,536,451	2,053,977	2.414,825

Under the high tariff of 1842 the exports, or sales of national produce, did not increase. But they have since done so largely, and the tonnage of American vessels has increased near 1,000,000 tons in six years. Following this increased tonnage, has been the employment of all parties connected with the marine, as well lumber growers and stevedores, as ship builders and seamen, or hemp growers and cordage makers. The larger the quantity of produce to go abroad, or of goods to come home, by so much is the demand for American shipping increased. Notwithstanding the liberality of our treaties, American vessels can overmatch all opposition; and in the prosperity of this class the hemp-grower of Kentucky and the ship-builder of Maine, have both a mutual interest, antagonistic to the designs of that school of politicians, who would destroy those great interests in order to pander to the monopolies of the tariff aristocrats.

The employments and profits in every branch of industry are undoubtedly greater, and the accumulation of capital more considerable at this moment than in any former period of the country. The results of all those statistical returns depended upon as evidences of the prosperity of producers indicate, that in the aggregate, the general welfare is greater now than ever. This is more particularly the case with manufacturing districts, as in Massachusetts, where the savings banks returns show the aggregate deposites at the close of 1848, to have been $11,970,470 divided among 69,894 depositors, or an average $171,28 per head, against $10,680,933, divided among 62,800 depositors, or $169 per head at the close of 1846, the last year of the tariff of 1842. In analyzing those returns, however, it is found that the commercial towns show a higher average of individual earnings than those which are exclusively manufacturing, that is to say, in New-Bedford the average is $200 per head, and in Lowell $165. This is the natural conse-

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quence of the corporate manufacturing system, which has a constant tendency to break up individual manufacturers with small means, through the effect of overshadowing associated capitals, thus multiplying the number of hands seeking employ, and therefore constantly reducing by competition the average earnings of employees, and swelling the dividends of the stockholders. The operation of the system is in nowise different in its results in this country, from that which is apparent in the manufacturing districts of England, in the immense wealth amassed in few hands amid the utmost popular misery. That the general prosperity of manufacturing operatives, as a whole, has been more progressive under the tariff of 1846, than under the high rates levied by that of 1842, is manifest in the fact, that the quantities of raw material taken by the manufacturers have increased in a greater ratio. After many years of constantly increasing purchases, the United States manufacturers took in 1843, 325,129 bales of cotton, and the quantity continued to increase until it reached 422,597 bales for the year 1846, being an increase in four years under the tariff of 1842 of 97,468 bales, or 24,367 per annum. In 1848, under the low tariff, they took 531,772 bales, being an increase of 109,175, or 54,000 bales per annum. Thus far in the present year, the increase has been 20 per cent., or 106,000 bales over 1848, and will make a consumption of 636,000 bales for the year 1849; now it is evident, that if the manufacturers buy such immensely increasing quantities of the raw material, it is because they find their account in it, and that in fact they were never so prosperous as at this moment. It is self-evident that if it required a certain number of hands to work up 422,597 bales of cotton in 1846, that it will require at least half as many more to work 636,000 bales in 1849; and therefore that the demand for manufacturing labor under the low tariff of 1846, is 50 per cent. greater than under the high tariff of 1842. This is precisely the principle on which the tariff measures of the present administration have, in accordance with democratic free trade, been based; and they rest upon the law of trade, that the greater the means of the consumer and the lower the money price of the thing consumed, the greater will be the *quantity* required. Now, as a general thing, quantity cannot be increased without additional labor; and if a greater quantity is demanded, there is more request for laborers. This tends to sustain the price. Now, if a higher duty causes the foreign article to be so high in price, as not to be consumed largely, the corporate factories get a higher price for a less quantity, while they employ less labor and divide greater profits, the rate of wages falls, and the average earnings of operatives becomes less than in other occupations. A proposition to raise duties for protection is in fact a proposition to throw hands out of employ.

The great prosperity which the country exhibits in every department, together with the manifestations that its growing wealth is more equally distributed among its producers; that those who create the wealth retain a far larger proportion of it than do the corresponding classes of the old world, are indications that the working of those great democratic principles, which the present administration was placed in power by the American people to demonstrate, and which, as we have seen, have been successfully combined in a most extraordinary manner in the last four years, are peculiarly adapted to the realization of the "greatest good to the greatest number." The modification of all taxes and the removal of all restraints upon individual action, as well as the abolishment of all laws that tend to accumulate wealth in the hands of a few, may now be said to be the settled policy of the whole country—low postage, low duties, a constitutional currency, and freedom of intercourse, have become settled questions in the United States, and cannot

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again be disturbed. It is true, that certain monied aristocrats have taken advantage of the result of the late election, when avowedly no great question was at issue to threaten a restoration of those laws, by which their vast wealth was acquired. They occupy, however, the same position in respect of these laws, as do the old tory peers of England in respect to the bread tax. It will be remembered that the people of England having long, in vain, struggled against the corn laws, and in vain sought their repeal or modification at the hands of Parliament, at last combined in a great "anti-corn law league" under Mr. Cobden, and so effectual has been their action, that on the 1st of February, 1849, those pernicious laws were finally abrogated, being nearly the last remnant of England's protective system. It appears, however, that the Duke of Richmond has promised the landholders that he will procure the restoration of the tax on the people's food for their benefit, in the same manner that certain "cotton lords" of New-England promise a restoration of the tax on supplies here. The emphatic language of Mr. Cobden, in relation to such pretensions there, will apply as well to the aristocrats *here* as there:

"He was indignant when he saw 'that other individual,' the Duke of Richmond, trying to hoodwink, gull and bamboozle the farmers of Sussex—the county where Mr. Cobden was born—and telling them that he would talk to Lord John Russell about restoring protection. That Duke should not restore one shilling of protection again. 'I tell his grace that it is of no use his going to men in power to talk about restoring the corn laws. *We* are in power on the corn laws. (Tremendous cheering.) Now I do feel somewhat indignant at this barefaced attempt to delude honest men. (Cheers.) I have had credit given to me for seven years for keeping my temper upon this subject, but I can't keep my temper with humbugs. I want it to be understood that in dissolving this League, we are not going to be revived again to have *a fresh contest about protection.* We have done with that.' (Loud cheers.) Mr. Cobden referred to the Peace question, in phrases which seem to promise that the League machinery shall be applied to a peace establishment propagandism. 'As we meet here for the last time, as members of that great and united body which effected the emancipation of our industry, I cannot help saying that I should feel the deepest regret in separating this evening, were it not that there is something in the toast which I am about to propose, which leaves me a hope that we shall not separate after all. (Tremendous cheering.) The toast which I have to propose is, 'Free Trade and Peace, *the best guaranties of popular rights, the best promoters of national industry, and* the most effectual means for the reduction of national burdens.' Well, I repeat, I don't think we shall separate for long, after all; for if free trade and peace be united together, why then I think that we have something yet to do before we have finished our work. I think that we may conscientiously co-operate to carry out the second object of the toast: indeed, I don't think that there is one of this assembly but will be as willing to work for the one as for the other, and who will not agree with me, that the most logical conclusion to which we can come in arguing the matter is this, that having effected free trade, we are bound to see if we cannot carry peace also.' * * *

'If I am glad to have this opportunity of letting not only our own fellow countrymen, but all Europe, know that those men and women who exerted themselves with so much self-sacrifice and so much honor to themselves, to emancipate industry—that they are as determined now to watch over and preserve the peaceable relations of this country with foreign nations—that they are as much opposed to war as to monopoly, and as determined that peace shall be henceforward a real peace, and not a mock one.' (Cheers.) *He thought that free institutions abroad were logically connected with the progress of pacific principles;* and he denied the assertion that the tendency of democracy was towards war. He hoped to live to see the time when foreign affairs would no longer be among the secrets of a cabinet, but be as publicly discussed as domestic affairs are now. 'I am against all monopolies of states; and I hope to see the monopoly of the Foreign Office and the monopoly of the Cabinet so invaded, that they shall not be allowed to engage in

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a treaty which may involve you in *the liabilities and risks of war, without its first undergoing public discussion.* (Much cheering.) All our bloody contests for the last two hundred years have been conducted with a latent belief that captured colonies would recompense us for war. We know better now. 'I believe we are now at the beginning of a great world-wide revolution, which is destined to circulate round the globe, and to end only with time itself; and I believe that the beginning and the dawn of that revolution *were laid at our own meetings in the Free Trade Hall.*'"

The decision of the American people at the election of 1844, was as definitive in relation to the principles of universal peace and fraternity, as was the decision of the English people in that great movement which has sealed the fate of the British protective system, including corn and navigation laws, and also, of the colonial system. "Free trade and peace" are, indeed, "the best guaranties of popular rights," "and the best promoters of national industry." The "cotton lords" of New-England, and the "landed nobles" of Old England, cling tenaciously to privileges that they have long enjoyed. But the period of their ascendancy is passed; the rights of labor and the natural privileges of industry are no longer to be encroached upon by the artificial rights of capital created by partial laws that come in conflict with the universal laws of trade. No person, or set of persons, can derive any right or privilege from legislative enactments, without encroaching upon the natural rights of the people at large.

During the last four years, each producer of American wealth has had greater opportunities to turn it to the best account, and individually, to realize a larger portion of the results of his own industry, than perhaps the people of any country ever enjoyed before. There have been in operation fewer laws to take from him his earnings and bestow it upon other parties; he has been enabled to sell on better terms abroad, and the proceeds of his sales have come home to him at cheaper rates, and burdened with lower taxes and at a less cost of transportation. In return, he has demanded a larger quantity of manufactured supplies, and these have promoted a more extended employment of skilled labor. There have been fewer corporate associations to absorb and consume, through speculators, the products of industry, in return for faithless promises to be expunged by bankrupt laws. There have been less extensive schemes by which contractors and jobbers might be enriched from the public treasuries, under the pretence of "public improvements." The constitutional currency has actively operated to steady and fix the rewards of industry, and to enable the producer to get an actual equivalent for the proceeds of his labor. As a general result, although there are fewer instances of rapid accumulation in private fortunes, the individual wealth of the whole people has averaged greater than in any former similar period; and, although the war commenced in Mexico through the encouragement of the aristocratic party among us, has necessitated the creation of a small debt, by which a number of capitalists have for a season become national annuitants; yet, the healthy action of the revenue tariff principle is operating speedily to extinguish that promoter of monied aristocracy. That continued attempts will be made to renew special privileges there is no doubt; but the close of the present administration leaves the country in a more prosperous and sounder condition than ever it was before. Neither can we doubt, but that free trade and free principles will continue to progress, until the most complete freedom of intercourse will virtually have annexed England, as well as the mercantile world, commercially to the United States.

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MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

THERE is no department of literature which has undergone such changes, in modern times, as history. The term once implied a mere collection of facts, narrated with more or less detail and consistency, to which recourse could be had for precedents and illustrations. Few readers associated history, in its original form, with intellectual enjoyment. Its brilliant episodes and interesting characters were chiefly known through the labors of the poet. Thus, to English minds, Henry VIII. is what Shakspeare made him; Philip of Spain exists in the intense portraiture of Alfieri; and the delicate misfortunes and beauty of Mary Stuart, were revived with new and lasting attractiveness by the tragedy of Schiller. The more we reflect upon the sources of our permanent historical ideas, the clearer will it appear that fiction and poetry have winnowed the silver wheat from the dusty chaff of the annalist; and that epochs are remembered, on account of some dramatic incident or heroic personage, which, incarnated by genius, has been stamped with reality to the heart. Accordingly, historic literature, in the absolute meaning of the phrase, has been rather a storehouse of the past, which the dramatist explored for a plot, the orator for an argument, and the antiquarian for the pleasure of research. It has seldom, and only in fragments, proved a living record with near relations to the present and future. A gradual modification has been long evident. As the sympathies of mankind have been awakened by the facilities of intercourse, history has become more of a common ground and suggested unimagined attractions. Her archives have been laid open to throw light upon the philosophy of life—to elucidate the progressive tendency of society, and to trace the laws of providence. A fresh rule of perspective has been applied, whereby the distant is brought near; and the glow of Christian sentiment has revealed, in more vivid tints, the light and shade once indistinctly mingled. Champollion found a key to the monumental history of Egypt; Niebuhr to the antiquities of Rome; and Cousin delivered lectures that kindled crowds of listening youth, in order to trace a high and vast design in the vicissitudes of nations. But this acute and comprehensive study of the past, while it indicates the advanced humanity and superior intelligence of the age, is not the only cause of the improvement in historical writing. The principle of a division of labor, so effective in political and social economy, has been operative in more abstract vocations. It has tended to classify and subdivide literature and science, and thus render their phases more distinct. We perceive its influence upon history in the fact that, instead of countries, events and individuals are made the subjects of separate description. By this means, instead of a confused jumble of wars, councils, and successions, we have many central points, around which secondary things are made to revolve; and the principle at work—the question in abeyance—the spirit of the times—are brought out with a relief and proportion, that greatly assists our insight and harmonizes our conclusions. With this view Sismondi wrote his Italian Republics, Ranke his history of

*The History of England, from the accession of James II. By Thomas Babington Macaulay.—Vols. I. and II. New-York: Harpers & Brothers. 1849.

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the Popes, and D'Aubigne, that of the Reformation. Each of these subjects is interwoven with the destiny of the race; each includes essential relations with the progress of civilization and liberty—both political and religious—but separately considered, and thus detached from the mass of circumstances in which the old chronicles involved them—incalculable facility is afforded the inquirer. The advantage is similar to that obtained by the man of science through nomenclatures and cabinets. An intelligent method, in all vocations, promotes success; but its application to history is comparatively recent, and is yet immature.

Yet another element has contributed to the expansion of the historic act—, and that is the eclectic philosophy of the age, which constantly asserts itself not only directly, but with an instinctive and latent agency. It has fused together not only abstract systems, but national manners, schools of art, and principles of taste; even political antipathies are reconciled by its alchemy; legitimists and republicans fraternize for some idea more precious to each than their respective opinions on government; and sectarians do not hesitate to evince loyalty to the creed of one denomination, while they worship according to the form of another. The composer attemps to unite the melody of the Italian with the harmony of the German music; the sculptor adopts a subject from the Pagan mythology, and imbues it with the sentiment of the Christian religion; and French styles of dress are grafted on Puritan manners. The influence of this eclectic spirit is discernible in modern history, by its appropriation of other forms of literature to its uses. It imitates every successful attempt to re-produce the past; but there are two experiments, of which it has signally availed itself—very different and yet each effective. If we were called upon to designate the most striking representations, of times and persons long departed, which modern literature affords, prominent among them would be the French memoirs and the Scotch novels—the first as authentic daguerreotypes of personal manners, the second as picturesque delineations of scenes and character. A peculiar charm of Macaulay's history is the judicious transfer of these vital elements to his narrative. The account of Monmouth, for instance, taken together, is as relishing a piece of biography as was ever penned, distinct in outline and magnetic in atmosphere—and yet it is interspersed with the annals of two reigns. The same is true of the brief but vivid sketch of Argyle. Both these characters have been drawn by Scott; and yet, without the accessories of romance, they stand before us in as touching and more clear a light on the emphatic page of the historian. Dumas has written an exciting novel, in which Charles I. is an actor; but the extraordinary events of that monarch's reign, and especially their relation to his fate, is set before the reader in this volume in so lucid a manner, that a pleasure is afforded equal to that inspired by the most thrilling details. There is, indeed, no doubt that truth is more wonderful than fiction, if only conveyed with versimilitude; but it is comparatively easy to weave imaginative drapery in which to array sterile facts, while to make those facts vital by a process of sympathetic reflection, that almost identifies the writer with them, is another and more difficult task. It is the same with the description of Charles II. We have been surfeited with anecdotes of the "merry monarch;" but precisely how he fascinated a people so exacting and grave as the English, into such patient toleration of his levity, was never quite so evident as it is made by the present chronicler, whose account of his playing with his spaniels at early morning in the park, and his chit-chat levees while at his toilet, explain more than volumes of

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less significant comment. Indeed, Macaulay indicates, with singular impressiveness, how the perfidy of the father was his ruin, and the urbanity of the son his redemption with the people—and, by confining himself to those traits which affect the mutual relation of the prince and the nation, elucidates events by character, and character by events—a process which is at once artistic and philosophical.

As examples of his manner in this respect, we quote the description of a persecutor and a martyr, in the religious controversies of the period:

TALBOT.

"Soon after the prorogation, this reckless faction was strengthened by an important reinforcement. Richard Talbot, earl of Tyrconnel, the fiercest and most uncompromising of all those who hated the liberties and religion of England, arrived at court from Dublin.

"Talbot was descended from an old Norman family which had been long settled in Leinster, which had there sunk into degeneracy, which had adopted the manners of the Celts, which had like the Celts, adhered to the old religion, and which had taken part with the Celts in the rebellion of 1641. In his youth he had been one of the most noted sharpers and bullies of London. He had been introduced to Charles and James when they were exiles in Flanders, as a man fit and ready for the infamous service of assassinating the Protector. Soon after the Restoration, Talbot attempted to obtain the favor of the royal family by a service more infamous still. A plea was wanted which might justify the Duke of York in breaking that promise of marriage by which he had obtained from Anne Hyde the last proof of female affection. Such a plea Talbot, in concert with some of his dissolute companions, undertook to furnish. He affirmed that he had triumphed over the young lady's virtue, made up a long romance about the interviews with which she had indulged him, and related how, in one of his secret visits to her, he had unluckily overturned the chancellor's inkstand upon a pile of papers, and how cleverly she had averted a discovery by laying the blame of the accident on her monkey. These stories, which, if they had been true, would never have passed the lips of any but the basest of mankind, were pure inventions. Talbot was soon forced to own that they were so; and he owned it without a blush. The injured lady became Duchess of York. Had her husband been a man really upright and honorable, he would have driven from his presence with indignation and contempt the wretches who had slandered her. But one of the peculiarities of James's character was that no act, however wicked and shameful, which had been prompted by a desire to gain his favour, ever seemed to him deserving of disapprobation. Talbot continued to frequent the court, appeared daily with brazen front before the princess whose ruin he had plotted, and was installed into the lucrative post of chief pander to her husband. In no long time Whitehall was thrown into confusion by the news that Dick Talbot, as he was commonly called, had laid a plan to murder the Duke of Ormond. The bravo was sent to the Tower; but in a few days he was again swaggering about the galleries, and carrying billets backward and forward between his patron and the ugliest maids of honor. It was in vain that old and discreet counsellors implored the royal brothers not to countenance this bad man, who had nothing to recommend him except his fine person and his taste in dress. Talbot was not only welcome at the palace when the bottle or the dice-box was going round, but was heard with attention on matters of business. He affected the character of an Irish patriot, and pleaded with great audacity, and sometimes with success, the cause of his countrymen whose estates had been confiscated. He took care, however, to be well paid for his services, and succeeded in acquiring, partly by the sale of his influence, partly by gambling, and partly by pimping, an estate of three thousand pounds a year; for, under an outward show of levity, profusion, improvidence, and eccentric impudence, he was, in truth, one of the most mercenary and crafty of mankind. He was now no longer young; but advancing age had made no essential change in his character and manners. He still, whenever he opened his mouth, ranted, cursed, and swore with such

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frantic violence, that superficial observers set him down for the wildest of libertines. The multitude was unable to conceive that a man who, even when sober, was more furious and boastful than others when they were drunk, and who seemed utterly incapable of disguising any emotion or keeping any secret, could really be a cold-hearted, far-sighted, scheming sycophant: yet such a man was Talbot. In truth, his hypocrisy was of a far higher and rarer sort than the hypocrisy which had flourished in Barebones's Parliament; for the consummate hypocrite is not he who conceals vice behind the semblance of virtue, but he who makes the vice which he has no objection to show, a stalking horse to cover darker and more profitable vice which it is for his interest to hide.

"Talbot, raised by James to the earldom of Tyrconnel, had commanded the troops in Ireland during the nine months which elapsed between the death of Charles and the commencement of the viceroyalty of Clarendon. When the new lord lieutenant was about to leave London for Dublin, the general was summoned from Dublin to London. Dick Talbot had long been well known on the road which he now had to travel. Between Chester and the capital there was not an inn where he had not been in a brawl. Wherever he came he pressed horses in defiance of law, swore at the cooks and postillions, and almost raised mobs by his insolent rhodomontades. The Reformation, he told the people, had ruined every thing. But fine times were coming. The Catholics would soon be uppermost. The heretics should pay for all. Raving and blaspheming incessantly, like a demoniac, he came to the court. As soon as he was there, he allied himself closely with Castlemaine, Dover, and Abeville. These men called with one voice for war on the constitution of the Church and the State. They told their master that he owed it to his religion and to the dignity of his crown to stand firm against the outcy of heretical demagogues, and to let the Parliament see from the first that he would be master in spite of opposition, and that the only effect of opposition would be to make him a hard master."

JOHNSON.

"His name was Samuel Johnson. He was a priest of the Church of England, and had been chaplain to Lord Russell. Johnson was one of those persons who are mortally hated by their opponents, and less loved than respected by their allies. His morals were pure, his religious feelings ardent, his learning and abilities not contemptible, his judgment weak, his temper acrimonious, turbulent, and unconquerably stubborn. His profession made him peculiarly odious to the zealous supporters of monarchy; for a republican in holy orders was a strange and almost an unnatural being. During the late reign Johnson had published a book entitled Julian the Apostate. The object of this work was to show that the Christians of the fourth century did not hold the doctrine of non-resistance. It was easy to produce passages from Chrysostom and Jerome written in a spirit very different from that of the Anglican divines, who preached against the Exclusion Bill. Johnson, however, went further. He attempted to revive the odious imputation which had, for very obvious reasons, been thrown by Libanius on the Christian soldiers of Julian, and insinuated that the dart which slew the imperial renegade came, not from the enemy, but from some Rumbold or Ferguson in the Roman ranks. A hot controversy followed, Whig and Tory disputants wrangled fiercely about an obscure passage, in which Gregory of Nazianzen praises a pious bishop who was going to bastinado somebody. The Whigs maintained that the holy man was going to bastinado the emperor; the Tories that, at the worst, he was only going to bastinado a captain of the guard. Johnson prepared a reply to his assailants, in which he drew an elaborate parallel between Julian and James, then Duke of York. Julian had, during many years, pretended to abhor idolatry, while in heart an idolater. Julian had, to serve a turn, occasionally affected respect for the rights of conscience. Julian had punished cities which were zealous for the true religion, by taking away their municipal privileges. Julian had, by his flatterers, been called the Just. James was provoked beyond endurance. Johnson was prosecuted for a libel, convicted, and condemned to a fine which he had no means of paying. He was therefore kept in gaol; and it seemed likely that his confinement would end only with his life."

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"Julian Johnson, as he was popularly called, was sentenced to stand thrice in the pillory, and to be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. The judge, Sir Francis Withins, told the criminal to be thankful for the great lenity of the attorney general, who might have treated the case as one of high treason. 'I owe him no thanks,' answered Johnson, dauntlessly. 'Am I, whose only crime is that I have defended the Church and the laws, to be grateful for being scourged like a dog, while Popish scribblers are suffered daily to insult the Church and to violate the laws with impunity?' The energy with which he spoke was such that both the judges and the crown lawyers thought it necessary to vindicate themselves, and protested that they knew of no Popish publications such as those to which the prisoner alluded. He instantly drew from his pocket some Roman Catholic books and trinkets which were then freely exposed for sale under the royal patronage, read aloud the titles of the books, and threw a rosary across the table to the king's counsel. 'And now,' he cried with a loud voice, 'I lay this information before God, before this court, and before the English people. We shall soon see whether Mr. Attorney will do his duty.'

"It was resolved that, before the punishment was inflicted, Johnson should be degraded from the priesthood. The prelates, who had been charged by the ecclesiastical commission with the care of the diocese of London, cited him before them in the chapter house of Saint Paul's cathedral. The manner in which he went through the ceremony made a deep impression on many minds. When he was stripped of his sacred robe he exclaimed, 'You are taking away my gown because I tried to keep your gowns on your backs." The only part of the formalities which seemed to distress him was the plucking of the Bible out of his hand. He made a faint struggle to retain the sacred book, kissed it, and burst into tears. 'You cannot,' he said, 'deprive me of the hopes which I owe to it.' Some attempts were made to obtain a remission of the flogging. A Roman Catholic priest offered to intercede for two hundred pounds. The money was raised; and the priest did his best, but in vain. 'Mr. Johnson,' said the king, 'has the spirit of a martyr, and it is fit that he should be one.' William the Third said, a few years later, of one of the most acrimonious and intrepid Jacobites, 'He has set his heart on being a martyr, and I have set mine on disappointing him.' These two speeches would alone suffice to explain the widely different fates of the two princes.

"The day appointed for the flogging came. A whip of nine lashes was used. Three hundred and seventeen stripes were inflicted; but the sufferer never winced. He afterwards said that the pain was cruel, but that, as he was dragged at the tail of the cart, he remembered how patiently the cross had been borne up Mount Calvary, and was so much supported by the thought that, but for the fear of incurring the suspicion of vain glory, he would have sung a psalm with as firm and cheerful a voice as if he had been worshipping God in the congregation. It is impossible not to wish that so much heroism had been less alloyed by intemperance and intolerance."

It will doubtless be objected to this history, that it is not profound. We confess, that in our view, this is one of its decided charms. It is the office of the philosopher to follow truth to its last analysis, and deduce great principles from successive facts. The prime duty of the historian is to narrate. We claim from him authenticity, clearness, and that sympathetic interest in his work that renders it vital. These conditions we deem felicitously realized in the present instance. Yet, without an occasional comment, and some reflective suggestion, a chronicler hardly seems in earnest; and, accordingly, remarks that spontaneously occur are repressed at the appropriate time. They are, however, never forced, but naturally spring from the occasion; and are, with scarce an exception, just, discriminating, and in good taste. Thus, after describing the attempts of Charles and Laud to force the English liturgy on the Scots it is added—"to this step our country owes her freedom;" and, speaking of the affectation of scientific tastes, at the time of the revival of

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Baconian philosophy, the writer observes—"It is the universal law, that whatever pursuit, whatever doctrine becomes fashionable, shall lose a portion of that dignity which it had possessed while it was confined to a small, but earnest minority, and was loved for its own sake alone." In another instance, after enunciating some of the inhumanities of the age of Charles, we are assured that—"the more we examine the history of the past, the more reason we shall find to dissent from those who imagine that our age has been fruitful of new social evils. The truth is, that the evils are, with scarcely an exception, old. That which is new is the intelligence which discerns, and the humanity which remedies them." Elsewhere he speaks of "the implacable hatred of an apostate"—of "the fortitude which is derived from reflection and self-respect;" and expresses the opinion, that "in every age the vilest specimens of humanity are to be found among demagogues." By such natural and sensible observations, scattered here and there, the narrative style is varied, and it appears to us that more elaborate or acute comments would be out of place in a professed historian. It is taken for granted that the reader will philosophize for himself on the facts presented. Vigor of statement—the material for analogy and deduction—is what we mainly ask. After all, the great inferences from history are indirectly suggested. If we follow events closely, they solve every question at last. Hence Macaulay has shed much philosophical light on the period described, without seeming to do so. No writer has more plainly traced the events which gave rise to the two great political parties, or so ably indicated the manner in which their conflicts, triumphs, coalitions and modifications worked out into an enduring system the principles of constitutional government. It is seldom that the same hand can so justly depict two such antagonistic characters as the Puritan and the Cavalier, and demonstrate the utility and desirableness of the elements they respectively contributed to the English state and society. The way, too, in which French supremacy was so long maintained, and the insinuation of her politics and literary tastes—so utterly alien to Saxon manliness—is developed with rare skill; while the comparative natural energy of a government founded on popular recognition, and one sustained by diplomatic intrigue, is finely illustrated by the description of England universally respected under Oliver, and under the Stuarts—"a blank in the map of Europe" In a word, to the philosophic mind, there is ample food in this history, though it may not be served up with the emphasis of Hallam or Guizot.

The great problem to be solved by the English historian is the *rationale* of her civic and religious liberty, and her extraordinary material prosperity; the one having survived the action of causes, many of which operated equally upon Europe, where royal despotism was successfully established, and the other having constantly increased to its present unequalled grandeur, in spite of comparatively limited natural resources. Now, to those who object to Macaulay's history, that it is not sufficiently philosophical, we reply, that he has arranged the facts, and related the story, in so lucid and emphatic a manner, that the latent and general truths evolve themselves to a reflective mind more impressively than if set forth in an argumentative shape. It is a crowning merit of this work that it is eminently and distinctly suggestive. We cannot fail to see that the consistent and wise opposition of the Commons to a standing army, and its firm grasp of the purse, rendered the kingly prerogatives inadequate for all purposes of selfish aggrandizement and supreme control, such as reduced the continental nations to vassalage. In regard to religious freedom, the long struggle between the church of Rome

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and Protestantism, developed under such circumstances in England as to enlighten, in a very experimental and summary way, the whole people, as to the value of the right of private judgment in matters of faith. The war of opinion kindled, indeed, the fires of persecution, but their flames illumined as well as consumed. The whole history of the Test Act, as here unfolded, shows how certain is the reaction of spiritual tyranny. To the obstinacy of James, in attempting to force his creed upon the state, all the religious liberty which England boasted owes its vehement assertion; for the people were strong in the conviction, that, "however fair the general character of a papist might be, there was no excess of fraud or cruelty of which he was not capable when the safety and honor of his church were at stake." To this feeling Macaulay attributes the popular dread of Catholicism; and shows that such men as Locke and Tillotson were justified in their intolerance, on the same ground; and that to the policy of James, in direct opposition to the general sentiment—"the English Roman Catholics owed three years of lawless and insolent triumph, and a hundred and forty years of subjection and degradation."

Of the perverse views and conduct of James, and his agency in producing these results, it is remarked:—

"The obstinate and imperious nature of the king gave great advantages to those who advised him to be firm, to yield nothing, and to make himself feared. One state maxim had taken possession of his small understanding, and was not to be dislodged by reason. To reason, indeed, he was not in the habit of attending. His mode of arguing, if it is to be so called, was one not uncommon among dull and stubborn persons, who are accustomed to be surrounded by their inferiors. He asserted a proposition; and as often as wiser people ventured respectfully to show that it was erroneous, he asserted it again, in exactly the same words, and conceived that, by doing so, he at once disposed of all objections. 'I will make no concessions," he often repeated; 'my father made concessions and he was beheaded.' If it were true, that concession had been fatal to Charles the First, a man of sense would have known that a single experiment is not sufficient to establish a general rule, even in sciences much less complicated than the science of government; that, since the beginning of the world, no two political experiments were ever made of which all the conditions were exactly alike; and that the only way to learn civil prudence from history is to examine and compare an immense number of cases. But, if the single instance on which the king relied proved any thing, it proved that he was in the wrong. There can be little doubt that, if Charles had frankly made to the Short Parliament, which met in the spring of 1640, but one-half of the concessions which he made a few months after to the Long Parliament, he would have lived and died a powerful king. On the other hand, there can be no doubt whatever that, if he had refused to make any concessions to the Long Parliament, and had resorted to arms in defence of the ship-money and of the Star Chamber, he would have seen, in the hostile ranks, Hyde and Falkland side by side with Hollis and Hampden. But, in truth, he would not have been able to resort to arms, for not twenty Cavaliers would have joined his standard. It was to his large concessions alone that he owed the support of that great body of noblemen and gentlemen who fought so long and so gallantly in his cause. But it would have been useless to represent these things to James.

"Another fatal delusion had taken possession of his mind, which was never dispelled till it had ruined him. He firmly believed that, do what he might, the members of the Church of England would act up to their principles. It had, he knew, been proclaimed from ten thousand pulpits—it had been solemnly declared by the University of Oxford, that even tyranny as frightful as that of the most depraved of the Cæsars did not justify subjects in resisting the royal authority, and hence he was weak enough to conclude that the whole body of Tory gentlemen and clergymen would let him plunder, oppress, and insult them without lifting an arm

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against him. It seems strange that any man should have passed his fiftieth year without discovering that people sometimes do what they think wrong; and James had only to look into his own heart for abundant proof that even a strong sense of religious duty will not always prevent frail human beings from indulging their passions in defiance of divine laws, and at the risk of awful penalties. He must have been conscious that, though he thought adultery sinful, he was an adulterer; but nothing could convince him that any man who professed to think rebellion sinful would ever, in any extremity, be a rebel. The Church of England was, in his view, a passive victim, which he might, without danger, outrage and torture at his pleasure; nor did he ever see his error till the universities were preparing to coin their plate for the purpose of supplying the military chest of his enemies, and till a bishop, long renowned for loyalty, had thrown aside his cassock, girt on a sword, and taken the command of a regiment of insurgents."—pp 57-58.

In the description of this monarch's reign, Macaulay follows Fox and Mackintosh in all essential materials; but they are vivified and newly fused in the alembic of his earnest mind. Few readers will hesitate to adopt his estimate of James II., of the two Hydes, of Rochester and Tyrconnell; and what is a greater tribute to his ability—in few memories will his masterly portraits of these distinguished characters fail to remain—bold in lineament, haunting in expression, and as fresh in color as if just depicted from the living originals. The same may be said of the more elaborate and carefully labored portrait of William, Prince of Orange. Indeed, among the most attractive features in the work, are the glimpses afforded of Holland—her local aspect, policy and patriotism. These incidentally appear in the first volume. In the second, the career of William is displayed in a new and interesting light. Nor can we sufficiently admire the felicity of method adopted by the historian, in preserving instructive details without interrupting the continuity of eventful narrative, and filling up, in a separate analysis, the outline of characters only half revealed by action. Such was the case with the Prince William, whose master-passion, often concealed beneath a natural reserve, is thus set forth by the historian:—

"Yet even his affection for the land of his birth was subordinate to another feeling which early became supreme in his soul, which mixed itself with all his passions, which impelled him to marvellous enterprises, which supported him when sinking under mortification, pain, sickness and sorrow, which, towards the close of his career, seemed during a short time to languish, but which soon broke forth again fiercer than ever, and continued to animate him even while the prayer for the departing was read at his bed-side. That feeling was enmity to France, and to the magnificent king who, in more than one sense, represented France, and who to virtues and accomplishments eminently French, joined in a large measure that unquiet, unscrupulous, and vainglorious ambition which has repeatedly drawn on France the resentment of Europe.

"It is not difficult to trace the progress of the sentiment which gradually possessed itself of William's whole soul. When he was little more than a boy his country had been attacked by Lewis in ostentatious defiance of justice and public law, had been overrun, had been desolated, had been given up to every excess of rapacity, licentiousness and cruelty. The Dutch had in dismay humbled themselves before the conqueror, and had implored mercy. They had been told in reply that, if they desired peace, they must resign their independence and do annual homage to the House of Bourbon. The injured nation, driven to despair, had opened its dykes and had called in the sea as an ally against the French tyranny. It was in the agony of that conflict, when peasants were flying in terror before the invaders, when hundreds of fair gardens and pleasure houses were buried beneath the waves, when the deliberations of the States were interrupted by the fainting and the loud weeping of ancient senators who could not bear the thought of sur-

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viving the freedom and glory of their native land, that William had been called to the head of affairs. For a time it seemed to him that resistance was hopeless. He looked round for succor, and looked in vain. Spain was unnerved, Germany distracted, England corrupted. Nothing seemed left to the young Stadtholder but to perish sword in hand, or to be the Æneas of a great emigration, and to create another Holland in countries beyond the reach of the tyranny of France. No obstacle would then remain to check the progress of the House of Bourbon. A few years, and that house might add to its dominions Lorraine and Flanders, Castile and Arragon, Naples and Milan, Mexico and Peru. Lewis might wear the imperial crown, might place a prince of his family on the throne of Poland, might be sole master of Europe from the Scythian deserts to the Atlantic Ocean, and of America from regions north of the Tropic of Cancer to regions south of the Tropic of Capricorn. Such was the prospect which lay before William when first he entered on public life, and which never ceased to haunt him till his latest day."

"An important and hitherto neglected branch of history is character-writing. It has been the custom of the annalist to recount the deeds of heroes, and leave his traits to be thence inferred by the reader; but the strict analysis, and the metaphysical tests which modern criticism has applied to human genius and action, now give special meaning to history. Indeed, one of its most difficult and interesting phases is the relation of individuals to events, the influence of persons upon circumstances. In the work before us there are several carefully drawn and elaborate portraits; and, what is remarkable, they are drawn without any of the extravagance which occasionally diminishes the authenticity, while it heightens the effect of sketches of this kind, that have appeared from the same pen, in the reviews. Take, for instance, three totally dissimilar, yet greatly influential characters—each familiar enough by name, and yet in regard to whom a more distinct and just impression is induced by the facts cited and the dispositions unfolded—Halifax, Jeffreys and William Penn. The former is so admirably characterized as to serve for a beautiful type of enlightened moderation; the wanton cruelty and ferocious passions of the second are detailed with reference to the vindictive spirit of James and the reaction of a persecuted faction, so as to account for the scope allowed them; while the Quaker philanthropist is exhibited in a light that will be new, and, perhaps, heretical to his prescriptive admirers. That extraordinary chapter in the annals of fanaticism—the career of Titus Oates—is also placed in its just connection with the political animosities and fierce bigotry of the age; we see his brutal visage amid the crowd that glowered on him around the bar; and this and similar vivid pictures of extreme moral degradation are the more striking, from the contrast they present to those of elegant selfishness and "the smooth barbarity of courts," in the luxury of Clarendon and the fate of Strafford.

There is something essentially dramatic in materials like these; but it is a nice art to use them judiciously. Carlyle's French Revolution is a kind of tragic poem. He sacrifices details and continuity to grand effects. He gives us the horrible realities of the period as if fresh from the dreadful fascination of the spectacle. To combine graphic description with careful statistics, to intersperse impressive delineations of men with the precise narration of public occurrences, is, however, undoubtedly the best manner to write history for the multitude; and this is a distinguishing merit of the present work. But it is in the limning of classes as well as individuals that Macaulay excels. No one can rise from the perusal of this history without a far less vague and more satisfactory idea of the courtier, the soldier, the clergy, and the country gentleman of the day. Their habits, manners, and opinions, are so clearly exhibited, that, instead of being solely occupied

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with the renowned actors in the drama, as is usually the case, we see also the florid countenances of her rustic aristocracy, the torn cassock of the country priest, and the rich establishment of the city merchant; thus, as we are hurried along the stream of events, our sympathies fairly enlisted and impatient of the issue, it is not only with the consciousness of a few noble personages, whose fate is at stake—but the shouts and the tramp of a multitude assure us that the people are everywhere around; and the vast problem of their destiny is pressed upon our hearts, with an earnestness that renders the doings of kings and ministers but secondary and incidental. In thus keeping in view the interests and tendencies of all classes, and making obvious their mutual action, Macaulay gives a significance to his record at once explicit and complete.

Another peculiarity is the sagacious use he has made of the testimony of ambassadors. In many instances, he gives us the impression of foreign attachés to the court, both in regard to public measures and characters, and this greatly aids us in coming to a truthful result. He often quotes, with brevity, but judgment, the reports of the two French ministers of Louis, so that we are enabled to form an opinion from the evidence of lookers-on, as well as that of partakers in the game. A striking example occurs, illustrative of the solemn effect, even in a period of noted perjury and corruption, of the administration of justice in England. On the occasion of the acquittal of Delamere, charged with participation in Monmouth's rebellion, which is described as closing another period of proscription, a letter of Adda, a Papal envoy accustomed to the magnificent pomp of Roman ceremonies, is referred to, as stating that the trial was "una funzione piena di gravita, di ordine, e di gran speciosità." It requires the sagacity inspired by genuine historical taste, thus to converge the light from various and scattered materials—diplomatic, statistical, and literary, in order to reveal, to the best advantage, the time-obscured, yet noble countenance of truth.

Leaving Macaulay's orthography to the lexicographers, we come to his style, which is constantly referred to, as if it were so individual and prominent a characteristic as wholly to account for his popularity. It is singular, however, that no English writer of our day appears to be more free of artificial rules in the construction of his sentences, less studied in phraseology, and, in a word, more thoroughly spontaneous. His thoughts clothe themselves, as it were, instinctively with the appropriate words. His paragraphs are concise or diffuse according to the subject discussed, and the feelings with which it is treated. The result of a series of events is given with eloquent terseness; a descriptive passage is expanded into successive undulations—each carrying on the idea to a broader development, "till the ninth billow breaks along the shore" in a kind of Spenserian crisis. In statistical announcement, no expression can be more directly to the point than this writer's; in analysing character, his use of adjectives and his definition of qualities are remarkable for being as explicit as words can make them; but where scope is allowable, he gives utterance to an opinion with the utmost vigor, and breathes a sentiment with rare truth and delicacy. Yet there is no conscious artifice in this. It would be absurd to talk of studying Macaulay's style as was the fashion to do in regard to Addison and Burke. The truth is, it is a perfectly natural, and, therefore, a variable style, above technicality, void of pretence, adapting itself to the theme, occasion or emotion that demands expression, by a kind of genius equally the result of common sense and of inspiration, of a perception of the appropriate, and a perception of the beautiful. An Edinburgh professor, who had

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long experience in teaching the art of composition, declares that "the secret of using language well is to use it from a full mind." Such, it appears to us, is the explanation of Macaulay's rich and persuasive diction. His mind overflows instead of being drained. The affluence of his information swells the current of his style, the clearness of his ideas renders it transparent, and the energy of his thought gives it impulse. Thus it is what style should ever be, the medium, not the artistic limit of mind—the exponent, not the fancy costume of ideas. His felicitous union of the colloquial and the didactic, the familiar and the dignified in expression, results from the just and delicate adaptation we have noticed. Another marked excellence is great force of statement. There is never the slightest vagueness either in the terms of a proposition or the summing up of evidence, however general may be the intermediate language. This fixes attention and vividly impresses the memory. He has likewise an aphoristic manner of uttering an important conclusion, that the reader, warmed by his rhetoric, seizes upon with avidity. It appears, therefore, that the true merits of his style—spontaniety and adaptation, are quite inimitable; they must spring from within and cannot be grafted without; like courage, honor, generosity, or any other fine moral instinct, they are innate. As to the fascination so generally acknowledged to belong to Macaulay's style, it obviously arises from his fluency, his clearness, and especially his spirit. The latter quality, the same which distinguishes the verse of Campbell from that of Wordsworth, is a universal charm. There is such a thing as writing and talking very sensibly, and yet in a soporific monotone. Macaulay, no matter how far back into the past he may be delving, how arid the details or formal the scenes upon which he may be engaged, is ever awake. There is no languid movement, but a kind of infectious animation that palpitates in every sentence. It is like the conversation of a friend who has an inexhaustible fund of animal spirits. It is emphatically the style of a cultivated Englishman of the nineteenth century—self-possessed, healthy, with reason on the alert, and comfort all around. Strength, equanimity, glibness, and cheery toil are indicated by such a style. It savors of a well-fortified stomach, well-braced nerves, and determined heart and a clear head. In all this, we mean chiefly to say that Macaulay writes like a man; and that is the reason why men of sense and women of spirit are attracted by his style. There is nothing effeminate, cockneyish, dainty, or far-fetched in it; but an essential and pervading manliness, in striking contrast with much of the literature of the day, which is emasculated by indefiniteness, extravagance or morbid refinement. We may realize this distinction by the fact, that it not only gratifies our love of knowledge and taste for efficient expression, to read Macaulay, but it does all this without infringing upon self-respect, like the social delights we partake with a noble companian.

It is difficult to select a single passage from a voluminous history to illustrate these characteristics of style. Yet we venture to adopt one at random. Few orders of the church are better known than the Jesuits; a common adjective of our vernacular is derived from their appellation. In describing the political relations of England and France, it becomes necessary for the author to allude to the coalition between these renowned sectaries and Louis, occasioned by the Port Royal controversy. To place the subject in a clear light, the historian refers to the Jesuits—their merits and crimes, their triumphs and their wrongs. The subject is trite, and yet no reader can feel a moment's impatience, so felicitous is the sketch and so effective its application. We quote a few sentences, as embodying

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many of the excellencies we have designated in the style of Macaulay, in their average developement.

"No religious community could produce a list of men so variously distinguished; none had extended its operations over so vast a space; yet in none had there ever been such perfect unity of feeling and action. There was no region of the globe, no walk of speculative or of active life, in which Jesuits were not to be found. They guided the counsels of kings. They deciphered Latin inscriptions. They observed the motions of Jupiter's satellites. They published whole libraries, controversy, casuistry, history, treatises on optics, Alcaic odes, editions of the fathers, madrigals, catechisms, and lampoons. The liberal education of youth passed almost entirely into their hands, and was conducted by them with conspicuous ability. They appear to have discovered the precise point to which intellectual culture can be carried without risk of intellectual emancipation. Enmity itself was compelled to own that, in the art of managing and forming the tender mind, they had no equals. Meanwhile they assiduously and successfully cultivated the eloquence of the pulpit. With still greater assiduity and still greater success they applied themselves to the ministry of the confessional. Throughout Catholic Europe the secrets of every government, and of almost every family of note were in their keeping. They glided from one Protestant country to another under innumerable disguises, as gay Cavaliers, as simple rustics, as Puritan preachers. They wandered to countries which neither mercantile avidity nor liberal curiosity had ever impelled any stranger to explore. They were to be found in the garb of Mandarins, superintending the Observatory at Pekin. They were to be found, spade in hand, teaching the rudiments of agriculture to the savages of Paraguay. Yet, wherever might be their residence, whatever might be their employment, their spirit was the same, entire devotion to the common cause, implicit obedience to the central authority. None of them had chosen his dwelling-place or his avocation for himself. Whether the Jesuit should live under the arctic circle or under the equator, whether he should pass his life in arranging gems and collating manuscripts at the Vatican, or in persuading naked barbarians in the southern hemisphere not to eat each other, were matters which he left with profound submission to the decision of others. If he was wanted at Lima, he was on the Atlantic in the next fleet. If he was wanted at Bagdad, he was toiling through the desert with the next caravan. If his ministry was needed in some country where his life was more insecure than that of a wolf, where it was a crime to harbor him, where the heads and quarters of his brethren, fixed in the public places, showed him what he had to expect, he went without remonstrance or hesitation to his doom. Nor is this heroic spirit yet extinct. When, in our own time, a new and terrible pestilence passed round the globe; when, in some great cities, fear had dissolved all the ties which hold society together; when the secular clergy had deserted their flocks; when medical succor was not to be purchased by gold; when the strongest natural affections had yielded to the love of life—even then the Jesuit was found by the pallet which bishop and curate, physician and nurse, father and mother, had deserted, bending over infected lips to catch the faint accents of confession, and holding up to the last, before the expiring penitent, the image of the expiring Redeemer.—*Vol. II.*, pp. 50–51.

When guided by truth we revert to first principles. It is so in character when, freed from the shackles of worldly pride, we act upon the divine precept, and "become as little children;" it is so in taste, when the casual enchantment of an intense or grotesque style of art is dispelled, and we earnestly resume simplicity and nature as the genuine rule of excellence: it is so in history. The first historians were poets; and the poetical spirit now falls upon the later. A survey of this field of literature, indeed, displays a constant tendency to the artificial, until that wonderful change in thought and expression, ushered in by the volcanic agitations during the last quarter of the last century. The almost inextricable mingling of fact and

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fable in ancient history diminishes its authentic value; while the introduction of individual prejudices and the doctrines of faction in modern, frequently causes it to be equally unreliable. It is acknowledged that Gibbon wrote with a pre-conceived speculative object. Cold design overlays every page. His work is rather an elegant oration, pronounced with sustained diction, than a living picture of the past. The order into which he reduced an immense quantity of chaotic material is, perhaps, its most striking charm. It has been said of Hume that he first brought philosophy to the elucidation of English history; but, as before intimated, these standard models have been in a great degree superseded by the more natural graces and just insight which the progress and the humanity of the age has engendered. It is pre-eminently the distinction of modern genius to have rendered man, as such, the great object of sympathy and interest. Accordingly, details once thought insignificant, phases of life heretofore neglected, and social influences deemed by earlier writers too familiar for the dignity of the historian's pen, are now combined with the record of grave counsels, national wars, and political vicissitudes.

The wisdom of this course is evident from the fact, that we do not actually derive our clearest impression of kingdoms or epochs from history. Plutarch has filled the imagination of the moderns with Roman traits and modes of thought more than Livy. The intellectual character of Germany—its actual moral life—wes revealed with far more impressiveness by Madame de Stael's treatise, than by all the annals compiled by the laborious and accurate research of her historical scholars. Old Froissart has continued to attract from the obvious genuineness of his descriptions—the soldierly directness and picturesque fidelity of his narrative. Who doubts that our most lively ideas of Spain are gleaned from her dramas, Gil Blas and Don Quixote? These and similar considerations warrant the belief that much of truth and utility, as well as delight, has been sacrificed to what is called the dignity of history. This quality often produces the same results in literature as in manners. It maintains pride at the expense of enjoyment, and surrenders all the advantages of intimacy for the sake of grandeur. Hence the spirit of enlightened inquiry is baffled, and ardor of sympathetic emotion chilled. Our communion with the past becomes quite unsatisfactory, until it is sought through the dramatist, or the letter-writer, who give us veritable glimpses of our race, admit us to their daily experience, and enable us to share their pastimes and their wrongs. Among other great merits of Michelet, is the occasional introduction, in his history of France, of fresh local descriptions, such as might be taken from the note-book of a genial traveller. This is, at least, a living grace, which gives vivacity to the formal account of battles fought centuries ago. We consider Prescott the most unobjectionable representative of that school of history, the ideal of which is correct and tasteful narrative. In other respects, he seems to us vastly overrated. We look in vain for that correctness of purpose, that high and uncompromising tone of sentiment, that genuine love of humanity, which should distinguish the historian of the nineteenth century. Prescott is a kind of elegant trimmer in literature, such as Macaulay describes in the volume before us, in politics. His popularity is chiefly owing to the fact that he offends no one's taste or prejudices. One of his critics ingeniously defends this secondary renown on the principle of a balance of qualities which, it is declared, is both rare and most desirable in a historian. But readers are no longer satisfied with merely negative merits. The heart and mind of the age demand, and will have, the positive. Form is no

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longer allowed to atone for spirit, nor taste for truth, nor courtliness for love. At all events, if the height of new principles cannot be given to a narrative, tameness will not be endured. Life has been too often imparted to the musty chronicle by poetry, to allow of its being re-written without a vital glow. Hence the familiar spirit, the minute details, the graphic portraiture, and the comparison of the past with the present, that gives the air of an animated discussion; the descriptive hue of romance, and the living grace of a tale told by an eye-witness, that characterizes the best historical works of the day. In that of Macaulay we have an admirable specimen of this kind. Whatever may be its comparative value, it is conceived with a keen and constant view to the pinciples we have indicated. It is graphic, methodical, clear, and unites scenic touches, sketches of manners and society, and individual portraits, into one consistent and elaborate picture of the era it chronicles.

How sedulously the author has sought incidental and collateral information, in order to render this picture complete, is evident from the various and recondite sources of knowledge he has so wisely explored. No means to the great end in view seems to have been too humble, no pains-taking too wearisome. He has consulted, besides historical and biographical works, and official documents, the newspapers and the parish-registers of the day. An old sermon yields him one suggestion, an obsolete novel another. Here a time-stained ballad, and there the confession of a martyr; now a passage from a long-forgotten play, and, again, a couplet from one of Dryden's satires, affords the needful hint. On the same principle no really national feature, although quite apart from political history, is suffered to pass without its explanation. Thus the proverbial excellence of English inns is accounted for by the circumstances that, in early times, they afforded the only resting-place for the traveller, between populous and active districts, and were, therefore, a certain source of profit, and a great social necessity. The distinctness of classes—especially that between rural squires and city burghers, is explained, on the ground that the locomotive facilities were so limited as effectually to bar frequent intercourse. The origin of the celebrated breed of English horses, and the influences of coffee-houses upon London society, are regarded as worthy of mention, as being part of the history of the country, equally with the execution of Charles I., the fall of Danby, or the court influence of the Duchess of Portsmouth. Female education, the amount of iron manufactured, the state of the roads, the wages of day laborers, the housewifery, amusements, costume, equipages and municipal regulations—all, in short, characteristic of the period described, is brought clearly before the mind, either in careful statistics or animated sketches, so that we not only have a panoramic, but a picturesque, economical and dramatic view of the age and people.

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NEWSPAPERS IN THE UNITED STATES.

It is an obvious truth, that if we are in the habit of daily listening to the conversation of any one upon subjects of interest, we have, of course, commenced with yielding a certain confidence to his opinions: and, if the asperities of his logic be smoothed by skilful rhetoric, those opinions and suggestions, even though at first contrary to our own sentiments, become gradually adopted by us, and eventually gain a controlling and undivided influence.

The newspaper of a free press now occupies this position; it has long since become the monitor of governments, and the daily oracle of society; and the actual mental and social condition of a people may be fairly judged from the character and ability of its daily press. You are not surprised, in Prussia or Austria, to find the few journals permitted there by their despotic governments to be destitute of opinions, or of what is meant by politics of any sort, and made the mere vehicles for government advertisements. The inquiring stranger, when he reads their few and indifferent journals, draws the natural conclusion that the theory of those governments is merely the right of the strongest; and that the subject masses, if they really possess the living elements of liberty, have never been so far disenthralled as openly to speak the language of freemen.

The steadfast persecution of the press by the fallen, chartered despotism in France, tended surely and rapidly to a similar result.

But who would deny that the English people are nobly represented by the Times newspaper? It has its faults—numerous and great: has made many errors; reasoned from many false premises; uttered much abuse, and, of late years, very severely, upon things in the United States—for which certain classes of our citizens owe it a deep and lasting ill-will.

But, making these, and as many more concessions of a similar kind, who doubts the proposition? Has not this great newspaper been long since ranked as the first daily journal in the language? And deservedly so—for where else, in any newspaper, can be found so long a succession of leaders with such brilliant scholarship, polished rhetoric, and calm, prejudging statesmanship. It has spread its oracles before attentive Europe for forty years; recording and passing daily judgment on every step in the upward progress and decline of the modern Alexander—Napoleon Bonaparte; mapping out, with keen and truthful vision, each battle-field, and every political change, then, as at our day, upturning the repose of centuries. And what a constellation of great events, whose influence, reaching as they do to the foundations of society, will endure for many generations, have gathered together in England, and in other lands, through the same period of years, and been recorded and judged in its columns!

It would, indeed, be little to say, that nowhere will the historian of our century more surely seek, or certainly find, better records of fact and indicia of contemporaneous opinion—in truth, a more able collection of memoires pour servir, than in the long series of its volumes. It has long

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since lifted itself above the influence of the parties of the hour; and in its high position—the noblest that the mind can assume—discusses, with equal ability and thorough knowledge, the ever-changing features of intriguing diplomacy on the continent of Europe, the great affairs of the British empire in the Indies, and all its grand colonial extent, with the momentous issues of home politics, following implicitly no party creed, but blaming and praising with a free hand, and, often, unexampled power, according to the dictates of its own opinions of the right. Having maintained this great position for a long series of years; appealing at once to the whole people of England, and, through them, to the intelligence of Europe and the world, with impartial freedom upon great subjects, its circulation has long since gone out to the ends of the earth; and the Englishman in China or the South Sea looks for its arrival, and reads its columns, with as deep an interest as the London merchant, who implicitly listens to the same great oracle before commencing his daily business.

Its reports are believed by all, for it is well known to possess the earliest and best means of information, through its agents, resident in every leading city, with a compensation sufficiently liberal to secure them from the necessity of other occupations; while it is well known that the most eminent talent finds adequate reward for service to its columns.

The leading element of its power, that which, more than mere ability, secures its universal reception and commanding influence, is its general impartiality—its average freedom from party trammels—whereby it becomes the exponent of that THIRD party in a people, which, relying on its own strong political convictions, is unwilling to sway about at the caprice of the temporary party; but retaining its own natural mental freedom, will sometimes, when its measures meet its convictions of the right, throw its whole influence into the scale of the government, and will, equally, when its acts are not so justified, exert the same influence in an opposition of fair arguments. This Third party—this great reserve of actors and thinkers, existing in every educated people, are the creators of the true public opinion, and the fit and final judges of the tribunal before which the acts and measures of government and of public men are brought to judgment.

It has been long since well said, that there are but two vital and controlling subjects worthy of the immortal energies of the mind—politics and religion. How a man is to be governed and govern others in all his social interests, and to make provision for the life hereafter—in any wise to treat on the first great subject, requires a secure position for a cool judgment, an absence of partizan ambition, feeling and interest, and high order of intellect; possessing keen apprehension and strong conviction of his rights, with ability and courage to maintain and utter it.

Many may undertake the office of such an oracle—few will succeed; but, if a journal be so conducted for a length of years, as, in spite of errors and of faults, to succeed in the main in being the fair exponees of that Third party, the last depository of public opinion, always more or less receiving therefrom a cordial response and lasting approval—such a journal becomes fairly entitled to general admiration and esteem.

Although I would not wish these few weak words of admiration of the ability and great position held by the Times newspaper construed into an approval of its opinions in all cases—for it emanates from a country, many

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of whose political institutions and social conditions rightly find no sympathy or existence in the United States, and may be in fact false influences and stumbling-blocks in the pathway of human freedom.

But where, among the army of printed sheets which assume daily to marshal public opinion in our country, is there one to be compared with it; one that, in any considerable degree, fulfils the high office of an impartial censor of public events—whose opinions and reasons have, by a long course of uniform and high ability, acquired a secure pre-eminence, and which at the same time exercises any similar influence on the mind of Europe? Indeed, out of London or Paris, an American newspaper is almost unknown and unheard of in Europe. Go where you will, and, except an occasional copy of the Washington Union or the New-York Herald, received by an American traveller, or by our legations, you cannot find them; and the people in foreign cities who daily read the Times, which is always to be found in every leading hotel on the Continent, know nothing more of American newspapers than the mere titles which are sometimes quoted as sources of American intelligence, which is always a short outline reaching Europe through English journals, or through Galignani's Messenger, where it occupies often not half of the same space as is allowed to the news of the intestine troubles of any comparatively insignificant state in Europe.

While, on the other hand, with ourselves, the arrival of the ocean steamer is the signal for an avalanche of European news, descending upon the people and spreading over the land in masses, without comment or selection: the few grains of wheat are mixed in bushels of chaff about the ever-changing and gambling intrigues for place and power in Continental cabinets, private details, and petty scandal of foreign courts, which really seem more interesting to republicans than to their own subjects; and all manner of the most copious and useless information about the career and performances of famous dancers, singers, *et id genus omne*, all of which eagerly-sought intelligence is no doubt greatly material to the welfare of our institutions in general, and of each of our citizens in particular; and is, at least on our part, a well-meant tribute of thanks for that contented ignorance of our affairs which reigns through Europe.

There is one custom somewhat peculiar to our people—pleasant enough in its way, but really singular in the character of a truly great nation, conscious of the rectitude of its principles, and its solid claims to a position of high respect among the great powers of the world. It is the oft-remarked habit of self-glorification. Some may deny the truth of this position; but the best evidence of its actual existence, is the tone of exclusive laudation of everything American which pervades our newspaper press, the nervous indignation with which they repel the smallest censure, well or ill founded, from abroad, particularly if it come from our ancient friends and relatives of England; and as the natural result of this peculiar sentiment, nothing is more common, and perhaps more popular, than complacent predictions of the rapid spread of republican principles over all the monarchies of Europe. Such predictions never reach an European audience; and, if they are ever fulfilled, it will not occur by the influence of our press, but by a well-grounded admiration of the institutions and measures of a great and wisely-ordered republic.

Governments are made to conform to the genius and needs of the people governed, not the people for the governments; and it may long remain a grave question, whether the masses of society in France or any

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other country of Europe, are really yet prepared for a popular government.

This habit of self-laudation may or may not be the excess of a noble sentiment—Patriotism, driven to extremes; but it is certainly not a little unbecoming to see a really great and powerful nation like ourselves habitually admiring its own proportions, and united in chaunting its own praises.

In no country are there so many newspapers, and consequently so universal a habit of journal-reading, as in our own. The proportion in number to that of any other free country is well known to be vastly greater. With us they spread over and cover the whole land; and the habit of newspaper-reading is so well cultivated, that it has become an indispensable element of our social existence.

The village editor commences his labors for the diffusion of knowledge among the seniors contemporaneously with the settlement, and the arrival of the schoolmaster to enlighten the juveniles. The press with us sees everything, hears everything, good and evil, public and private, and reports it at all times and all places; the disseminator of all varieties of information, the great chartered newsmonger of our community. Every sect and party of our people counts eventually upon its newspaper as the chiefest of its auxiliaries to influence. Everybody buys and reads the newspaper; and, as the venders must gratify all tastes to make their profits, every event, small and great, is daily chronicled. Morbid curiosity is gratified by the details of crime, usually with increased minuteness in proportion to the degrees of atrocity, while the irresponsible letter-writer is always welcome to the columns when he can successfully invade the sanctities of private life. With all this mass of information, about things good and evil, which is daily collected and poured forth by the extraordinary activity of our newspaper press, forming by necessity the only intellectual aliment of a large portion of our community, how many in the community have the leisure or inclination to digest their intelligence, and form any solid reflection therefrom? Generally, the newspaper is sought for very economy, as at a cheap rate you thus obtain both the intelligence and the opinion thereon ready made.

But where is the public sentiment upon any grave question which touches the commonwealth to be found? Are we to be answered that it is at our doors in the newspapers—then every editor is its self-constituted mouth-piece; and we may be allowed to imagine that a search for the real opinion of the people of the United States, among these conflicting oracles, would likely prove as satisfactory as the famous quest for the ten tribes of Israel.

But it may then be said that the public sentiment is evinced by the results of our elections. This might be true, if we could believe that candidates were always fairly nominated; were, in all cases, truly representatives of their constituency, and that elections were in all cases fairly conducted. But, even supposing all these conditions uniformly to exist, is everything tested by the ballot? Out of the multitude of subjects upon which the formation of an opinion is momentous to the public weal, how many can be made the subject of an issue at the polls?

I conceive the depository of the real public opinion to be in that large portion of every free and intelligent community, who are in the habit of constantly applying the maxims of common sense to the formation of their opinion on public affairs; who, therefore, never blindly follow the lead of party or its advocates; who either have no occasion or disposition to

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make their livelihood at politics · who act on the principle that independent private judgment is the right and duty of every citizen. and whose votes are not the property of any party. Their judgments, sometimes may be wrong, but certainly have the fairest opportunity of being right; and without this class of men, who are stigmatized and called mere neutrals, only by heated partizans, there could be no such thing with us as government at all; no one course of measures or of public policy could be pursued; everything would be loose and afloat on the waves of transient sects and parties.

It is very true, that the later administrations of one government have conceived it their policy to destroy the works of their predecessors; to build up systems which are sure to be taken down again by their successors; and the experience merely of four years, often the infancy of an experiment, seems thought a sufficient test of its value, thus giving some evidence of the truth of the predictions of monarchists, that our institutions secure little strength to the government, and that their rapid changes progress steadily to dissolution.

Although practical politics cannot exist without different opinions or parties, and a free and enlightened government without politics; yet does any one believe that the views of partisans in struggling for place and power, are to be deemed the real voice of the people? A very large proportion with us never believed it, and have long since taken and steadily exercised the right of private judgment, very often submitting to party excommunication therefor; not wishing or needing office or temporary applause, vote and otherwise express their political opinions without regard to the creeds and edicts of sects and parties; but supporting or opposing the government only as they are convinced of the rights or justice of its measures. Such men are rarely in public place, these are conferred as party rewards; but both parties appeal to them for votes; and when any real exigency occurs, none are more ready to supply the needs of the government to the extent of their abilities. Of course this class of men are found in all divisions of the community, and their influence is recognized at all times. A proof of their actual and habitual influence, although much threatened by party, may be found in the earlier or recent Conventions, whose Constitutional changes in the state of New-York were ratified by the almost unanimous voice of the people of that state. These assuredly were the fruit of the exercised common sense of some of the best minds and hearts of the community; of that true public opinion above and beyond all parties of which I have spoken. They alone would prove its existence; and while they also evince its purity and wisdom, show that it is really the supreme power of the government in our country.

And yet this large and powerful class of our fellow citizens is, with some few though excellent exceptions, without a newspaper, whilst the smallest faction is abundantly provided.

The fact is extraordinary, that in this land of free opinion, almost every chartered exponent is but the organ of a party, and that such a thing as an impartial journal is almost denied existence. Does any one really believe that it were impossible to be successfully maintained? Does every man then in the United States really think and act according to party creeds, or do those creeds always contain the truth on political subjects? And must we then consider the government of the country to be the composite of the various opinions enunciated by partisans of all shades and sects? Were such things true, government would cease to be government, and become but the occasional suspensions of anarchy.

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There is surely no country in the world of the wide-spread and strong intelligence of our own, where such a newspaper, if properly conducted, would find so large an audience, already prepared, by a settled distaste to the sectional character of the existing press to read and support its opinions.

But mere impracticable neutrality—mere theory, would not suffice.

Its spirit should only be practical reason applied to public affairs; the judgment of a strong mind, polished by study and enlightened by intercourse with its fellows, should be exhibited in its leaders: and while uniting the essentials of the earliest and most accurate intelligence of value, derived and digested from authoritative sources, should lift itself up above the parties of the hour, and appeal to the great majority of the people for its approval and support.

It would then be really the Times newspaper of America; while, by the simple majesty of free judgment, its influence would be felt both among the parties and in all classes at home;—it would go abroad, as the only reliable exponent of the state of things in our country to Europe.

Such a newspaper might be started by individual effort; what is needed only is a conviction of the value of a newspaper of such a character among the business community of the United States. They hold the wealth, and their practical decisions must more or less control parties.

Cannot such a newspaper, whose ability and value may fairly be compared with the English Times, be commenced and supported in some of our large cities? What is wanted is an immediate sense of its need; and the necessary combination of the men, the means and the ability, can be readily formed, the enterprise well started, and by an approving community well sustained.

Newspapers of such a stamp would be a new era with us, while they would drive off from popular attention the demoralized portions of the press; they would correct the errors of parties, elevate the tone of political sentiment and discussion, and take and sustain the first place in the esteem and confidence of the great majority of the people. R. D.

OPPRESSION.

To work as long as life shall last—
  To work in pain for idleness—
To face the chill and driving blast,
  And be repaid with thanklessness,—
To lave his life's blood on the soil
  Whose fruits he must—cannot taste,
To faint, and even die in toil,
  In life-long drudgery to waste,—
Is not all the oppressed must bear:
  Behold the awful wreck of mind,
Of gifted soul the wear and tear,
  The living spirit stricken blind,
Withered feelings, crushed heart, blasted hope,
  The angel man rendered a brute,
To whom, alas! in vain you ope
  The book of life, or guilt impute.

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MINNA VON BARNHELM,

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF G. E. LESSING.

ACT I.—SCENE IV.

(Continued.)

MAJOR VON TELLHEIM. JOCELYN.

Major. But I can transfer it to you, to avenge me. This was, at first my intention. He should not have seen me again, and should have received his pay from your hands. I know, you could have thrown him a handful of gold in a tolerably contemptuous manner.

Jocelyn. So? A most excellent revenge!

Major. But even this we must defer. I have not a farthing of ready money; I know not where to obtain any.

Jocelyn. No ready money? And what then is the purse of five hundred thalers in louis d'ors which the landlord found in the writing-desk?

Major. That is money which was given me to keep.

Jocelyn. Still not the hundred pistoles which your former sergeant brought to you, some four or five weeks since?

Major. The same, by Paul Werner. Why not?

Jocelyn. But you have not used this yet? You can do what you will with this. Upon my word—

Major. Truly?

Jocelyn. Werner heard from me, how your claims upon the war-treasury had been put off. He heard—

Major. That I should surely come to beggary, if I had not already.—I am much obliged to you, Jocelyn.—And this information induced Werner to share his mite with me.—However, I am glad I have found it out. Listen, Jocelyn; make out your bill immediately; we must separate.

Jocelyn. How? What?

Major. Not a word more; some one is coming.

SCENE V.—A LADY *in Mourning.* MAJOR VON TELLHEIM. JOCELYN.

Lady. I ask pardon, sir!—

Major. Whom do you seek, Madame?

Lady. Even the worthy man, whom I have the honor of addressing. You do not recollect me? I am the widow of your late captain.

Major. For Heaven's sake, kind lady! What a change!

Lady. I have just arisen from the sick bed, upon which grief for the loss of my husband had thrown me. I was compelled to trouble you thus early, Herr Major; I am going into the country, where a generous, but also unfortunate friend has, from the first, offered me shelter.

Major (to Jocelyn.) Go, leave us alone.

SCENE VI.—THE LADY. MAJOR VON TELLHEIM.

Major. Speak freely, worthy lady! Before me you need not be ashamed of your misfortunes. Wherein can I serve you?

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Lady. Herr Major—

Major. I pity you, worthy lady! Wherein can I serve you? You know, your husband was my friend; my *friend*, I say; I was never lavish of that title.

Lady. Who knows better than myself, how worthy you were of his friendship—how worthy he was of yours? You would have occupied his last thoughts; your name would have been the last sound upon his dying lips, had not all-powerful nature claimed that sad privilege for his unhappy son—for his unhappy wife.

Major. Hear me, Madam! Willingly would I weep with you; but to-day, I have no tears. Excuse me! You find me at an hour, when I might easily be persuaded to murmur against providence. Oh! my true-hearted Marloff! Quickly, worthy lady, what are your commands? If it is in my power to serve you; if I am—

Lady. I dare not set out on my journey, without performing his last request. He remembered, shortly before his death, that he was your debtor, and made me promise to discharge this debt with the first ready money I obtained. I have sold his equipage, and have come to redeem his note.

Major. How, kind lady! for this purpose did you come?

Lady. For no other. Allow me to count out the gold.

Major. Stop a moment, Madam; Marloff in debt to me! this can scarcely be possible. Let me see, however. *(He takes out his pocket-book and looks into it.)* I find nothing.

Lady. You may have lost the writing, and the writing is nothing to the business.—Allow me—

Major. No, Madam! I am not in the habit of thus mislaying papers. If I have it not now, then is it an evidence that I never had any, or else that it has been already cancelled, and that I have returned it.

Lady. Herr Major!

Major. It is true, worthy lady; Marloff does not owe me anything. I was sure, I did not remember that he was in debt to me. It is not otherwise, Madam; he had much rather left me his debtor. I have never been able to recompense, as I would wish, the man, who, for six years, shared with me adversity and prosperity—honor and danger. I will not forget, that he has left a son. He shall become my son, as soon as I can be a father to him. The embarrassment in which I find myself at present—

Lady. Generous man! But think not too lightly of me either. Take the gold, Herr Major, so shall I at least be satisfied.

Major. What need you for your satisfaction, more than my assurance, that the money does not belong to me? Or would you that I should rob the yet uneducated orphan of my friend? Should rob him, Madam; for this would it be in reality. It belongs to him; use it for him.

Lady. I understand you; pardon me only, that I know not how to receive a favor in a proper manner. But how did you know that a mother would do more for her son than for her own life? I go—

Major. Go, Madam, go! A prosperous journey to you! I will not ask you to send me information concerning yourself. It might come to me at a time when I could be of no service to you. But, one thing more however, worthy lady. I had almost forgotten that which is of most importance. Marloff had demands upon the treasury of our regiment. His claims are as just as mine. If mine are paid, his must also be. I will be answerable for it.

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Lady. Oh! sir—but I had better be silent.—Future favors thus prepared are considered in the sight of Heaven as already done. Receive for this, his blessing and my tears! *(Exit.)*

SCENE VII.—MAJOR VON TELLHEIM.

Poor, brave woman! I must not forget to destroy this trifle. (*Takes from his pocket-book a paper, which he destroys.*) This gives security that extreme poverty shall not, at any time, tempt me to make use of it.

SCENE VIII.—MAJOR VON TELLHEIM. JOCELYN.

Major. Are you here?

Jocelyn (*wiping his eyes.*) Yes.

Major. You have been weeping.

Jocelyn. I have been in the kitchen, making out my account, and the kitchen is full of smoke. Here it is, sir!

Major. Give it to me.

Jocelyn. Have compassion upon me, sir; I know men who have none for you; but—

Major. What do you wish?

Jocelyn. I should have expected death sooner than my discharge.

Major. I cannot employ you any longer; I must get along without servants. (*Unfolds the paper and reads,*) "What the Major is owing me: Wages for three and a half months, at 6 thalers per month, amounts to 21 thalers. During the same time, laid out for trifles, 1 thaler, 7 gr. 9 pf. total, 22 thalers. Well; and it is just that I should pay you this present month.

Jocelyn. The other side, Herr Major—

Major. More yet? (*reads.*) "What I am owing the Major for surgery, paid for me, 25 thalers. For medical attendance and care during my sickness, paid for me, 39 thalers. Advanced upon my request to my burnt out and plundered father, without reckoning the two prize horses which he sent him, 50 thalers. Total amount, 114 thalers. Deducting therefrom the before-mentioned 22 thalers, 7 gr. 9 pf., there remains due to the Major 91 thalers, 16 gr. 3 pf." Fellow, you are mad!

Jocelyn. I believe, indeed, that I have cost you much more than that. But it would have only been a waste of ink to have written it down. I cannot pay you this; and if you take from me besides the livery which I have not earned, then I should rather that you had left me to die miserably in the hospital.

Major. Why do you look at me so? You are not owing me anything, and I will recommend you to one of my acquaintance, with whom you will fare better than with me.

Jocelyn. I am not owing you anything, and still you will dismiss me.

Major. Because I will not be in debt to you.

Jocelyn. On that account? Only on that account? So surely as I am owing you, so surely you cannot get in debt to me, so surely shall you not dismiss me. Do what you will, Herr Major, I remain with you! I must remain with you!

Major. And your obstinacy, your forwardness, your wild, violent manner towards all, of whom you think they have nothing to say to you; your malicious pleasure at others' misfortunes—your revengeful spirit—

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Jocelyn. Make me as bad as you please; I will not therefore think worse of myself than of my dog. Last winter, I was walking along by the canal one evening, and heard a moan; I descended and reached out my hand towards the sound, thinking to save a child, and drew a spaniel out of the water. Just as well, I thought. The spaniel followed me. But I am not over of dogs.—I thrust him from me in vain; I beat him in vain. I would not allow him to come into my chamber at night; he remained outside the door, upon the threshold. When he came too near me, I struck him with my foot; he cried, looked up in my face, and wagged his tail. He has never received a morsel of bread from my hand, and yet I am the only one whom he listens to, or who dares touch him. He springs before me, and exhibits his skill in serving me without being commanded. He is an ugly looking spaniel, but really a very good dog. If he practices thus much longer, I shall give over beating him.

Major (*aside.*) As I do him! It is not best to be quite a monster! Jocelyn, we will remain together.

Jocelyn. Certainly! You would get along without servants? You forget your wounds, and that you have the use of but one arm. You cannot even dress yourself alone. I am indispensable to you; and I am,—without boasting, Herr Major.—I am a servant, who, if worse come to worst, can beg and steal for his master.

Major. Jocelyn, you shall remain with me.

Jocelyn. All right, sir!

SCENE IX.—MAJOR VON TELLHEIM. JOCELYN. A SERVANT.

Servant. Hist! Comrade!

Jocelyn. What is wanting?

Servant. Can you direct me to the officer who occupied that room (*pointing to the side from which he entered,*) yesterday?

Jocelyn. This I could easily do. What do you bring him?

Servant. What we always bring, when we bring nothing: a compliment. My mistress heard that he had been removed on her account. My mistress knows how to conduct, and I must ask his pardon.

Jocelyn. Ask his pardon now, then; there he stands.

Servant. Who is he? What is his name?

Major. My friend, I have already heard your commission. It is an unnecessary act of courtesy from your mistress, which I acknowledge, as I ought. Present to her my respects. What is your mistress called?

Servant. What is she called? She allows herself to be called gracious Fraulein.

Major. And her family name?

Servant. This I have not yet heard, and it is not my business to inquire about it. I manage so that generally I have a new mistress every six weeks. The deuce take all their names!

Jocelyn. Bravo! comrade.

Servant. I met this one a few days since, in Dresden. She comes here, I believe, to find her bridegroom.

Major. Enough, my friend. I inquired after the name of your mistress, but not concerning her business. Go, now!

Servant. Comrade, this would be no master for me!

SCENE X.—MAJOR VON TELLHIEM. JOCELYN.

Major. Prepare, Jocelyn, for us to leave this house at once. The

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courtesy of the stranger lady has affected me more than the rudeness of the landlord. Here, take this ring, the only jewel which is left me, of which I had no thought to make such a use! Pawn it! you will receive for it eighty Fredericks d'or; the account of the landlord cannot exceed thirty. Pay him, and remove my things—where, indeed?—Where you will. The cheapest hotel will be the best. You will find me near by, at the coffee-house. I go; do your business well.

Jocelyn. Fear not, Herr Major.

Major (*coming back again.*) Above all, let not my pistols, which hang behind the bed, be forgotten.

Jocelyn. I will forget nothing.

Major (*returning the second time.*) Still one thing more; take your dog with you; do you hear, Jocelyn?

Scene XI.—Jocelyn.

The dog will not remain behind. Therefore I am not concerned about the dog.—Hem! So costly a ring as this has my master yet! And he drew it from his pocket, instead of his finger?—Good landlord, we are not so poor as we appear. To him, to himself, will I pawn thee, pretty little ring! I know it will vex him that thou wilt not all be spent in his house? Ah—

Scene XII.—Paul Werner. Jocelyn.

Jocelyn. Look thou, Werner! good day, Werner! welcome to the city.

Werner. This cursed village! I could not possibly live here again. Courage, child; courage! I bring more gold! Where is the Major?

Jocelyn. You must have met him. He just went down the stairs.

Werner. I came up the other way. Now, how goes it with him? I should have been here a week ago, but—

Jocelyn. Now, what has detained you?

Werner. Jocelyn, have you ever heard of the Prince Heraclius?

Jocelyn. Heraclius? I do not know.

Werner. Do you not know the great Hero of the East?

Jocelyn. I know very well the wise men of the East, who, about New-Year's, ran away with the star.

Werner. Man, I believe you read the newspapers even as little as you do the Bible! You do not know the Prince Heraclius, then? the brave man, who conquered Persia, and the next day arrived at the Ottoman Porte? Heaven be praised that, somewhere in the world, there is still war. I have hoped long enough that it would break out again here. But there they sit, and take good care of their skins. No, a soldier I have been—a soldier I must be again! In short, (*looking cautiously around to see if any one is listening,*) in confidence, Jocelyn, I am going to Persia to make a few campaigns, under His Royal Highness, Prince Heraclius, against the Turks.

Jocelyn. You?

Werner. I, whom you see here! Our ancestors fought diligently against the Turks; and thus should we do, if we were honorable men and good Christians. I, know very well, it is true, that a campaign against the Turks cannot be half as pleasant as one against the French;

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but on that account, it will be so much the more meritorious, both in this and in the future life. The Turks have all their sabres set with diamonds.

Jocelyn. To have my head split open with such a sabre, I would not travel a mile. You will not be so foolish, and leave your fine estate too?

Werner. Oh, I take that with me! Do you understand anything. The estate is sold—

Jocelyn. Sold?

Werner. Hush! Here are a hundred ducats, which I received yesterday upon the purchase; this I bring to the Major.

Jocelyn. And what shall he do with it?

Werner. Do with it? He shall eat it; drink, play it—do what he will with it. The man must have money, and it is bad enough that they have made his affairs so embarrassed. But I know very well what I would do, if I were in his place! I would think—the deuce take everything here, and I will go to Persia with Paul Werner at once. The Prince Heraclius must certainly have heard of Major Tellheim, if he does not also know his former sergeant, Paul Werner. Our affairs at the treasury-house—

Jocelyn. Shall I report them to you?

Werner. You to me? I perceive plainly that a good disposition over-rules your judgment. I will not cast my pearls before swine. There, take the hundred ducats; give them to the Major. Say to him, he may keep it for me. I must now go to the market; I have sent two loads of rye there; what I receive for them he can have likewise.

Jocelyn. Werner, you mean this in good part, but we do not need your money. Keep your ducats, and your hundred pistoles you can receive again, whenever you wish.

Werner. So? Has the Major money yet?

Jocelyn. No.

Werner. And what do you live upon, then?

Jocelyn. We live upon credit; and when one will trust us no longer and thrusts us out of his house, we pawn what we have and remove to another place. But, hark ye, Paul, we must play the landlord here some trick.

Werner. Has he put any in the Major's way? I am here.

Jocelyn. How would it do, if we should lie in wait for him this evening, as he comes from the smoking-room, and give him a good drubbing?

Werner. In the evening? lie in wait for him? Two against one? This is nothing.

Jocelyn. Or if we burned his house down over his head?

Werner. Burn him to death? Why, man, any one would know that you are a rascally servant, and no soldier. Fie!

Jocelyn. Or if we could bring his daughter into disgrace? She is indeed confounded ugly.

Werner. Oh, that has been done long ago, and at any rate, you will need no help. But what have you against him? What has he done?

Jocelyn. Come along, you shall hear the wonder!

Werner. So is the devil let loose here perhaps.

Jocelyn. Yes, perhaps; but come along!

Werner. So much the better! To Persia, then—to Persia!

END OF ACT I.

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FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

I.

Another year on Time's fleet wing hath flown,
  Nor hath it left one trace to mar thy worth;
But as in youth, in beauty thou art grown,
  And like a blooming flower of this Earth,
Thou'rt prized the more, the more that worth is known,
  In whom all gentlest sentiments have birth:
Innocence and Love a fadeless wreath shall twine
For thy fair brow, and grace this tribute lay of mine.

II.

Thou hast seemed to me like a star of Heaven,
  Gleaming in brightest radiance from on high!
To thee the dower of beauty hath been given—
  Pure as that Heaven is thy purity:
And like those stars, immortal shalt thou be,
When Time shall call thee to Eternity.

III.

Would that my humble lyre could attune
  A loftier strain—more worthy thee and thine!
But I have passed the years of youth's bright noon,
  And time hath seared this lonely heart of mine!
In Youth's bright days my song could have delighted,
But now the world those brighter dreams hath blighted.

IV.

My heart is on the willow bough, but still
  One chord yet vibrates to affection's voice;
Friendship can yet within my heart instill
  A hallowing ray, and bid me e'en rejoice;
Hence as I now this friendship's offering give,
All happiness be thine—'till thou shall cease to live!

V.

May no rude storm of fickle Fortune shrive
  The current of thy hopes! but may she ever
Preserve thee from the ills and cares of life—
  May nought thy young heart's fond affections sever;
Thrice happy he, who one day shall possess thee,
Daughter of virtuous love! in Heaven's name I bless thee.

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THE FEMALE POETS OF AMERICA.*

At the end of the year, when the hearts and the pockets of Humanity are opened by the influence of generous Christians, divers books are exposed for sale—generally more distinguished for gaudiness of binding and of illustration than for their contents. In fact, an edition of almost any book can be worked off at that season, provided it has gold on its back and engraving on its pages. The reason is simple. Then people buy not to read but to give away, and inflict the burden of gratitude and a heavy book at the same time. Acting upon this known peculiarity of the species, three collections of the Female Poets of America were published—one of them edited by Mr. Rufus Griswold, who, having already given us the lettered men of the country, now proceeds to demonstrate the women and children.

Looking at the index, one is aghast at the numbers of the Female Poets. Count them, and you will find ninety-three: ten times the number of the muses plus the graces. What is to become of us, if all the men emigrate to California and the women to Parnassus?

Americans are renowned for their deference to the sex, and we, ourselves, carry this amiable weakness as far as the most ardent could desire. No Democracy among the Petticoats. For them the education and the occupations of a princess; for them ease and leisure; the sunny spots in life as well as on the sidewalk; the best seats at the theatre, dining table or in railway carriage. And although we are inclined to think that the Critic should be epicene, and that Aristarchus would have *obelized* Sappho, had he thought her deserving of it, we should not have found fault with these ladies for their "Verse limnings" and "Spirit-whisperings," had not Mr. Griswold banded them together to storm public favor. As it is, we shall have much more to say to the showman than to the singing-birds.

At the beginning we encounter the Preface. With whatever we understand of the first page we are forced to disagree. Mr. Griswold writes:

"It is less easy to be assured of the genuineness of literary merit in women than in men."

Denied—We cannot allow him that comfort. There is but one stamp and but one standard of literary merit. This theme is lucidly developed thus:

"The moral nature of woman, in its finest and richest development, partakes of some of the qualities of genius; it assumes at least the similitude of that which in men is the characteristic or accompaniment of the highest grade of mental inspiration"—

Such as what, for instance?

"We are in danger therefore of mistaking for the *efflorescent energy* of creative intelligence, that which is only the exuberance of personal feelings unemployed. We may confound the vivid dreamings of an unsatisfied heart, with the aspirations of a mind impatient of the fetters of time and matter, and mortality. That may seem to us the abstract imagining of a soul rapt into sympathy with a purer

* The Female Poets of America. By Rufus Wilmot Griswold. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

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beauty and a higher truth than earth and space exhibit, which in fact shall be only the natural craving of affections undefined and wandering."

Does this mean that the vagaries of a nervous woman resemble cleverness in an accomplished man?

"The most exquisite susceptibility of the spirit and the capacity to *mirror* in dazzling variety, the effects which circumstances and surrounding minds work upon it, may be accompanied by no power to originate, nor even, in any proper sense, to reproduce."

It must be, then, in an improper sense; for what is "to mirror in dazzling variety effects, &c.," but to reproduce those effects? Mark the danger of a sesquipedalian style. These uncontrollably long words run away with a man and make him contradict himself. Mr. Griswold goes on to say:

"Among men we recognise his nature as the most thoroughly artist-like, whose most *abstract* thoughts still retain a *sensuous* cast, whose mind is the most completely transfused and incorporated into his feelings. Perhaps the reverse should be considered the test of true art in woman; and we should deem her the truest poet, whose emotions are most refined by reason, whose force of passion is most expanded and controlled into lofty and impersonal forms of imagination."

We presume we catch a glimpse of the author's point, though it is so obscured by polysyllables that we cannot be certain. It is that a poem should be judged of by the sex of the writer. But this is not so. What has a reader to do with the gender of verse? Surely there is no such thing as male poetry and female poetry.

If the guess is a wrong one, our editor may perhaps explain in a future work the meaning of these quotations; if we dared suggest it, we would ask him to include them in his next edition of The Curiosities of American Literature. Except in the Essay on the Over-Soul, and in the Dial, that Asylum of "prose run mad," we have never met with any sentences so hard to crack as some of Mr. Griswold's. You think, after a close examination of his transcendental phraseology that you apprehend him, when the next sentence annihilates your presumption, and unsettles your ideas of the signification of English words. Mr. Griswold says of Mrs. W———, one of the bards:—"There are in the writings of Mrs. W——— few indications of creative power," * * * * "but her fancy is lively, and she has introduced into poetry some new and beautiful imagery." We should have said before this, that to introduce into poetry new and beautiful imagery, shewed a deal of creative power; to say nothing of possessing a lively imagination besides. Sterne would have classed Mr. Griswold's style among the best specimens of the "lambent pupillability of slow, low, dry, chat." Perhaps language is not only the art of concealing one's thoughts, as Talleyrand said, but also the art of pretending to have them.

Besides the Preface, short biographical and critical notices of the gifted precede the Elegant Extracts. In these our author shines as above. *Nil luce obscurius.* This is the extent of Mr. Griswold's claims upon the public for applause, as far as this book is concerned, excepting of course the taste he displays in selection; for genius, according to a French writer, is not only shown in creating but in choosing.

Ninety-three Female Poets! of all ages; most of them living. From Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, whose productions were listened to with pleasure by Governor Winthrop, down to the latest "Vision of Light" in Graham's Magazine. Many of these ladies enjoy a reputation—are the nucleia of small systems, and have satellites revolving about them; others were un-

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known to fame, until exhumed for the editor's purposes. Some are damsels whose claims to a niche in this Walhalla are based upon their youth; and one, Mrs. Phillis Peters, relies upon her color. It is worth mentioning that Phillis was bought up a child in the Boston slave-market in 1761, and died in 1794. She seems to have merited the Latin epithet, *Vates*, for she was prophet as well as poet, as may be seen from the following stanza, which is clearly a foreshadowing of "Oh, Susannah! Don't you cry for me."

"Susannah mourns, nor can I bear
To see the crystal shower;
Or mark the tender falling tear,
At sad departure's hour."

The Ethiopians do it better now. Add to all this, five or six engravings annual in their character, called Edith, or Bianca, after the manner of Finden and the Keepsakes; having little or no connexion with the text, and only inserted to please Santa Claus, and you have this book: like Ariosto's valley in the moon, a receptacle for things lost on earth.

We cannot claim to have gone through with the tuneful ninety and three. Four hundred double columned pages treating of "Types of Heaven" and "Dream Music," "Heart Questionings" and "Soul Melodies," Songs of Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, are not to be done in a day. We doubt if the man or woman lives who has accomplished the book, or if such a mental Hercules is to come. More, however, has been looked over than over-looked, and a previous acquaintance with the Gifted of America, enables us to form an opinion of its contents. There is much of what the French call *Amphigourie*, or nonsense verses; which, from a happy use of stereotyped and sounding phrases, seem to a careless observer, full of meaning; but, on examination, are found to signify nothing. Pope's Lines by a person of quality, and Smith's Laura Matilda, are capital examples of the "Amphigourie."

"Lurid smoke and frank suspicion
Hand in hand reluctant dance;
While the Saint performs his mission,
Chivalry! resign thy lance."

There is a deal of repetition: a line recollected here, combined with a line remembered there; an use of certain pet words beloved by tyros in verse. "I trow"—"What ho"—"So"—words convenient for helping out a lame line, like a block placed under the short leg of a table. We find, too, the nursery style, resembling, exceedingly, those curious Yankee ballads occasionally published by Knickerbocker Clarke, in his Gossip; and as the Parnassus of ladies is generally situated in *Le Pays du tendre*, we have a large collection of "Forsaken One-bleeding-broken Spirit" poems: a type of which we borrow from an old number of Frazer's:

"Girl of Florence
Tears in torrents,
Token
Broken,
Dying,
Sighing,
Shivering beside a streamlet;
Lost affection,
Cut connexion,
Recollection
Sharper than a gimlet."

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That is the skeleton of all—the filling in only varies.

There is a deal of plagiarism perpetrated, with a coolness peculiar to the sex. On one occasion, even all-admiring Mr. Griswold cannot avoid noticing it; but he qualifies by adding: "though if Mrs. L——— had read it, (the verses plundered,) it was of course forgotten by her when she composed her own." Faith removes mountains of testimony.

There is much talent. Excellence might have been attained by several with more care and heed to the Rules of Art. But throughout the selections, we find little attention to metre, rhythm, or to choice of words. One is reminded of a voluable person endeavoring to talk in a language with which she is not familiar.

Above all, there is mediocrity—a disease fatal to poets.

* * "*Mediocribus esse poetis,*
Non Homines, non Di, non concessêre columnæ."

Certainly the columns of the Democratic Review ought not to concede it.

Much has lately written and spoken about Nationality in Literature as well as in cotton goods. Miss Margaret Fuller and Mr. Matthews have run a tilt against the copy-right law, and broken pens and shed ink for American books. It is the fashion to call for a National Literature, as if it could be brought for the calling, as oysters are in a restaurant. To tell an author to be national, is as wisely effective as the request of a mother to a rising and bashful son, to make himself agreeable—a request which insures a blushing silence. Have we national traits sufficiently developed to mark an epoch in letters? Besides our negro music and southwestern fun, both of which mines of amusement are well worked, what is there to distinguish us? Indians?—How many of us Easterns ever saw one? Forests?—As striking can be found in highly cultivated countries. The Great Lakes?—The Ocean is greater. Niagara is a world-wonder. What customs, what habits of thought, have we that are peculiar to ourselves! No;—when we reach a distinctive nationality, then will books reach it, without the assistance of plaintive magazine articles. The hour will find, as it always finds, the man, or possibly the woman. If not, and the nationalists see how their system can be brought about, let them do it themselves; and no longer cant hopelessly and helplessly about it. Why not petition, after the manner of Massachusetts, for a prohibitive duty upon foreign brains; or at least upon palm trees, and other poetic exotics, and such heathenish nicknames as "Imalee," "Udollos," and "Tathy thyam?"

Much has also been printed on the difference of mental power in men and in women. Such a difference exists, no doubt; but we are inclined to think, that it proceeds more from education than from nature. Inferiority in muscular force is an analogy, but no argument. The education generally received by women, by American women in particular, is deficient, not in French and worsted-work, but in training of the reasoning faculties, and in sound, practical views of the world. The fair one is not taught to feel interested in the every-day business of mankind, or to think upon it.—She is instructed to believe it becoming to know nothing about politics or newspapers: all that she leaves to husband or brother. In machinery she is acquainted with pen-holders and fluting irons: her theory of agriculture comprises rosebuds and camelias. How many ladies can drive, or ride any beast more vigorous than a superannuated pony, or can be of any

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use in an accident upon the water? "Woman's sphere" and "Woman's mission" is to wear thin shoes and to stay in the house when the sun does not shine. To be weak is a charm; to be helpless, an accomplishment; as in a man, to be strong and skilful—no matter how nature has willed it.—A meagre swain of five feet or so, talks to his buxom shepherdess of the "ivy clinging to the oak." The extreme deference paid to dame and damsel in America, aggravates the evil. They are always told that they were born to be waited upon. Is not this injurious to their true interests? Society is such, that laws and customs are all-sufficient for the protection of the weaker sex. The right arm of a true knight is no longer needed. Why then should not many careers be opened to women without property, which are now closed to them; and the opportunity furnished to them of earning a livelihood, if not an independence: and of being comfortable as spinsters; and an assistance to husbands, if in wedlock? Then, indeed, might women assert their equality and demand genuine respect. Let us at all events try to do away with the present Piano-French system, which wastes the days of their youth in teaching them to be indifferent musicians; and to express themselves in a half a dozen languages, without having learned anything to say in their own.

Most literary ladies protest against the state of moral subjection in which their sisters seem delighted to dwell; but they cannot free themselves from the trammels. One sees the want of the practical in their productions. It is amusing how often they find the sublime in objects which are trivial out of doors. Mr. Griswold tells us that Mr. Gifted won Mrs. Gifted by relating to her how, when "a sailor boy, he climed the dizzy main-top in the storm." Now any man who could boast of climbing into a main-top, must have gone through the lubber's hole. And a poetess, singing her pet-mare, makes her

> "Pause at once 'mid a light caracole
> To turn on her master a look full of soul."

Truly a most curious equestrian feat. These are merely for illustration's sake.

As was said before, the malady of our Letter-belles is inglorious mediocrity. Some want capability, others care. What can we think of a songstress who allows such a stanza as this to be published in a specimen-book? She addresses her Pen:

> "Be like the sun-beam's burning wing,
> Be like the wand in Cinderella,
> And if you touch a common thing
> *Ah*, change to gold the pumpkin yellow."

The wing of a sunbeam: yellow made to rhyme with Cinderella, and a pumpkin called a "common thing." That could not have been written in the Thanksgiving season of pies. Ah! Mr. Griswold, why did you not publish the ode to John Quincy Adams, which thus began: "Thou human aloes-tree," meaning Mr. Adams. A page or two beyond are "chickens feeding on a grassy plain." We submit that nothing smaller than a sheep should be permitted to feed upon a grassy plain. Turn again, and we come upon "*sunny sheen*" and "*potent power*," in the same verse. Another page gives us, in an ode by a Forsaken One, (male,)

> "Would'st know me for that *poor sad thing*,
> A spirit-broken man?"

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No man ever called himself "*a thing*," fair lady. Thing is feminine, exclusively, in its application—the phrase in most general use is "you mean thing."

Here are some sentiments of an amorous cast:

> "The wine and honey of thy kiss
> Are lingering even now."

Love likened to beer:

> "Go, lavish on another man
> Thy *frothy* love's excess."

Love likened to air:

> "Again I feel the wish intense and burning
> To live within thy life, to *drink thine air*—
> That deep, mysterious, and mighty yearning
> Would drag me down from heaven—wert thou not there."

Love likened to purple wine:

> "A fount there was within each bosom flowing
> That gushed not water, but love's purple wine."

These erratic passages are from the same lady. Mr. Griswold says of her, "She has given a name to future ages." What think you, my pensive public?

Since the book is open at this place, we ask leave to make other extracts, to enable our public to form a correct idea of Mr. Griswold's critical powers. We give, firstly, his *resumé* of the poet's mind; then, portions of a poem extolled in his notice as a *chef d'œuvre*, presented with explanatory remarks of our own. This distinction is not intended to be invidious; it is purely accidental. The writer, it appears to us, is neither better nor worse than her companions in rhyme.

The editor *loquitur:*

* * * "The lessons of Art and the secrets of experience have no mists for her quick eyes. Many sided as Proteus, she yet by an indomitable will, bends all her strong and passionate nature to the subject that is present, plucks from it whatever it has of mystery, and weaves it into the forms of her imagination, or casts it aside as the dross of a fruitless analysis." * * * "But the energy of her character and intelligence is not opposed to true delicacy. A feeble understanding, and a nature without the elements of quick and permanent decision. cannot take in the noblest forms of real or ideal beauty. It is sham delicacy that fills the magazines with rhymed common-places, that sacrifices to a prudish nicety all individualism, and is the chief bar to asthetic cultivation and development."

If "sham delicacy" fills the magazines, to what mistaken virtue do we owe the overflowing collection of rhymed common-places before us? The editor proceeds:

"She looks with a poet's eye upon nature, and with a poet's soul *dares and aspires for the beautiful*, as it is understood by all the great intelligences whose wisdom takes the form of genius."

Aspiration again! Poet's eye and soul! Great intelligences! Dante, Milton, and this Protean Dame! Now for the master-piece, which inspired

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Mr. Griswold with these majestic and suggestive passages. It is hight Ariadne. The story is familiar. Theseus left, before the lady was up in the morning. On awaking, she sees the ship fast disappearing. In the beginning, the minstrel speaks, and condoles with Ariadne:

> "Oh doomed, oh desolate, oh lorn,"

Oh Lord! &c.;—then Theseus appears to have become sea-sick:

> "The breast which pillowed thy fair head
> *Rejects* its burden;"

and arms which were once "closely, warmly thrown" around her, "shall others clasp," &c. —— an unkind suggestion to make at that moment; one painful to the feelings of any lady, to say nothing of the imputation upon Theseus. In the second stanza the bard tells Ariadne that it serves her right:

> "For thou art grovelling in thy wo!

and bids her cheer up and pretend that she is glad to be well rid of him; for Theseus is:

> "All too poor and mean a thing
> One shade o'er woman's brow to fling."

Woman all over! she calls the runaway "a mean thing":

> "'Tis thou should'st triumph; thou art free
> From chains which bound thee for a while;
> This, this the farewell meet for thee,
> Proud Princess on that lonely isle."

"This" No. 2, is more useful than expressive. Ariadne takes Miss ——'s hint, and bids Theseus good-bye after this fashion, in a new verse and a new metre; she bids him begone, he is a betrayer, &c., liable to conviction under the new seduction law. She scorns herself for having loved him:

> "Folding *mean* falsehood to my high true heart"—

but no! it was not he whom she loved, but quite another fellow:

> "A being glorious in majestic pride;"

(like Mr. Griswold's style of composition—in fact.)

> "And this was thou, but crowned, enrobed, entwined
> With treasures borrowed from my own rich mind;"

"crowned" alludes to his head; "enrobed" is significant of his coat; "entwined" is possibly a delicate way of suggesting his unmentionables. She knew not (in the next stanza) that he was a "creature of her dreams," "when her rapt soul went floating into his," and she thought her bliss immortal—

> "When her glad lip thrilled to his burning kiss."

But what is the man now? He has shrunken into himself.

> "Shrunken and *shrivelled* into Theseus now
> Thou stand'st ————
> *A poor lean beggar in all glorious things.*"

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Hardly fair, though, Miss ——, to abuse him so much, when the heroine confesses that it was all very pleasant as long as it lasted.

She will not deign to hate him in the eighth; for it might make him conceited.

> "It were a ray to tinge with splendor still
> The dull, dim twilight of thy after fate."

Apparently Ariadne now sees Bacchus approaching with a neatly caparisoned saddle-leopard. She is about to drown sorrow in the rosy, for she exclaims:

> "Thou think'st to leave my life a *lonely night*—
> Ha! it is night all glorious with its stars!
> Hopes yet unclouded beaming forth their light,
> And free thoughts rolling in their silver cars!
> And queenly pride, serene and cold and high,
> Moves the Diana of its *calm*, clear sky!"

> "If poor and humbled thou believest me,
> *Mole of a demi-god*, how blind art thou!
> For I am rich—in scorn to pour on thee:
> And gods shall bend from high Olympus' brow,
> And gaze in wonder on my lofty pride;
> Naxos be hallowed, I be deified."

We see the gods as described, Jupiter, Apollo and company, no "moles of demi-gods" leaning over the Olympian precipice at the risk of their necks, and looking with amazement through double-barrelled opera glasses at her "lofty pride" and "queenly pride," serene and cold and *high*. As to the last line and word just the reverse of "hallowed" is generally found in a similar idiom—a word which alliterates with deified.

She ceased—and the bard takes up the stirring tale: paints her watching his receding sail, not like a weak and wilted flower, before a summer shower, but rearing her royal form, like a young oak amid the storm; a simile good for Ajax Teleman, but questionable for a fair and forsaken damsel. She bids her,

> "Let her last glance burn through the air,"

not to set his ship on fire; no, but to inflame

> "This brief burning prayer alone,"

which is sky-rocket like to "leap from thy lips to Jove's high throne." Just, Jove, stay thy vengeance! speed the scoundrel on his journey—make it pleasant for him—let him have a fair wind, she means; but she says—

> "Let whirlwinds gather at his back
> And drive him on his dastard track."

Impossible for him to navigate with whirlwinds unless he was conversant with the Redfield theory, and that is questionable.

> "Let thy red bolts behind him burn
> And blast him should he dare to turn."

This is all. Miss —— has taken a new view of Ariadne, not despairing, and anguish-stricken as the Greeks painted her, but inflamed with wine and truculent with strong drink—a jilted oyster maiden, who had turned sorrow into savageness by plentiful libations of the genuine New-England.

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Do not let it be supposed that citations such as these were sought for and picked out in a spirit of unfairness. Quite the reverse. Wherever we turned in the book we found the same shortcomings, and we quoted the first that came under our hand, without weighing and comparing absurdities. It is melancholy to have to make these quotations: it is a poor business to break a butterfly upon a wheel, one which we should not have undertaken as long as such effusions had remained confined to a newspaper corner, or a hard-to-fill page of our own and brother monthlies; but presented to us in a solid and durable shape, and announced as a body of literature exhibiting "a pervading aspiration for the beautiful," we feel bound to say that the beautiful has not been attained, and to show why we think so. It is the duty of the Critical journals to protest against stupidity, and against what is worse, the self-sufficient middling class. Utter incapability, when not amusing, excites our anger or contempt; but placid mediocrity stagnates and leaves us to perish of ennui. The kingdom of fools is a pleasanter land to dwell in than the kingdom of *fogies*.

We protest then against the injudicious praise of those friends of the Gifted, who gratify their amicable feeling and their vanity by shining with the reflected light of the luminary they worship, and go about proclaiming in highways and in byways the fame of their Star—*fama ficti, pravi que tenax.* We should like to assist at one of these courts of Minstrelsy, so often held in this great Arcadia; to hear the gentle and gay science professed by a Queen of Song upon her throne, surrounded by her faithful troubadours—or in vulgar parlance, the devoted items-men of the Dailies. It would be a sight to see for a mortal with strong eyes and sufficient command of countenance. *Spectaculum admissi*, &c.

Moreover, tacit treaties are entered into between authors, the terms of which are—"Puff my ballads and I will praise your Epics." We have been informed that several clever persons in Boston have been spoiled by this log-rolling in literature. Thus it is, that so many poetical flowers who were born to blush unseen, and to waste their sweetness in manuscript, have been unnaturally forced into the full bloom of print, where they look as sadly misplaced as buttercups in a bouquet. There are some indeed who are possessed with a scribblomania of seven devil power. The love of notoriety buzzes about them, as the gad-fly tormented Io, and drives them to wander in the fields of literature with Griswold for an Argus: an Argus, who cannot see any more clearly than themselves, that what is well enough in *Vers de societé* is trash in a volume.

We object to Mr. Griswold as a critic. Because he brought out this book. The reading-life of the oldest is short and full of weak eyes, and shelves groan with first-rate books. Has a man any right to endeavor to make his fellows waste precious time over "Types of Heaven," "Dream Melodies," and "Soul Music?" Verses are not necessary to existence, or even to enjoyment. Men could survive to a green old age without having read a stanza. An indifferent picture is of value here, because our standard of painting is low; but in poetry, the great masters are within our reach, and poor verses are poor indeed. Give us good, or none at all. Editors as well as writers should ponder upon the saying of the King of Travancore to the Dutch Ambassador: "Be not tedious, life is short."

We also reprehend Mr. Griswold because he encourages his flock in dangerous vagaries. Authors whose books do not sell are prone to abuse the poor public. The usual expression is, "We are not appreciated," the usual cry,

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"Stupidity, Stupidity" upon the soulless who refuse to buy. The song-stress loves to sigh for sympathy—to give vent to "*femme incomprise*" murmurings against destiny—to have "cravings" for some unknown object, and "yearnings for the unattained," and all that sort of thing, which generally proceeds from dyspepsia. Mr. Griswold, instead of telling the unsold ones, that Public is a good judge on the whole, and instead of prescribing to the longing ones a tonic, faithfully echoes and endorses their laments.

Worse still, he leads young and innocent damsels astray from the safe paths of prose, and gives us poems to read, remarkable, because of the tender age of the authoress. So samplers—we believe that to be the correct name for those curious representations of a church, a cow, a tree, and the capital letters of the alphabet—so samplers are still to be seen hanging in Connecticut farm-houses, inscribed, "the work of Jane Smith, aged 10." Barnum is the man for mammoth children. The literary productions of very young persons are as fearful to strangers as the domestic feats of infant phenomena. Who does not agree with Uncle Toby? When Mr. Shandy told him that the learned Lipsius produced a book shortly after his birth, "Indeed," quoth he, "they should have wiped it up, and said no more about it."

We blame Mr. Griswold because he quotes approvingly such extracts as the following:—"We write," observes Miss ——, speaking of herself and her sister, "we write with much facility, often producing two or three poems in a day, and *never elaborate.*" Aye, there's the rub; the *labor limæ* is unknown; the thing half done is well enough for an easy public. The fault runs through all. Even Mrs. Sigourney, whom we incline to think fairly entitled to the first place, allows her facility for rhyming to run away with metre and with terseness, and serves us up the pearl with the oyster and the shell. So unblushing an avowal as Miss ——'s is indeed a curiosity in literature. What would be said to a cutler who should announce: "I turn out knives with great facility, but I never give them an edge," or to a mathematical instrument maker, who should tell his customers that he made sextants and quadrants with marvellous celerity, but did not pay much attention to graduating the scale. One Cassius Etruscus boasted that he could write two hundred verses before dinner, and as many after. That man was burned on a pile of his own works. So perish all authors who never elaborate.

It is generally expected, in private life, that when a man goes out of the vernacular to express himself in a foreign tongue, he should not ungratefully murder it. Where is your authority, Mr. Griswold, for making your favorite *euphuism*, "*nom de plume*," "*nommes des plumes*" in the plural? For shame. Mrs. Ramsbottom could not have done better. A school-boy in our time would have tasted the bitterness of the birch for such a blunder in his French exercise.

We may have been tedious, but we do not think we have been unjust. It is our duty and the duty of our brethren to shut the doors against poetasters, and to chalk "no mediocrity on the outside panel." We can get the good, if we refuse to be pleased with the passable. If we cannot, let us have none. Above all, let us keep before us the important fact, that geese are not swans, not even American geese, and that verses and rhymes do not constitute poetry. The donkey was twice as asinine as before when he donned the lion's skin. And let Mr. Griswold, if he brings out a new edition for the California market, modify the title, and, borrowing an expressive word from the Turkish, call it the Bosh-Book, or the Female Poets of America.

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THE TESTAMENT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MARIE AYCARD.

It was a little after midnight, when M. de Langeais entered his wife's apartment.

"You here! at this hour!" exclaimed Madame de Langeais, with astonishment mingled with terror; "are you ill, sir?"

"I have never felt better," replied M. de Langeais.

"Have you received any unpleasant news then?" said the young dame.

"No, madam, fortunately, I have no ill news; besides, you know that if I had, my affection for you would induce me to conceal it."

As he spoke, M. de Langeais seated himself in an arm-chair, and, by a sign, directed his wife's waiting-maid to withdraw. M. de Langeais had passed his sixtieth year; he was a small, meagre, old man, somewhat infirm in health, but still active and sprightly; intelligent and kind, his small eyes had not yet lost the fire of their youth, and it was with a shade of irony, quite common with him, that he said to his wife—

"Perhaps I disturb you, madam! I have chosen an untimely moment to enter your apartment; pardon me—you have been so seriously occupied during the day, that I thought I could not come more opportunely."

Madame de Langeais did not reply; at her husband's request, she took a seat near him, turning red and pale alternately, a circumstance which M. de Langeais did not fail to remark; and as he contemplated the young and beautiful face before him, as he remembered his rights, his age and the advanced hour of the night, he understood, as he thought, the cause of Madame de Langeais' surprise and disquietude.

"I ask but an hour, madam—an hour of conversation; no more," he hastened to say, with kindness. "You are twenty-six years of age, madam," he added, "and I might easily be your grandfather; my marriage with you, ridiculous in the eyes of the world, is not so in the opinion of those who are acquainted with the motives which led to it; and you know them better than any one else, Clemence."

"Oh, sir!" murmured the young wife, casting down her eyes, "I have never uttered a complaint or a regret."

"Ah! I know it, my kind friend," cried the old man; "neither is there the slightest reproach intended by my words; you are the best creature that I have ever known, and if I recall these remembrances, it is because they are sweet and precious to me. It is now ten years—you were then scarcely sixteen—when your father first spoke to you of espousing me; he was, at that time, suffering under the fatal malady to which he fell a victim, and his circumstances were greatly embarrassed; you were ignorant of these two facts, and you learn them, for the first time, to-day—is it not so, madam!"

"How!" said Clemence, "my father was not rich?"

"He left nothing but some debts, which I have discharged," said M. de Langeais, "and still, at your father's proposal; you leaped for joy—you seemed delighted at the thoughts of espousing a man, whom you had known from

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childhood, and whom you called your good friend. I had an interview with you then. I told you that I loved you with all my heart, and that I should be delighted to give you my name; but, at the same time, I placed before your eyes the certificate of my baptism, showing you how much older I was, even than your father, and, as you were ignorant of your position—as you thought that you were still rich, it was freely, and of your own choice, that you became my wife. Your father felt that he was near his end, and, in giving you to me, he left this world without anxiety for his only child; you loved me, and you were happy in a marriage, which would have alarmed any other maiden, even less beautiful and less young than you then were. I looked upon you with an emotion which would have terrified me, if I had not been convinced of your friendship and your love. To these circumstances united, Clemence, I owe ten years of happiness, the ten most pleasant years of my life."

"Ah, sir, what is the matter?" cried Madame de Langeais, in great agitation; "why thus recall the past? I deny nothing, sir, I remember all—"

"Permit me, madam," interposed the husband, "it is to thank you for your love, that I have come here; nay, it is even to excuse myself for a fault," he added, with a slight smile of benevolence.

"You, sir—you culpable towards me? Ah, no, no, sir! never!"

"Pardon me, madam, you shall see."

"Oh, sir, you have always been too kind towards me! It is impossible—"

"Allow me to finish," resumed the husband; "you are the most generous and the best of wives—"

"I, sir?"

"Yes, you, madam; and your entire forgetfulness of your own interests is the greatest proof of it. I am rich, and when your father gave you to me, it was that this wealth might one day revert to you; this is the avowed or tacit condition of every marriage between a young girl and an old man. I have engaged to enrich you, not by any contract—not by any promise—for your father was a man of too much delicacy to demand anything like that—but I am pledged to do so by honor. Well, this condition has, until yesterday, been left unfulfilled, and what would have become of you if death had suddenly surprised me? My entire family would have seized upon my heritage, and, as in our marriage contract, I had assigned you no dowry, they would have driven you from this mansion—they would have despoiled you of my lands—of my personal property—of your jewels even. De Langeais' widow, poor and destitute, would have sued in vain for alimony. This is my crime, madam—a crime which your natural generosity has prevented you from suspecting, but of which I have, not the less, been guilty."

M. de Langeais then drew from his pocket a sealed paper, and placed it in his wife's hands.

"There, madam," he said, "that is for you; it is my testament—let not this word alarm you—such a precaution has never yet caused the death of a testator. I appoint you my sole heiress; in the first place, because it is my duty, as I have just told you; next, because even if I owed you nothing—even if you were wealthy in your own right, I would still give you this mark of my esteem and gratitude; for you love me, and I love none but you in the world. A poor old man! without you I should have lived and died alone, abandoned to the homicidal wishes of a profligate nephew—to the tyranny of a *valet-de-chambre*, or to the interested cares of a housekeeper. You—you have never thought of your most legitimate rights; you have acted towards me as if I were never to die, or, at least, as if I were to live much longer

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than you; and still it is I who am the old man, you the young woman, and you have respected my white hairs; you have been jealous of my good name; the love that you felt for me ten years ago, you have continued to feel; you have acted like a daughter, who preserves with care the love and honor of her father; like a wife, who, young, beautiful, courted, disdains the most attractive suitors, and remains faithful to her old husband. Yes, Clemence, thus you have acted, it was your duty; to suppose, even, that you have had the thought to swerve from it, would be to calumniate you, and it is this that renders me the more culpable towards you; by not securing my fortune to you until to-day, it seems as if I had resolved to subject you to ten years of probation. In the name of heaven, Clemence, do not harbor such a thought! But, good heavens! Clemence, you are moved—you weep: come, dry these tears, embrace me, and good night!"

M. de Langeais rose, approached his wife, and pressed a kiss upon her forehead; that forehead was cold as if it had been of marble.

"What is the matter, madam; are you ill?"

The old man was about to touch the bell cord; his wife prevented him, and cast herself at his feet.

"Ah, sir," she exclaimed, "you do not know to whom you have been speaking. I merit neither your praises nor your benefits. I am false to you, sir; I dishonor you. Had you not entered my chamber this night, my good angel would have abandoned me!"

"What say you? Rise, madam, I pray you!"

Madam de Langeais rose, then took the testament, and tore it in pieces.

"I wish nothing, sir; I deserve nothing!" she said.

"Be so good as to be seated," replied the old man. "I have no longer the strength or the firmness to be violent, and you know me too well to fear me. You have betrayed me? Come, madam, answer me; you have said too much not to finish. Have you betrayed me, madam?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, Clemence, what mean these tears and this despair? Do you take pleasure in terrifying me—in grieving me?"

"Unfaithful, sir—unfaithful!"

"Dishonored, madam?"

"No, sir, but—I repeat it—unfaithful! Look at the clock, the hand of which has already passed the hour of one, and which is circling so rapidly towards the hour which succeeds it; well, when that hand shall have finished the short distance which yet intervenes between the two—some one"—

"Your lover will be here, madam."

"He is not so yet, sir. Heaven permits, that, united to a man so kind and generous as you, I can yet raise my eyes to his. Still, I am guilty; this wife, whom, in your solicitude, you have endowed with all your wealth, counted upon your sleep, and upon the distance of your apartment, in order to betray you; at the moment when you were approaching her chamber, with the deed which was to render her rich, she was counting the minutes which yet remained, before deceiving you, and, perhaps, she found them too long."

"You love him very much, then, madam?"

"After the avowal which I have just made, what would you think of me, if I did not love him? if I betrayed you from caprice or frivolity? Yes, I remember the ten past years; I was then a child, and I loved you. Well, the emotion that I then felt towards you, I feel still; that which has beguiled me in the person for whom I am here waiting is something different. Do not imagine that I wish to excuse myself. No; I have been conscious of

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my fault; I have been sensible that I was about to violate my vows—to render you an object of ridicule, perhaps of pity, to the man whom I loved. I have striven long—but something stronger than my reason has impelled me onwards. Oh, sir, to-morrow morning, in a few hours, I should have been wretched! I should not have dared to approach you. I should not have the strength to lift my eyes to your face. Still, when you entered my chamber, I thought that you were informed of every thing; and I was prepared to deny all; it was easy, even if you had purposed to pass the night here, for I have a confidant"—

"Your waiting maid," said M. de Langeais, "who now stands as sentinel on your private stair-way, and who will send away the person whom you expect?"

"Yes, sir; but still," continued Madame de Langeais, "when I saw that your confidence in me was unshaken—when you spoke to me of your white hairs, which I was about to dishonor, then my heart sank within me, and I blushed at my conduct. Your praises have pained me; your gratitutde has rent my soul: to accept that testament seemed to me an act of robbery. Perhaps—and may God grant it, sir—you will live longer than I; but be this as it may, no one should inherit the wealth of one whom he has betrayed; a guilty hand should not claim the prize reserved for virtue. I thought it my duty to speak, therefore, were it only from common probity. And now, sir, drive me from your presence; banish me from your house; to whatever condition you may reduce me—in whatever place you command me to go and conceal my fault, I will obey without a murmur. There are husbands who think they can pardon, without shame, a faithless wife; your part is easier, sir, if you are willing to be indulgent; I am innocent; my heart alone has yielded, my head alone has been feeble. You see, sir, my candor should be a guarantee to you; where is the woman who confesses a weakness of which she intends to be guilty."

M. de Langeais turned his eyes towards the clock, and then pulled the cord of the bell. The waiting maid entered.

"A person, "he said," is to pay a visit to Madame de Langeais to-night, and you were to admit him!"

"Yes, sir."

"Has this person come?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Very well," said the husband, "the hour has not yet struck. When he comes, you will lead him in."

"Yes, sir."

"What mean you, sir?" cried the young woman, when her waiting maid had left the apartment. "Do you intend to expose your life, or merely to prolong my shame and my torture?"

"Neither the one nor the other. madam."

"Ah, sir, I implore you, do not cause me to die with shame and grief; spare your wife, culpable as she may be! Reflect, sir, that I bear your name; that all this may be buried in the most profound forgetfulness, if you are willing; I will never see this man again; I no longer love him, sir, I assure you!"

"Pardon me, madam, you love him still; you know that he is young—handsome; you know that he is enamored, and you believe him devoted. You love him still, I say."

"Oh, sir, spare me! do not permit me ever to see him again!"

"You need not see him, madam," replied her husband; "you can pass

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into my apartment, or conceal yourself in this cabinet, where you can hear all."

The clock struck two.

"Choose, madam!" said her husband, in an imperious tone.

Madam de Langeais' head sank upon her bosom, and she entered the cabinet, the door of which she left partly open, so that she could hear and even see all that passed. The tingling of the clock was still vibrating in the air, when a young man rushed into the apartment, with all the eagerness of a happy lover, who, at last, reaches the goal of his wishes, and whose first movement is to cast himself at the feet of the beauty, who has been captivated by his passion and his boldness; he was near seizing the hand of M. de Langeais to bring it to his lips; no sooner had he perceived his error, than he started backward.

"Waiting maids have sometimes two masters, sir, and then, they are his who pays them best. Madame de Langeais is devoted to me. The supervision of a wife is a difficult task, sir; your presence here is a proof of this, and I am no longer young enough to trust to my merits alone."

"Sir, I protest—" said the disappointed gallant.

"It is useless to deny anything, sir; I know all; my wife is no longer here; I have removed her from your pursuit, and this is very natural; that which is less so is, that I receive you in her place. At my age a husband usually avoids a meeting with a lover as resolute as you; he is too old to avenge himself."

"Sir," said the young man, "I am confused at finding you here. It was not you whom I sought, I confess it; but this chamber-maid who has betrayed me, has told you all, then?"

"All, sir," replied M. de Langeais.

"You know, then, that Madame de Langeais is in no way concerned with this rendezvous; she was ignorant of my purpose, and my appearance would have surprised her, at least as much as yours, has astonished me."

"No, sir; my wife knew all—and still more, sir, she loves you."

"Oh, sir, believe me, I have not this happiness."

"You have, sir, and it is this which has decided me to suffer you to enter here. If I were twenty years younger, you would not leave this chamber alive; but age blunts the passion; it leads us to view things more calmly and more reasonably than we view them in youth. We do justice to ourselves and to others, which is scarcely the case with the young and passionate. For myself, sir, since I have known of my wife's love and yours, I have reflected upon what I should do. I am old—my hair is white; it would be easy for two young people like you to deceive my vigilance, and lull my jealousy to sleep; the more restless and anxious I become, the more ridiculous and odious I shall appear in the eyes of my wife. I have not the firmness to submit to this part, and if you are a man of honor you ought to wish that I should not submit to it. Spare yourself then the trouble of deceiving me; let us leap over the law; when we cannot untie a knot, we must break it; elope, therefore, with my wife."

"How, sir?"

"Do you hesitate?" continued M. de Langeais; "why, you adore Madame de Langeais; since you have paid your court to her, you have incessantly repeated to her, (this is, at least, the usual language of lovers) that she is young, that she is beautiful, that to obtain her you would lay down your life; you have added, doubtless, that heaven is not just, in having united so much youth and freshness to an infirm old man who can neither appreciate

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them or love them. This old man resigns all to you: Italy, Spain, the United States, England, the North and the South, the universe, offer a thousand places of asylum, where you can love freely; you need but change your name to be protected against public opinion. From what I have said you comprehend that I shall not pursue you—you can set out this night. I received my wife without a dowry, and I will resign her to you as I received her. There will be neither noise nor scandal. I will tell my friends that my wife is living on one of my estates; after the lapse of a year or two I will put on mourning; she will be dead. Paris is so indifferent and so forgetful, that no one will inquire into the truth. I repeat it—you can set out to-morrow—this very night, if you wish. How sir—you stand cold and mute! You do not cast yourself into my arms; you do not thank me with tears of gratitude! What then has brought you here? Not content with deceiving me, are you also deceiving her whom you wished to lead astray. Do you not love my wife, then, sir? You are not then a man deeply enamored, but simply a knave, who would, apparently, deem it convenient, to find an old man to outrage, a woman to dishonor, without losing either his position, or the opportunity of transferring, to-morrow, to another object, a false and egotistical love! Coward! who fastens himself upon an old man, because he thinks he can outrage him with impunity, but who would have recoiled before a dangerous intrigue if M. de Langeais had been as young as he! No, sir; no, I have not bribed this waiting-maid; she who has told me all, is my wife; it was my wife herself, who, blinded for a moment, has still comprehended what she owed to herself—what she owed to me, and who has been unwilling to pay, for a moment of imprudence, with the unhappiness of a whole life. If you do not believe me, you will, doubtless, believe her."

With these words M. de Langeais opened the door of the cabinet, and the bitter smile of the young woman completed the confusion of the profligate youth, who hastily withdrew.

"And now," said M. de Langeais, addressing his wife, "you will think no more of it; you will regret him no more; you will love him no longer; you will despise him."

The husband pardoned her; the testament was made anew, without a single alteration.

Madame de Langeais is now a widow, and a rich widow; no one knows whether she will marry again; but it is certain that she will never espouse the man who wished to lead her from the path of duty.

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PIERRE JEAN DE BERANGER.

HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

We question whether any poet in any country ever was so pre-eminently national as the subject of this notice. It is not only because his inspiration is essentially patriotic that we claim for him that proud distinction, but also because he is identified with the dearest hopes of his countrymen, and because in his style, his manner, the choice of his subjects, and his way of treating them, he is peculiarly, idiomatically French. If we had to select from the whole mass of French literature such specimens as would best illustrate the French character, we would, without pausing to deliberate, take the poems of Béranger; next to him we might hesitate between Rabelais and Montaigne, or La Fontaine and Molière. Our author is indebted for this advantage, partly to the remarkable events through which he lived, and partly to his education, or rather to his want of education.

Pierre Jean de Béranger was born on the 19th of August, 1780, at Paris, in the rue Montorgueil, within a stone's throw of the identical spot where the great Molière was born. His father, an ardent, aspiring, but improvident man, left him to grow up as best he might under the roof of his grandfather, "a poor old tailor," who doted upon him, and bestowed what care he could upon his first education, until, at an early age, young Béranger was taken to Péronne, a little town in the neighborhood of Paris, where he resided with his aunt, who kept an inn. The seven years which he passed at her house were not entirely without an influence upon his subsequent career. Stirring events were then transpiring, which would have furnished food for observation and reflection to far less gifted individuals. He was only nine years old when the Bastille fell; forty years later, when, himself a prisoner of state, he commemorated, in a beautiful poem, that great achievement of a self-freed nation. So long did he treasure the profound impression which his childhood had received. Fate befriended him, in throwing as it were in his way such works as were best calculated to form his taste, and enable him to appreciate correctness and grace in writing. We learn from himself that, although without the opportunity, or, indeed, the inclination, to attend any school, he eagerly perused at that time Télémaque, the works of Racine, and some odd volumes of Voltaire's correspondence, which he happened to find. He was about sixteen when his friends apprenticed him to a printer, and we have his own acknowledgment that to his mechanical employment he stands indebted for much varied knowledge, acquired at that period in that easy, half-unconscious way, which best suited his indolent spirit. At eighteen he returned to Paris, where he resided with his father, who desired to make a "banker" of him. The plan, however, did not receive the approbation of the future bard, who, feeling within himself the promise of a genuine inspiration, resolved to devote himself to literature. Then began for Béranger that arduous period in the life of genius, that period of doubt, uncertainty and hesitation, fraught with wild hopings and miserable despondency—that period when the youth, panting for encouragement and approbation, often meets with the disdainful

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sneer of fancied superiority. To our author, however, this necessary period of transition brought much more than its usual average of discouraging circumstances. He prepared himself with intense and conscientious study; but his reading was confined to French authors, owing to his ignorance of other tongues; and it may be partly to this circumstance that he owes that thorough acquaintance with the genius of the French language, which his writings subsequently evinced. But when he sought his friends with specimens of his verse, and courted their criticism, they invariably shook their heads, with a dubious air, and advised him, if he wished to follow literature, to begin at the beginning, and study Latin. This was, of all advice, the most unwelcome to a youth who could not bear study when it became a mere task, and who, moreover, lacked the means of acquiring a classical education. This circumstance made him regard the Latin language with hatred and disgust. It is not a little singular, therefore, that in after life no one would believe him when he asserted that he was ignorant of that language. He says, in one of his letters: "It was in vain that I protested that I had never read Horace, except in a translation. 'A rare joke!' people would exclaim; 'it is easy to see that you have studied him; you imitate him constantly!'"

Béranger first turned his attention to the stage. A comedy which he composed, entitled "les Hermaphrodites," is said to have been a creditable work. It was a satire, directed against the dandies of that period, who, under the name of *jeunesse dorée*, lived their little day of butterfly existence, until they gave way to some other absurdity. He was discouraged, however, from persevering in a kind of composition in which Moliere had made it so difficult to excel. He afterwards attempted an epic poem; but his "Clovis" was abandoned, we believe, as a hopeless task. He next bethought himself of turning satirist; but the natural benevolence of his disposition made him shrink from entering a career which, however wholesome and moral in its object, would have a tendency to make him live at enmity with his fellow men. Some very powerful prose articles, which he contributed to the "Annales du Musée," are another proof of the versatility of the attempts of our author, made before he entered the path which seemed so peculiarly traced out for him. It is to these manifold abortive undertakings that he alludes in his preface to a late edition of his works: "I have attempted, in silence," says he, "every kind of composition." He then refers to the ambitious dreamings of his younger days, and intimates that he might have excelled in the highest departments of literature; but that through patriotism, and a desire to act as the interpreter for the feelings of the masses, he abandoned his hopes, and gave himself up to a less dignified and ephemeral style of writing, which would hardly carry his name to another generation. Now, inasmuch as one of these statements is assuredly inaccurate, we may, without too much presumption, venture to question the other; and while we promise the bard that endless fame which his modesty prompts him to disclaim, we would express a doubt whether his admirable powers could have been displayed so conspicuously in any other branch of literature than that which he has immortalized. As yet the genius of the bard had not taken its full scope. The half-fledged eagle had only been trying his wings in adventurous flights, without any fixed aim. But all these unsuccessful attempts had a favorable effect upon the young poet, who was slowly forming, for himself, in the study of the older masters, that enchanting style which was soon to clothe, with admirable expression, the hopes, the wishes, and the mournful regrets of a whole nation. Among the circum-

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stances which retarded—but perhaps insured—his progress, may be mentioned the utter poverty into which he found himself thrown. His education, his physical peculiarities, and the nature of his aspirations, alike disqualified him for success in the ordinary walks of life. We need not, therefore, wonder to find the philosophic bard—whose disinterested self-abnegation prevented him in after life from improving the fairest chances of political advancement—inditing an epistle to Lucien Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon. He addressed him as a brother in literature, and referred to his own early writings, his longings for fame, and his deplorable poverty, in language so manly and striking, that Lucien, who loved and favored letters, in spite of his own miserable failures, sent him an order to receive the allowance which he himself was entitled to, as a member of the Institute. This act of kindness, which relieved Béranger from absolute want, was never forgotten by him. With characteristic gratitude, when in after years he found himself at the height of popularity, he dedicated his works to the Prince of Canino, his former benefactor, then an exile in foreign lands.

A few years after his application to Lucien, he was placed almost beyond the reach of want by the protecting kindness of M. Arnault, one of the most distinguished writers of that period, who, in 1809, procured him a clerkship in the Department of Public Instruction, with a salary of 1800 francs.

All these incidents of his earlier career, together with an accident of his childhood, which seems to have left a powerful impression upon his sensitive, and therefore somewhat superstitious mind, are alluded to in his song of "the Tailor and the Fairy." *

Relieved now from the immediate pressure of want, Béranger found himself at liberty to follow the secret promptings of his spirit. Here let us pause and ponder his chances of success. The poetical genius of France was then a hopeless captive in the trammels of Mythological Allegory. A false taste, the only remaining heritage of the brilliant writers of the preceding age, had dried up the sacred wells of genuine inspiration. Of all languages, the French was the least calculated to be at ease in such an unnatural bondage. The French language, the language of Rabelais and Montaigne, is essentially idiomatic. It is not rich; it is but little adapted

* We extract the first two stanzas of this song from a very meritorious work, entitled One Hundred Songs of P. J. de Béranger, with translations by William Young. London, 1847.

"In this Paris, in seventeen hundred and eighty,
Here where want is so rife, and where gold is so weighty,
At a tailor's my grandfather old and forlorn,
You must know what occurred to me then newly born.
In my cradle, with flowers unadorned, not a sign
Could announce that an orphan's fame should be mine;
But my grandfather hastening my tears to allay,
In the arms of a Fairy surprised me one day,
And this Fairy was singing her gayest of airs,
As she hushed up the cry of my earliest cares.

"So the good old man says to her, anxious in mind:
'For this infant, I pray you, what fate is designed?'
'With my wand,' he replies, 'I his destiny mark;
He shall serve at an inn, be a printer, a clerk,
And I add to my presage a thunderbolt hurled
On thy son, that should hurry him out of the world;
But God sees and restores him; and forth the bird flies,
With a song to brave tempests beneath other skies.'
And the Fairy was singing the gayest of airs
As she hushed up the cry of my earliest cares'

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to the more sublime flights of ungoverned fancy; but it is admirably clear; withal it is colloquial, graceful, and is remarkably well adapted to convey ideas of the humorous and pathetic order. In verse, its want of sufficient accentuation has forced it into many fanciful conventionalities of metrical artifice, and the want of stress is but poorly supplied by the arbitrary pause between the hemistics of each line. But none of these objections apply with any degree of force to those light lyrical compositions, which the French call "chansons," and for which we do not even possess in the English language a corresponding name. With this natural tendency of the language, as well as of the national spirit, we find the French mind, from the earliest ages, pouring itself out in graceful ballads, charming compositions, which, born habitually among the lower classes, generally reflected the prevalent opinions of the masses. Whatever transpired in politics, religion or scandal was sure to furnish a subject for a "chanson"—and had all these ephemeral productions been preserved, they would furnish excellent materials for a history of France.

In times of the most complete despotism, when the feudal system existed in its greatest perfection, or even when Louis XIV. had founded the amazing structure of absolutism upon the crushed privileges of the great feudatories, no prince or minister ever dreamed of infringing the Gallic liberty of songs. It remained true to the last, even as Claude de Seyessel remarked, in 1519, that "The French have always had liberty and licence to speak (or sing) at will of all kind of folk, and even of their princes. not only after they were dead, but while they were alive and in their own presence." This style of composition, so peculiarly French, that Boileau says:

"*Le Français, né malin, créa le Vaudeville,*"

had alone remained, at the period of which we are writing, free from the blighting influence, which a vitiated taste and a blind subserviency to precedent had introduced into the other walks of literature. The "chanson" had escaped the pestilence owing to its supposed insignificance, in the same way as some of the most desirable of British land-tenures are said to be derived from the fact that they were formerly considered too low and "villein" to be worth absorbing into the feudal system.

When we inquire what causes led to the degeneracy of literary taste in France, we are inclined to attribute it chiefly to the existence and undue influence of an Academy, a body of men who legislated over letters and language with so fatal an effect, that neither language nor letters were allowed the wholesome impulse of spontaneous invention. Some writers of genius were held up as models, and no departure from precedent and rule was permitted. The standard of excellence was supposed to exist exclusively in the writings of the ancients, and French genius exhausted itself in the vain attempt to galvanize the corpse of Grecian or Roman mythology; nay, of using, with effect and picturesquely, images and modes of speech peculiar to nations that flourished centuries ago. Delille was the last writer of genius who in a measure followed the precepts of the old school; and with all his wonderful talent he sank under that disadvantage. La Harpe contributed indirectly to free Gallic literature from the thraldom of Latin-worship. In attempting to codify the hitherto unwritten canons, by which the stolid philo-antiquity of that day pretended to govern and restrain the march of modern genius, he made their absurdity so palpable, that it required but an effort to annihilate them forever.

Some idea of the force of the prejudice which then existed, may be formed

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from a conversation which is said to have occurred between Beranger and an Academician. The former, a young and unknown writer, had ventured to question the propriety of blindly following the old models, and had announced a determination so far to depart from them, as to call things by their name. In this, Béranger was not alone actuated by a love of independence. In good sooth his ignorance of mythology and of the classics rendered him incompetent to use their imagery with proper effect.—"But," remarked the Academician, "pray tell me, my dear sir, how would you express yourself in verse if you had to speak of the sea?"—Why, I should say "the sea."—"What! never speak of Neptune, nor Amphytrite, nor the Nereids? Bah! my dear sir, you can't write poetry without them."

Such was the state of public opinion which governed French literature at the period when Béranger was dreaming for himself the fame of an Epic poet. Not that he felt any diffidence as to his qualifications to excel in that branch of poetry, with which he subsequently identified himself; on the contrary, we learn that, meeting Désaugiers one day, he was overheard to mutter:—"Go to, I could write songs as well as thyself, if I chose." It would seem that his literary ambition as yet disdained a form of composition, which, though already graced by the writings of such men as Collé, Panard and Désaugiers, was still almost exclusively confined to bacchanalian or amorous subjects. Nevertheless, there were indications of the compass which this style might be made to reach, and of its incredible influence upon the French masses. "La Carmagnole" and "la Marseillaise," had served as rallying cries and watchwords of war, during the fierce struggles of the Revolution. These symptoms were not lost upon Béranger; sprung from the lower classes, he understood most perfectly their wants, their impulses, and their peculiarities. Indeed he himself claims this knowledge as the secret of his popularity. "My muse," said he, "is the *peuple.*" And in reply to those who accused him of having altered the character of song-writing, he answers, that therein lies the cause of his success. Song, he adds, is the organ of the masses. These, having once obtained political influence, and become intoxicated with glory, would hardly relish such topics as wine and love alone would suggest.

We perceive, therefore, that Béranger was already aware that the national lyre might be tuned up to a loftier pitch, and was susceptible of producing the most beautiful accords. But the proper incitement did not as yet exist. Opposition is the life and pith of popular poetry; and, in common with the French nation at large, Béranger entertained no determined opposition to the hero of Marengo and Austerlitz. He was not blind to his despotism; but he felt that he redeemed oppression by the dazzling splendor of his administration. Therefore it was with Satire's gentlest touch that, in his "Roi d'Yvetot," he ventured to condemn the sublime dictature of the warlike chieftain. His songs of that period all breathe that spirit, and they reflect, like a faithful mirror, the public opinion of the day. During the troublous times that preceded Waterloo, the songs of Béranger furnish as perfect a criterion of the state of the public mind as even the stock-market, that "pulse of nations," as Napoleon expressively terms it.

But the fall of the empire was the rise of Béranger. Henceforth he stepped forward as the avowed interpreter of the French nation, and in that character he commenced that glorious struggle against "the Restoration," which ended only in July, 1830, and has enshrined our poet's fame in the deepmost hearts of his countrymen. All their wishes, their murmurs, their cries of wrath and their threats of revenge, found a faithful echo

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in the admirable verse of Béranger. With what bitter sarcasms he assailed the puny vanities which had entered France, in the train of the restored monarch! In what lofty strain he evoked the glorious memories of the Empire and the Republic, in order to console his humbled country! How contemptuously he spurned the traitors who had sold their fatherland. What a masterpiece of irony, that glorious song of the White Cockade! *

The weak, but resentful administration which foreign armies had imposed upon France, was not likely to show much indulgence to the bold poet who assailed the restoration, and added the immortality of his verse to the troublesome glories of the Empire. When, therefore, his first collection was published in 1815, he was warned forthwith to mend his ways, and threatened with the loss of his clerkship, a circumstance, which in all probability, would have restored him once more to the joys of that "Garret" which he has so beautifully described. †

Nothing daunted by the threat, our poet remained silent only until he was ready to publish a new collection. On the very day that the edition of 1821 appeared, he omitted to appear at his desk, and never again returned to it. He was prosecuted and sentenced to a short term of imprisonment at St. Pélagie. These persecutions only endeared him to his countrymen, who considered he was suffering in their cause, and the prophet was now fully invested with the character of a martyr. When, therefore, in 1829, he was again guilty of the state offence of adding imperishable flowers to the poetic wreath of France, and the government visited the utmost rigor of the law upon Béranger, the public loudly expressed their sympathy for the prisoner. A subscription was promptly opened to pay the amount of his fine. The productions which he still issued from behind the iron bars of his dungeon were eagerly devoured and industriously circulated. They had their due effect in the "three days" which soon followed.

No one, unless he lived in France previously to the revolution which led to the elevation of Louis Philippe, can form an adequate idea of the popularity of Béranger. It was not confined to the lower classes, in whose behalf he wrote expressly, but it extended to all the ranks of society. For, as the

* We copy a few stanzes from the translation of Mr. William Young:

"O day of peace and freedom! joyous then
Were the vanquished made:
Glad day! when France her honor found again
And the white cockade!

"The strangers and their cohorts came,
Invoked by us! with ease
They found an entry through our gates—
When we gave up the keys.
O day of peace, &c.

"But for this day, that Heaven might crown
Our ills, who can deny
That over London's Tower, at last
The Tricolor might fly?
O day of peace, &c.

"We for our soldiers and their fame,
Asked pardon at the feet
Of the Cossacks of the Don
As history shall repeat.
O day of peace, &c."

† We regret that our space will not permit us to insert Mr. Young's translation of that charming song. It is a very creditable performance of a difficult task.

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poet himself informs us, he had found it necessary to dress up "la chanson" with fine robes and fashionable gear, in order that it might gain an entrance into the saloons of the rich, into whose ears he wished to breathe the complaints of the poor. This "dressing" consisted of elevating the tone of that mode of composition to the most sublime pitch. Indeed, many of the so called "chansons" of Béranger might be termed odes. Nor are they all political by any means. No writer of any nation has a better title than Béranger to write "Anacreon"—aye, and "Horace," too—before his name. The lighter gods and goddesses of the Olympus never received such delicate offerings from Pagan poets as the Gallic bard has lavished upon his "Lisette," whose fame has eclipsed that of Petrarch's Laura. Imbued sometimes with an elegant Epicurean spirit, sometimes with the most pathetic tenderness, and again with the loftiest speculation philosophy could supply, those capricious compositions, which eschew the battle-field of politics, are called by Béranger his "best-loved daughters," the favorites of his heart. And with reason; because—when the transient interests and wants of the people, which dictated his other effusions, shall have been forgotten, and his political satires have lost the keen relish which they owed to the presence of the evils they assailed—it may come to pass that those of his compositions which appealed to human nature in general, though less appreciated in their day, will insure the immortality of the French lyrist. And yet he condescends to apologize for them, by saying that their insertion among his other compositions will impart to them the merit of variety, and increase their circulation. In a similar spirit, he says that his mission ended in July, 1830. His "Farewell Songs," an admirable valedictory, conveys the same impression, in beautiful language.*

* We give at length Mr. Young's translation of that splendid song:

FAREWELL, SONGS!

That in my garland I might make the flowers more freshly blow,
Some tender, wise, or witty song, I was, not long ago,
About to sing, when all at once the fairy re-appeared,
Who in the good old tailor's shop mine infancy had cheered.
"Winter," she cried, "upon thine head hath breathed his chilling blast;
Then for thine evenings, long and cold, some shelter seek at last;
A score of years of strife and tears thy voice hath worn away,
For only mid the tempest's roar that voice would pout its lay."
Adieu, then, Songs, adieu! for bald and wrinkled is my brow;
All keenly howls the northern blast—the bird is silent now.

"Those days are far," continued she, "when every air thy soul
Would modulate, as one key-note can music's tones control;
When lavished was thy gaiety in bright and sudden flame,
Whose lightnings, when the sky was dark, more brilliant went and came,
More narrow now the horizon rests in gloominess profound;
Long peals of laughter now no more from joyous friends resound.
How many have preceded thee, and in the tomb are laid!
Lisette herself, alas for her! is nothing but a shade"
Adieu, then, Songs, adieu! for bald and wrinkled is my brow;
All keenly howls the northern blast—the bird is silent now.

"But be thou grateful for thy lot! The Muse doth owe thee thanks,
That of a mighty people she hath moved the lowest ranks:
The song, that to the ravished ear flies with direct appeal,
Hath bruited forth thy verse, which thus the most unlearned feel.
Your orators may speeches make to folks who letters know,
But openly defying kings, with thee it was not so:
For thou, to couple voices well, in marriage didst aspire
To join some goody's ancient air with accents of the lyre"
Adieu, then, Songs, adieu! for bald and wrinkled is my brow;
All keenly howls the northern blast—the bird is silent now.

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Since that period his life has furnished the clearest proof of the candor of his philosophical professions. He has led the existence of the veteran, who, after the turmoil of the camp, seeks to end his days in quiet and rest. In vain did his warmest friends, when elevated to the ministry, tender to him offices and opportunities of acquiring wealth; in vain did royalty smile upon him; in vain, more lately, did the democracy of France seek to honor itself by sending him as a representative to the Assembly; his answer, in all cases, has proved uniformly the same: "My mission is ended." He tells us that he employs the leisure of his latter days in writing a kind of historical dictionary, the object of which is to illustrate the eventful times through which he has lived. We know, also, that, in spite of his "Farewell," he still writes songs, and that a large collection of hitherto unpublished poems is to appear after his death.

It would have been in Béranger's power to accumulate a considerable fortune by his literary labors and otherwise. But his characteristic liberality prompted him on all occasions to consider himself only the steward of the wealth that fell to his share; while, on the other hand, his great modesty placed him almost at the mercy of booksellers. Of the latter he has, it would seem, little cause to complain. Sometime in 1834, in order to carry out his plan of retirement, he sold out all his interest in his writings to M. Perrotin, who on his part engaged to pay him an annuity of 800 francs. Some years afterwards, that liberal publisher increased this yearly allowance of his own accord, giving by his generosity an example which other publishers would do well to follow.*

"Thy pointed darts against the throne itself launched forth amain,
So soon as they were seen to fall, were gathered up again,
And by the people far and near, whose love for thee is fast,
Back to the object of their aim in choruses were cast.
Then, when that throne was bold enough its thunderbolt to wield,
Old muskets in three days sufficed to drive it off the field:
Of all the shots that thickly then did on its velvet fall,
How much of powder must thy Muse have furnished for each ball!"
Adieu, then, Songs, adieu! for bald and wrinkled is my brow;
All keenly howls the northern blast—the bird is silent now.

"Ay, noble was the part that thou in those great days didst play,
When from the booty thou didst turn the victor's eyes away!
These recollections, as a crown that thine old age shall wear,
Will satisfy thee, if old age thou knowest how to bear.
Go then, and let the rising race through thee that history know;
Be thou a pilot to their bark, the rocks and sands to show;
And if, perchance, the pride of France, some day, they help to raise,
Go, in their beams of glory warm thine own declining days!"
Adieu, then, Songs, adieu! for bald and wrinkled is my brow;
All keenly howls the northern blast—the bird is silent now.

Yes, my good Fairy, thou indeed art come in time most meet,
To sound before the poor bard's door the signal of retreat.
Soon for companion shall I have within my humble cot
Oblivion, that begets repose, and by it is begot.
But at my death, some who have seen our discords running high,
Frenchmen and veterans, to themselves shall say with moistened eye:
"Once shining forth in Heaven at eve that star we can recall,
Though God was pleased to quench its light long time before its fall."
Adieu, then, Songs, adieu! for bald and wrinkled is my brow;
All keenly howls the northern blast—the bird is silent now.

* The last edition issued by Perrotin is a miracle of typography and illustration. We tender our thanks to Mr. Wiley, who kindly permitted us to consult a copy of that costly work. We are also indebted to Messrs. Berard & Mondon, importers of books, for the facilities they have afforded us.

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Since 1830, Béranger has lived by turns at Passy, at Fontainebleau and in Touraine. His retirement is that of a sage, not of a hermit. His social and somewhat convivial disposition makes him welcome, in his solitude, many of those visitors whose admiration, or even whose curiosity, leads them to perform a pilgrimage to the abode of genius. All the accounts we have read agree in representing him as a man of the most benevolent disposition, the most lively and entertaining conversation. From the remarks of a writer of considerable reputation, we translate the following:—

"He converses in a ready, discursive and fluent manner. He appears to possess a wonderful fund of information upon all topics; he is curiously conversant with the peculiarities and technicalities of trades. He never travelled, but his long residence in Paris, that meeting-place of the world, together with his ready faculty of observation, has made him incredibly familiar with the temper and feelings of all nations. * * * His knowledge of literature is acute, profound, and gives evidence of a depth of studies which would surprise even those who know what intense labor necessarily devolves upon genius. Béranger affects ignorance with great effect, somewhat in the manner of Montaigne. It is undoubtedly true, that he does not know Latin; but to hear him discourse upon the drama, and pass with equal facility from Moliere, Racine and Shakespeare to the tragic poets of ancient times—one would feel tempted to believe that he understands the Greek language; nay, that he was once himself a Grecian, and remembers it, so familiar does he seem to be with that order of classic beauty and noble harmony."

TO SOPHY,

WHO BEGGED ME TO COMPOSE A ROMANCE TO AMUSE HER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

It is thy wish that I should write for thee
A long romance, that may effective be:
Against that wish my reason must rebel;
A long romance no more 'tis mine to tell.
When from life's dawn man finds himself so far,
All his romances of the shortest are;
Nor can I hope that long 'twill be my fate
Of love's romance to lengthen out the date.

Ah! happy he who can in mistress find
The friendship that belongs to sister kind!
Joy's wild delirium 'tis to thee I owe;
From thee the sweetness of kind cares I know.
The well-drawn hero, the pretended sage,
In long romance our pity may engage;
But with some leaves of Friendship's soft romance
These, when compared, are scarcely worth a glance.

A dull romance would our own history make;
But, Sophy, pleasure in the thought I take,
That on Love's breast 'twill be thy fate to lie,
And charmed by pleasures see thy moments fly.
Ah! may'st thou long, as fair and gay as now,
With crowns of flowers bedeck thy beauteous brow;
And never be it thine to shed one tear
O'er the romance that life presents us here!

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THE REPUBLIC.

We anticipated much pleasure in reading "The Republic,* more from the name adopted than anything else; and we have not been wholly disappointed, but to a great extent. We have found a defence of a war, the expediency and necessity of which will scarcely admit of a doubt—not the history of our national progress.—Something of the establishment of our institutions; but nothing of the blessings resulting therefrom, contrasted with those of other and different political organizations. From the cognomen adopted, we were induced to believe that the author had commenced his labor in a much neglected field,—that a manly and philosophical exposition of the republican principles which work together so harmoniously, had been added to the stock of political text-books. These expectations have not been realized; but our disappointment is relieved by a thorough and triumphant defence of the policy pursued towards Mexico, in our recent difficulties, by the administration. The subject is presented in a masterly manner, and every material averment sustained by documentary evidence. Thus far the author has discharged a debt due to the administration, and to the citizens generally. The more necessary something of this kind appears, from the numerous and violent attacks made daily on our national character, prompted, undoubtedly, by the contrast of our highly prosperous condition with the confusion and misery of the old world.

Americans are so frequently lectured by their self-constituted censors, that many are disposed to inquire, seriously, whether they do owe any "natural allegiance" to our trans-Atlantic progenitor. We offend chiefly by *being Americans*—by speaking freely of our institutions, and of the political and social blessings they secure. Whether we are warranted in so doing, is a compound question, depending upon the past, the present and the future. The two first furnish a key to the last; from the principles advocated and the rights and liberties already established, we may judge with considerable accuracy, what the fruits of the future will be. Our feelings of national pride are as liberal as they are just. Prompted by no local spirit,—bounded by no territorial lines, they belong to, and are a part of, the triumph of right over force; the offspring of free thought and free action, and in harmony with their legitimate advances. Our institutions were warmed into life under the focus of the accumulated lights of the eighteenth century; were not the result of an accident, but the deliberate act of an enlightened people—an important step in the progress of man, and one to which his successive struggles pointed as steadily and unerringly as the needle to the pole. To that point, indistinct as it was, an unutterable something within impelled him. How slow his progress, and how painful, may be seen; for each important concession constitutes an era in his history. The traces of the spirit that directed his efforts, sanctified the blood of revolutions, and which led him safely through the valley and shadow of the middle ages, to the period of a higher civilization, may be seen all along his pathway. It is the knowledge of this long protracted political travail, that invest free institutions, the legitimate offspring, with such increasing importance. It is this, together with their beneficial effects upon

* "The Republic of the United States of America; its duties to itself," &c. D. Appleton and Company.

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man, that secures our strong attachment, and inspires our deepest sympathies with those who seek to establish them. We are equally interested in the workings of the disturbed elements that surge and swell around the base of continental thrones, with those who consecrate their lives to the spirit of the storm. The successive changes of the old world are marked with the utmost anxiety. Connected as we are with free institutions, we cannot silently contemplate the enlargement of the stream of human liberty, whether it be by gradual contributions, or the convulsive throes of public excitement. The name of our country is pronounced by dignified senators, under the shadow of monarchy, with a singular veneration; and the principles of our government find a response in the hearts of millions, who but impatiently wait for their universal triumph.

Constitutional freedom, as established by our revolution, changed the current of human events, and is destined to direct and control the march of nations. Much had been done by charters, wrung from the grasp of reluctant monarchs; but these were advances only towards a *fact* not fully developed. How much influence the adoption of our constitution had upon man, it is impossible to estimate: certain it is, that great and important changes followed in quick succession. The French revolution took place soon after, which, however disgraceful to that people, laid the foundation of their present liberty. Europe was fired with a desire for constitutional freedom; Baden, Bavaria, Wertemburgh, Portugal, Naples and Piedmont, sought and obtained written constitutions. The states were instituted in Prussia, the Cortes in Spain, and Greece, reminded of her former greatness, again, but ineffectually, struggled to obtain a recognition of her rights. But European advances did not keep up with the spirit of the times, and the excitement which now shakes it from one extreme to the other is the result. We are not ignorant of the advances this spirit made before our revolution; nor of the fact that political power has been gradually passing from the hands of the few to the many, for centuries. The Spanish protested in 1420 against taxation, unless levied by the representatives of the free cities and villages; and in their remonstrance presented to John II., distinctly asserted some of the fundamental principles of constitutional liberty. "There remains," said they "no other privilege or liberty which can be profitable to subjects, if this be shaken." About the same period the south of France caught the spirit, and had it not been for the strong arm of feudalism, (still predominant in the north,) those provinces would have laid the foundation for a more enduring monument; but this was reserved for the sons of the Rhine, and of the Swiss cantons. The Hanseatic league lasted longer than any previous union of the kind, and furnished undeniable evidence of its own importance and of its advantages; while the Swiss in their cantons, unyielding as their native mountains, withstood the shock of a mightier power, and in the self-sacrificing patriotism of Winkelried, published their just estimate of Helvetic liberty to the world.

We need not go back to the blind efforts of the Romans; between them and the period of a more healthy, more enlightened spirit, a wide, dark gulf of barbarism intervenes. Their civilization was evanescent;—that to which barbarism gave birth may be considered eternal. Nowhere have the advances been more regular than in England: and if not so rapid in their development, perhaps more certain. Her constitutional history presents the successive steps of political freedom in the most distinct characters. Not a right has been established,—not a franchise granted, without the most stubborn opposition. But notwithstanding the reluctance manifested, the re-

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cords of her struggles are so many witnesses of the advance of popular rights. King John yielded to the demands of this unconquerable spirit, in granting Magna Charta; and from that day to the present, it has continued to wear upon the pillars of their government, bursting a fetter here and removing an obstacle there, until, from an absolute, it has become a limited monarchy. The whole structure of the building has been changed, but so gradually, that centuries have been exhausted in the work; and centuries more will be required, unless hastened by revolutions, to equalize its proportions. Her distinctions are unnatural, and her harsh and oppressive contrasts the necessary result. The strength of the valleys is wasted in trying to fertilize her mountain tops. The first and last rays of sunshine are caught by the elevated; the shadows only are allowed to fall upon the lowly, but productive portions of her population.

The history of France is equally interesting. Her changes have been more rapid, but not so permanent; yet the bases were sound, as we shall hereafter establish. Her past history warns us not to speak too confidently of her present adventure. But we have not space to devote to a more extended review of the history of popular advances; nor do we presume to enter further upon a task, to the performance of which we feel so inadequate. Ever since the organization of society, man has been struggling to establish a just and equitable government, the benign influences of which should be felt by all. Prompted by this desire, impelled by obligations of the highest consideration, patriots have not waited to count the convulsions and revolutions necessary to prepare the elements of faction for its birth. Their labors, however trying and fearful, have been in the line of their duty; and their advances so many steps towards the destiny of man.

Our revolution, then, was not the result of new ideas, but the triumph of old ones: this, however, does not detract from its importance. A new order of things was established; the people became the government. The author of "The Republic" has given us a brief history of the adoption of the Articles of Confederation, and of the present Constitution. The one superseded the other, but not without much bitter opposition. It became necessary, after the Declaration of Independence, which was made in the name of the sovereign people, for the states to enter into some kind of political association for their mutual defence and general welfare. The Amphictyons and the United Provinces of the Netherlands furnished examples; and in the formation of the Articles of Confederation, their errors and weaknesses were followed as closely as their virtues. The Federal Congress had power to make treaties, but none to fulfil them—that was reserved by the states. Congress had power to declare war, but could not command the resources to sustain it. The Federal Treasury depended upon the good faith of the states; and they not unfrequently refused to raise the amount required. Congress had power to borrow money, but none to collect funds to discharge the indebtedness. The deficits during the war were partially supplied by patriotic citizens; but when the greater emergency had passed, and men began to look about for relief, the evils and imbecilities of the Confederation appeared in their real proportions. The Federal ordinances were disregarded,—the states refused to pay their respective quotas of the expenditures,—treaties with other nations were violated,—former prejudices were revived, and each state pursuing what appeared to be its own local interests, threw the whole into confusion profound. But the creative energy, almost peculiar to Americans, brought order out of the confusion, and light out of the darkness. The elements of discord were quieted by the spirit of

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concession, and a new government was created out of the materials of the old, more comprehensive in its character, and more energetic in its action. To this offspring of patriotism we are indebted for all that makes our history interesting, and our national character worthy of emulation. All distinctions were abolished,—the interests of government and the governed were inseparably united. Religion recognizes a natural equality, and our Constitution guarantees it to all. One of the great difficulties in other governments is found in the impediments and obstructions created to prevent the general diffusion of knowledge. The press has its censor, and the schools and institutions of learning are placed beyond the reach of the masses. Here, the press, a great and important means of information, is untrammelled—free in the most enlarged sense of the term. No censor casts his shadow over it; for weal or for woe it exercises its potent influence. Not needed now, as in the days of Lord Cecil, its original patron in England, to correct the misrepresentations and quiet the fears created by the Spanish Armament, but having extended its influence, and increased its power, it has become a mighty engine, by which the rights of the people are protected from an Armada more fearful than any that ever threatened Elizabeth, or exhausted the treasury of Spain. The freedom of the press is more desirable than charters of liberty; with it they perform their legitimate office; without it they are worthless. It speaks, and the response topples iron-bound monarchies. At its bidding, provisional governments arise and republics are born.

Oursystem of religious instruction, free, like the press, has a most beneficial influence. Disconnected—independent of the government—it relies solely upon the strength derived from the faith inspired by the purity of its tenets and the devotion of its disciples. Our religion may not be national, but it is natural,—the religion of the heart, not of interest and convenience—supported by the voluntary offerings of a people conscious of the blessings it secures, and the obligations it imposes; not by the tithe wrung from the reluctant will. It lends its sanction to no political party; but, by purifying the heart and elevating the mind, it regulates the actions of all. Independent of the state, it requires the smile of no sovereign but God.

Education is absolutely free in most of the states, and in some of them all are compelled to avail themselves of its advantages. There is scarcely a community in the Union that does not offer greater opportunities than were enjoyed by the sage, to whose philosophic mind the lightning of heaven submitted. All may not be Franklins, but the fault is not in the government; the causes will be found to have existed within the legitimate range of their own powers. Knowledge is not confined to monasteries, as in the middle ages,—not fenced round by titles of distinction,—not encouraged in those who despise its best fruits, and prostitute it to the vilest purposes, and discouraged in those who are its natural votaries, and who only are fit to minister at its altars. Here, more than in any other country, it should be free. We are, emphatically, a united people,—our interests are inseparably blended,—so close is the connection, that we cannot elevate ourselves, in a moral and intellectual view, without proportionately benefitting those by whom we are surrounded. The acquisition of knowledge depends very much upon the society in which we move; but where distinctions are made—where classes are tolerated, a part or class may improve without having any beneficial effect upon others. The intelligence of a man, as well as that of a people, is the accumulation of facts; and as much the largest portion of what we know is derived from others, the sum total depends upon the labors of each individual. No one, therefore, can distinguish himself in a free coun-

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try without benefiting his neighbor; and the reverse is equally true. The heaviest penalties may, and undoubtedly do fall directly upon the indolent and vicious; yet society is also injured;—it not only loses the dividends justly due from the fallen member, but it has the injury he has inflicted to overcome. This close connection of interests increases that sympathy of feeling so honorable to our species. Here the laws of our nature are fully exhibited. The barriers have been broken down, and, as a natural result, each individual is effected by the ignorance and vice, or by the intelligence and virtue of the community. There is no more neutrality in the intellectual and moral world than in the physical; each thing acts upon everything else in proportion to its weight; the fall of a feather moves the universe; and the fruits of a single mind may corrupt a whole nation. There is no privileged order here, within which we can take shelter; and it is well there is none. To expand the mind,—to elevate and purify the affections,—to ennoble the character—is the mission of man to man. That these desirable objects can best be effected by an acknowledged equality in society, there can be no doubt.

Governments were instituted for the benefit and protection of the people. Their wants and weaknesses gave rise to them; and to supply the first and protect the latter is their important office. But their powers are not limited to the mere protection of property, the management of the treasury, and defence of the boundaries. These are some of the objects of their creation; but there are others of equal importance. Governments proper derive their strength from the people, and mere physical strength is not sufficient to move the machinery: and if it were, it is not to be relied upon. It is by the diffusion of knowledge,—the facilities afforded to cultivate the arts and sciences, and to increase and deepen a healthy morality, that governments best promote the interests of the citizens generally, and more effectually secure the objects of their creation. It is thus that they scatter, but yet increase.

This political equality, so fully recognised in every department of our government, cannot be destroyed without changing, not only the institutions themselves, but the very framework of society. The security has not been thrown upon any one division, but equally upon all,—not into the hands of the officials, but the people. Legislatures may, by hasty action, under the influence of some excitement, violate the liberties of the citizen, but their acts are subject to executive scrutiny. If the executive does not arrest the evil, the test of the Constitution, the conscience of the body politic, may be applied, and this is done by a separate, distinct branch of the government—the judiciary. This appears to be ample security, but it is not all; each of these departments is responsible ever to the people. The elective franchise is the last but greatest safeguard. Majorities, however, are not unfrequently restrained by the Constitution. The fundamental law of the land, not written in sand, nor worse, unwritten, but engraven on material as lasting as stone, and enclosed in the heart, is the only political ark known to freemen. Unlike, and infinitely superior to all others, it is a glorious political superstructure, based upon the immutable principles of justice, in which the rights of all are equally guaranteed.

Recent events of the most important character tend to inspire Americans with an increased respect for their judicial system. No division of government has been subject to more and greater improvements. One of the grand objects contemplated, was its entire separation from, and independence of, the other departments of the government; yet an increased responsibility to the people. Courts have too frequently been the theatres of the grossest

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injustice, and judges the willing instruments of tyranny and corruption. The independence of the judiciary in England was not wholly established, when James I. was publicly reprimanded by his judges for presuming to take a seat amongst them. It was during his reign, and after his reprimand, and by the same judges, that his illegal duty of five shillings per hundred weight on currants over and above the legal duty was sustained by "*command of the crown.*" And Whitelock, a barrister, and afterwards a judge, was brought before the Star Chamber for *slandering the King's prerogative*, in giving a private opinion that a certain commission was illegal; and Selden, the author of the "History of Tithes," was summoned before the council, for indirectly weakening the claim of "Divine right" in that work. And during the succeeding reign, Darnel, Corbet, Earl, Hevemingham and Hampden, were committed to prison for asserting their constitutional rights, and the writ of Habeas Corpus defeated by *an order from the privy council.* Oh! glorious liberty! Oh! boasted "fundamental immunity of English subjects!" These are not the only, and certainly, not the latest cases of the kind. The history of the last twelve months is not more favorable to the character of her dependent judiciary than the period alluded to. Here, the legislative and executive branches have not only no power to control or influence the judiciary, but their own acts are subject to the constitutional test, the application of which is the high prerogative of the courts. While thus independent of the other branches of government, it is held to a strict accountability to the people. In most of the states the judges are elected but for a short time, and are, therefore, frequently thrown back upon their merits for a continuance in office. This secures a faithful discharge of duty; and although the system may not be as productive of distinguished judges, it is more likely to be free from corruption. We have never produced a Bacon, alike the glory and the shame of the profession. Few if any have reared such imperishable monuments of fame; and none have been compelled to acknowledge executive clemency, in the remission of fines imposed for taking bribery. English judges are taken from a privileged class, and are interwoven with the other branches of the government; ours are of the people, and as constitutional expounders, become the legitimate guardians of their liberty.

The influence of the laws of primogeniture and entail upon society will be noticed in continuation of this article.

STANZAS TO LOUIS NAPOLEON.

"Mankind have felt their strength
And made it felt."—Byron.

Scion of the brave and great,
Who can mark thy coming fate?
Who may tell the destiny
That henceforth awaiteth thee?
Napoleon's spirit yet may shed
A bright halo around thy head!

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France and Frenchmen now rejoice
Thou'rt proclaimed her people's choice!
Seek thy greatness in her own—
Dream not of a despot's throne—
Thou must battle for the free,
Or a curse will light on thee!

Like an eagle thou may'st soar,
With her legioned hosts in war,
But it must be freedom's fight,
For she now with giant might,
Proclaimeth kings of little worth—
Earth-born and but the sons of earth.

There are veterans who'd lead
Their warrior youth for thee to bleed;
Whisper but the signal word,
And the banner and the sword
In the battle field shall shine,
Till more than monarch's throne is thine!

Be thou great in doing good,
  Ambitious be of honest fame;
Seek not to win the multitude
  With ideal pomp;—a mighty name
Hath placed thee on the pedestal—
It can as soon proclaim your fall!

If thou art but true—like rock,
Braving ocean's fiercest shock,
Each for thee will proudly dare
The despot's arm—thy perils share,
And win for thee a brighter gem
Than decks the kingly diadem.

Exiled wanderers there are,
  The patriot brave—the great and good;
Far from all each heart holds dear;
  Where freedom mourns in solitude;
With arms, made sacred by the blood
  Of they who closed their young career
For their fond native land and home,
Dying a glorious martyrdom!

Their cause be thine—and thou may'st be
  Immortal in thy deeds and name—
A nation's sacred trust 's in thee—
  Hence to the world thyself proclaim
Sworn champion of *true* freedom's host,
Or thou art for ever lost.

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POLITICAL PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

It has been remarked by close observers of the history of the prominent men of this country, that very many have sprung from those unostentatious but well-informed classes, the mechanical professions. As there is no royal road to distinction apart from capacity and capability, so there is no favored pursuit in life, which, above any other, opens necessarily the door to success. Under our peculiar construction of society, and the organic basis of our political institutions, none are precluded from efforts, successful as depends on their character, from the attainment of the highest distinction. The truth of these propositions has been strikingly exemplified, in the distinguished men whose names and characters have become part of the history of this Republic.

From the agitation which preceded "the Revolution;" through all the storms, perils, vicissitudes and victories which followed and finished that great effort for political liberty, prominent among the most prominent men and minds that directed in council and in camp, were those from the rude temples of republican toil. So has it been thence afterwards. Take up the biography of the most remarkable men of the present day, in politics, literature, arts, science, or professions, and ere you advance far into the record of the earlier days of the history, the "poor boy" fastens on the mind the reflection of that "bow of promise" of republics, the assured success of merit and of mind.

This turn of thought was naturally suggested on a retrospect of the life of Samuel D. Patterson, whose portrait is annexed to our present number. His career has been that of many of the prominent men of the present day, and what is at least worthy of note in connection with the views expressed. Mr. Patterson was educated "a printer." We are not mistaken, we think, in remarking, that this branch of art has given as many instances of confirmation of our assertion, as any other pursuit. To a mind desirous of improvement, the business of a printer affords instruction; conduces to thought, while its pecuniary rewards yield, perhaps, a comfortable livelihood; and thus the groundwork is laid for future advancement.

Such, at least, was the fact with Mr. Patterson, the son of highly respectable parents, residing in Montgomery county, in the state of Pennsylvania, where the subject of this notice was born.

At an early age, young Patterson was consigned, at the beginning of his academic career, to the care of the Rev. Dr. John Jones, an eminent divine, who ranked high as an instructor of youth.

It was not long, however, before the death of his father brought to an abrupt close the course of education thus auspiciously begun, and the relation of preceptor and pupil was severed. It is just, however, to both, to remark, that the feelings of interest and strong personal friendship which were excited in the preceptor for the pupil, ever after continued increasing and uninterrupted.

Deprived thus early of his father, and all resources on which he could

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depend, Mr. Patterson, with the energy and spirit of the "poor boy" of our country, in the very morning of his life, was required by a stern and uncompromising necessity, to look at the end from the beginning.

Animated with an abiding faith in the certainty of success from a determination to succeed; taught by his father principles of moral and individual action of the highest order; imbibing from the fireside teaching of his mother, those maternal lessons of Christian truth which often sanctify and bless the rural hearth-stones of the American farmer, Mr. Patterson, yet a boy, determined to set out alone on the rugged road of active life. He engaged himself as a regular apprentice to James Winnard, an old and respectable citizen of Montgomery county, to learn "the art and mystery" of printing. Mr. Winnard was the proprietor, printer, and publisher of the leading Democratic journal of that county, highly esteemed and universally respected.

Mr. Patterson, as an apprentice to Mr. Winnard, labored faithfully at his new vocation. Naturally of a quick and retentive mind, anxious to acquire instruction, his occupation furnished mental and bodily food. Industrious and constant in his labors, and faithful to his "master," Mr. Patterson found time to devote to self-education the only resource within his reach. So remarkable was his devotion to his own improvements, that he attracted the favorable notice of the Hon. Levi Pawling, then a prominent member of the bar, and member of Congress from the district composed of the counties of Montgomery and Chester. Mr. Pawling offered Mr. Patterson all the assistance in his power—a large library—frequent personal interviews—prudent counsels, and kindness and courtesy. These were the benefits received by Mr. Patterson from the acquaintance and friendship of Mr. Pawling.

To one in the situation of Mr. Patterson, such auxiliary aid was of vast importance; it exercised a lasting influence on his future prospects and destiny.

Receiving from Mr. Winnard, whose position as a sound and consistent democrat was recognised, his profession and politics, Mr. Patterson found in Mr. Pawling a teacher, from whom he could receive intellectual instruction. From such a "course of education," if such it can be properly styled, Mr. Patterson rapidly improved. His mind discovered its character, and gave evidence of powers of no ordinary kind. His taste for literature, naturally good, was greatly elevated and enriched, though even in his younger days was discovered a "poetic fancy" which was by no means mediocre. Horace has truly said that "*Pœta nascitur non fit*," for while Mr. Patterson was unversed in any of the politer arts, he wrote several *morceaux*; which gave the sure evidence of the existence in his mind of a view of true poetry.

Thus printer and poet, he passed nearly through the time allotted for apprenticeship, and before reaching his majority, Mr. Winnard withdrew from the journal so long under his charge, and Mr. Patterson took upon himself the by no means irresponsible duty of editor and publisher of "The Register."

With the small amount of funds earned and saved during the years of his juvenile labor, Mr. Patterson bought from his employer a public journal, which has so long held the first rank in the Democratic politics in that section of the state. The balance of its cost was allowed to remain a personal debt to the former owner, and was promptly paid by the new proprietor.

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To undertake such an enterprise required not only abilities of the first order, and a character formed and trusted, but also the respect and confidence of a party, then about to engage in one of the most remarkable political contests in its history. General Jackson was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States; his friends were using all the talents and industry within their reach for success, and the public were animated with that enthusiasm for the man and his character, which has since been discovered to be quite American. Under this state of things Mr. Patterson assumed the editorial chair of the "Norristown Register." Young, ardent, deeply impressed with the truth of the cardinal principles of the Democratic party—bold but courteous—moderate but firm, his editorial course gratified his friends, and not a little astonished his political opponents. Too well are we acquainted with the character of the "opposition," not only to the election, but to the entire administration of President Jackson, not to believe, that this combination was a stigma on those who composed its ingredients, a slander on the morals of politics, and the final ruin and disgrace of nearly all who undertook its direction. Mr. Patterson, like every indepenent mind, felt the full force of the persecution and proscription, and political tyranny, fraud and falsehood, which marked the track of the federal party, from 1828 to 1836. In the contest he manfully did a freeman's duty, and at its close he found himself "a champion of the cause." So signally had Mr. Patterson performed his whole duty, gaining high political as well as intellectual reputation, that the party majority in his own country was not only greatly augmented, but the force of his position was universally admitted.

A lad, not twenty-one years of age, thus placed himself among the chiefs and sages of his political brethren. In the next ensuing party struggle in Pennsylvania for the gubernatorial chair, one of the greatest interest and excitement at the time, Mr. Patterson took a decided part. The federal party were striving for success by all efforts ever recognised as within the limits of political propriety, and indeed far did it go beyond them.

During this contest, Mr. Jonathan Roberts, its recognised leader in that section of the state, addressed to Mr. Patterson a series of public letters on the subjects involved in the contest. Mr. Roberts, formerly a senator in Congress and a politician of much influence, regarding the masterly manner, as well as feeling the force of the spirit in which Mr. Patterson had conducted the movements of his friends, thought that to weaken the party was to defeat or dismay the Young Editor. These letters appeared in the newspapers of the day, and called for replies. Mr. Patterson, with his quiet, forcible, bold pen, broke a lance with his formidable opponent so admirably, that he thence attained a high rank among the leading men of the Democratic party. This election resulted in the choice of George Wolf, as Governor of Pennsylvania. Governor Wolf selected Mr. Patterson for one of the most responsible offices in his gift, and commissioned him accordingly.

After having served in this public post for about a year, he resigned, and left the field in which he had labored and gathered his laurels, for a residence at the seat of government of the state. Then Mr. Patterson became a proprietor and editor of the "Reporter," the state organ of the Democracy. In this enlarged sphere of labor and usefulness, he displayed all those acquirements of which he had given well-tried and convincing proofs.

Among the first measures that the Democracy was called upon to combat, was an effort, in the legislature of Pennsylvania, to reorganize the old

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Bank of the United States as a state institution. All who are versed in the history of corporations, too well know the origin and end of this gigantic fraud. The "Reporter," as the organ of the great party of the people of Pennsylvania, took early and decided ground against this scheme and its projectors. Gaining experience with years and instruction from severe application, Mr. Patterson waged a war of argument and denunciation on the proposed bank and its advocates. Treason to party principles was held in the same light as all other treasons, and the "Reporter" struck terror into the hearts of many who were almost induced to desert the principles of which they, while holding their seats in the legislature, were the representatives. Mr. Patterson was cited before the state Senate of Pennsylvania, for his manly, powerful attacks on this new agent in federal machinery, for the defeat of the Democracy. Unterrified by power, knowing the rights of a republican editor of a free press, in a republican government, he followed out his course, regardless of personal consequences, in his zeal for the great questions so full of interest to the whole people. The strength and power of his positions, the might that is with the right, prevailed over his attempted persecution, and the Senate of Pennsylvania was happy to let the matter rest in the dust of its impotence.

During the little time which such severe labor afforded him, Mr. Patterson devoted to cultivating his taste for literature, and some of the most beautiful contributions to the literature of the day were from his pen, otherwise overwhelmed with constant editorial duties.

It would not be inappropriate, if our space permitted, to refer in detail to the early and later productions in prose and poetry, which have given to Mr. Patterson so much distinction in *belles lettres*.

There is a deep and sublime spirit of moral sentiment that pervades many of his poetic essays, and the golden tint of true poetry colors with its pure hues the sentiments of the verse.

Mr. Patterson touches the heart with the delicacy and effect which are so often found in the melodies of Moore. We are at this moment striving to resist the insertion here of some stanzas, addressed to his mother, written by Mr. Patterson some years since, which for real merit, affectionate feeling, filial loyalty, and poetic genius, will compare with any similar productions. It was from his mother that he received those lessons in the Christian virtues which have ever marked his conduct and character. He revered her memory, as he acknowledged his gratitude for her maternal care. Devoted to her in life, mourning in the silence of sad grief over her rural tomb, he portrayed in after years all those feelings with a poet's pen; but we are self-warned, that this is a part of the history of our friend we dare not dwell upon. It is with reluctance we leave it and the consciousness, that when the lives of the Poets of America shall be written, this portion of Mr. Patterson's labors will be fully noticed, only justifies our present brief allusion to his literary poetic efforts.

Still continuing in the editorial department of the "Harrisburg Reporter," giving reputation as a politician in the broad and liberal construction of that term, Mr. Patterson, in the year 1837, was offered by the President of the United States the post of Marshal of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania. The strife of party warfare, the constant and laborious occupation of the editorial chair, united with the earnest wishes of his friends, induced Mr. Patterson's acceptance of the offer of the President. Mr. Patterson came to Philadelphia, and entered upon the duties of his office; of far too ardent and active a mind to remain quiescent under only official

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labor, he continued to cultivate his literary tastes. The interims of public duty were devoted to study, reflection, his pen and library. The election of General Harrison closed Mr. Patterson's connection with the office of marshal, and he retired from that post with the most flattering commendations of those distinguished jurists and ornaments of the bench, Judges Baldwin and Hopkinson, and the respect and esteem of the bar.

Retiring to private life, Mr. Patterson once more resumed his editorial position, in connection with the "Democratic Union," the leading party journal of the state, published at the seat of government, and also with the "Saturday Evening Post," a periodical of vast circulation and equal merit. In both he united the relations of editor, publisher and proprietor.

The canvass for the election of Mr. Polk, as President of the United States, brought Mr. Patterson again into the field of active politics; and on its termination, the President tendered to him the "Navy Agency" at Philadelphia. This was accepted, and he still continues to discharge its responsible duties to the entire satisfaction of the Government and the Navy.

So severe is the force of early education so strikingly exemplified in the present instance, that Mr. Patterson has almost become a living instance of its truth. Notwithstanding, therefore, his business engagements are constant and pressing, he seems impelled by the instinct of his mental nature to be ever occupied in his profession; and now the recess from daily official labors is occupied in the editorial department of "Graham's Magazine," a monthly publication of high merit and standing, and most extensive circulation in the United States. To the same department of the "Family Messenger" and "National Gleaner" he is also required to devote his editorial care and attention. The "Register," before alluded to, is under his management, besides other journals receiving occasional contributions from his pen.

The recent presidential election having terminated, certain premonitory symptoms have been felt by the occupants of government posts that their term of service was drawing to a close.

Mr. Patterson felt the attack in its lightest form. He turned for solace to the muses, which had so often been his companions in "troublous times." They vouchsafed their inspiration, and a poem of great merit, much satire, and remarkable popularity, was produced from his pen, entitled, as a significant index to his political position, "The Salt River Voyage." The extended and favorable notices this poem has received from both poetical and political critics, marks its excellence; and thus Mr. Patterson is about to terminate his public career for the present, at the Mount of Parnassus.

We have given a brief sketch of one of the noblest men of our day; a sincere and devoted, and disinterested friend; a pure, strong, and lofty mind; a man whose history is so strikingly modelled on the American character, as to make it an example for imitation and respect.

We cannot close the picture without expressing the opinon, in which we feel no fears of contradiction, that Samuel D. Patterson deservedly ranks among the prominen tmen of his country.

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WEALTH—WANT—LABOR.

The aggregate Wealth of the World is only adequate, and never can be more than adequate to supply all the known wants of the race.

THIS proposition has been announced on several occasions, by the writer of this paper, but without elaboration. It is proposed to amplify the idea, and fortify the doctrine by such arguments and facts as we can command.

1. In the first place, the word Want requires some defining. For surely every desire shall not be called a want; for most men desire wealth to an unlimited amount, and embracing this desire in the list of legitimate wants, there is not wealth enough in the world to supply the smallest portion of the human family. That is a true want, the supply of which will subserve the true end of existence—which will tend to bear man upwards to a higher plane of being. This is an infallible test of want; and the only difficulty is to determine, in all cases, what will thus promote our highest good; whenever this is apparent, we can be certain of a want.

There are two kinds of wants:—those of which we are sensible, and those which may be called latent or insensible. A person may have a want and not be aware of it—as, for instance, his physical system may be deranged, and need some aid in recovering its regularity of action, and the patient be ignorant of it. So a degraded being has a want of which he is totally unconscious—the want of cultivation, refinement, development. These are none the less wants for being latent, any more than Saturn is none the less a planet with rings for not being known as such to the Chaldeans. We become sensible of our wants as we obtain knowledge sufficient to understand them. Strictly speaking, the wants of man do not increase—they are always the same—but our knowledge of them increases as we become better acquainted with ourselves. Their intensity, however, diminishes as they are supplied; for instance, the intensity of the want of education to the man of thorough scholarship, is not so great as to him who has enjoyed no educational advantages. The wants, therefore, of those for whom the least has been done are of much greater importunity than are those of persons for whom every thing needful has been supplied. This rule will extend to all cases, both in respect to mental and physical wants; for as to him who has not enjoyed the advantages of mental development needs much greater attention than one who has; so he who has not been supplied with such food as the highest good of his physical system demands, requires more care in relation to diet, if the object be to repair as far as possible the effect occasioned by past neglect.

To illustrate further: Music is thought a trifling accomplishment by some; but it is regarded as indispensable to true education by those who understand its influence. It is a common remark on this subject, that man's wants increase according to his education; but the truth is, as we have seen, the wants of the ignorant are not less in number, but are more pressing in their demands. The ignorant man does not know his wants, while the educated man does. We shall therefore have occasion in the following discussion to use the term "known wants,"—and the reader, from what has been said, will understand what is signified thereby.

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2. What is the criterion of value? Can anything be valuable unless it is adapted to some want of our nature? If not, what but want can be the standard of value—the measure of all the property of the world? If, then, nothing can be valuable unless it can minister to some need of our mental and physical constitution, and if nothing can be considered wealth which has not value, it follows that there can never be more wealth in the world than the wants of the race demand. An individual and perhaps a nation may possess more wealth than is demanded by the wants of its possessors; but the world can never be thus situated—never reach this state of affluence. We may readily imagine a deficiency possible, because, as an individual may become poor, so may a nation. Indolence, or a failure to pursue the wisest course in the direction of our efforts, may disturb the equilibrium between our wants and our wealth—the demand and the supply.

3. Before proceeding further with the discussion of general and abstract principles, we will introduce some mathematical demonstrations of the proposition, that the present wealth of no nation is more than adequate to supply the wants of her people. From the amount of wealth in the world, the labor performed, and the known wants of the people, he can judge how far it is probable the property may be made to increase beyond the demands of human nature. We will give the most approved estimates of the wealth of the leading nations, the population thereof at different periods, and the amount of wealth, as well as of annual income, respectively afforded per head to the people.

Mr. Davenant and Mr. Gregory King published essays on the resources of Great Britain, between 1688 and 1712, which furnish the most reliable evidence, says Mr. Seaman in his Supplement to the Progress of Nations, of the condition of England and Wales during the 16th and 17th centuries. Mr. Davenant gives the wealth of England and Wales in 1688, as assessed by the government on levying the income tax of 4s. on the pound, and also his own estimate, as follows:

	Incomes as rated by Gov.	Mr. D'.s Estimate.
Lands,	£6,500,000	£10,000,000
Buildings,	1,500,000	2,000,000
Mines and other real estate,	500,000	1,000,000
Personal estate,	500,000	1,000,000
Total,	£9,000,000	£14,000,000

The value of the productions from the various branches of industry is given as follows:—

All kinds of grain exclusive of seed, 79,000,000 bushels,	£9,075,000
All kinds of annual products,	9,500,000
Timber for building,	500,000
Wood for fuel,	500,000
Increase from Mining Manufacturing and Commerce,	17,865,000
Commerce and Navigation,	5,135,000
Income from fisheries,	500,000
Total,	£43,075,000

These estimates for mining, manufacturing, commerce and navigation, &c., were made for 1700; but Davenant says, the wealth of the kingdom

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decreased during the war from 1688 to 1697, so that it was about the same in 1700 as in 1688. The population of England and Wales in 1700 is put at 5,500,000 souls; which number is contained in 43,075,000, the aggregate income seven and four-fifths times, making the proportion for each person £7,166; or, converting the value of 1700 into the value of the present time, it would give each about $45, or counting five persons to the family, it is equivalent to $225 of annual income to each family. The income from real and personal estate amounting to £14,000,000 as above given, was not included in dividing the income, because this amount was paid out of the productions given in the second table, and therefore is properly no part of the annual income.

In 1841, McCulloch estimated the value of land produce of Ireland at £44,500,000; from which taking £4,500,000 for seed, and there remains £40,000,000 for the support of 8,205,382 persons; equal to £4 16s. each, or about $120 to each family. It is proper to state here, that the people of Ireland do not get this amount; for large portions are fed to horses kept for luxury, and sent out of the island to pay absentee landlords.

In 1838, Mr. McCulloch estimated the whole value produced annually in Great Britain at £297,000,000; population, 18,000,000; amount of income per head, £16 10s.; per family, £82; in Federal Money, $400.

At the same time he estimated the value produced to be enjoyed by the Irish people at less than £6, or $28,80 to each person, or $144 to each family.

According to the Westminter Review for January, 1848, the total amount produced in Great Britain in 1841, was £330,750,274. Population, 18,000,000; amount to each, £17 10s.; to each family, $420

To close the calculations for the British Islands, we will give Pebrer's estimates for 1833 and the estimates already referred to for 1841. In 1841 the whole value of the property and the income was as follows:—

	Total Value.	Income.
Lands,	£1,277,095,000	
Other real estate,	1,069,782,000	
Farming capital, besides lands,	230,000,000	£131,300,000
Manufactures and mining,	131,053,000	134,848,000
Navigation,	150,000,000	60,000,000
Fisheries,	3,000,000	3,000,000
Furniture, carriages, jewelry, books, &c.,	180,000,000	—
Total,	£3,049,930,000	£329,148,000
Population,	18,800,000	
Proportion to each,	£161,153	£17 8s. 3d.
Federal money,	$776 40	$8,362
Rate per family,	3,882	418,10

The estimates for 1833 were as follows:

England and Wales.	
Productive private property,	£2,054,600,000
Unproductive private property,	374,300,000
Total,	£2,428,900,000
Scotland.	
Productive private property,	£318,300,000
Unproductive private property,	51,100,000
Total,	£369,400,000

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Aggregate for England and Wales,	£2,798,300,000
Population,	17,000,000
Amount to each person,	£164 12s.
" federal money,	$790
" per family,	3,950
Amount to each person in England,	802
" " " Scotland,	721
Ireland.	
Productive private property,	£622,100,000
Unproductive private property,	116,400,000
Total,	£738,500,000
Amount to each person,	£93 10s.
" federal money,	$456 28
" per family,	2,331 20

Mr. Seaman thinks the amount for Ireland greatly overestimated. Calculating from the amount of products, he says, he cannot estimate the private property of Ireland at more than £550,000,000; amount owned by non-residents, 100,000,000; balance for the people, 450,500,000; population nearly 8,000,000; amount to each person, £56 4s.; federal money, $274 25; per family 1,371 25.

Neither of the above estimates includes the value of stocks, foreign debts and property owned abroad by citizens of Great Britain and Ireland. The rents of dwelling-houses are not included, which would increase the amount £38,000,000, or over £2 per head.

We will now give the most approved estimate of the population and wealth of England and Wales at various periods, with the per cent. added or deducted from the nominal value, to ascertain the comparative value, with the whole value of the property and the annual income from property and labour to each person. The amounts for 1200 and 1500 are estimated from the official amounts for 1600 and 1700, and the subsequent years, making due allowances for the different periods.

	Population.	Per cent. add.	Per cent. ded.	Value private property.	Amount to each. pro.	Amount to each. inc.
1200	1,900,000	—	—	40,000,000	$100	$20
1500	3,150,000	—	—	85,000,000	130	24
1600	4,410,000	50	—	147,000,000	160	28
1700	5,500,000	—	16	245,000,000	214	32
1770	7,100,000	—	25	378,000,000	256	45
1800	9,200,000	—	20	587,000,000	306	75
1815	11,300,000	—	33	1,096,000,000	465	90
1843	16,500,000	—	—	2,737,000,000	796	83
1843	Foreign debts included.			3,100,000,000	902	89

This table is considered very accurate by those who have given the subject the most thorough investigation. It affords a powerful argument for the proposition at the head of this paper, for in it we see an increase of wealth, in a greater ratio than the increase of population; and yet, we ask in vain for the evidence that the wants of the people are better supplied at the present moment than they were six centuries ago. The people now have more known wants than they did in 1200, because they know more of themselves, and their wants have increased in a greater ratio than the wealth. Whether the people are now in a better condition than they were or not, we know this, that the amount of property per head in

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none of the above calculations does not afford too large a fortune for the highest good of a family. In most of the instances there is found enough with that labor which all are severally bound to perform to support a family. In the last table we find a nine-fold increase of population, and a sixty-fold increase of property, making allowance for the difference in value of the two periods, being about twenty-five per cent.

The statistics for the Netherlands are not so full as those of Great Britain and the United States. But Mr. Murray, in his Encyclopedia of Geography, written about the years 1834-5, says, that careful inquiries instituted by the government prove that the agricultural capital of the country amounted to about 10,395,000,000 francs, equal to about $1, 950, 000,000; all other capital, $1,300,000,000. Total $3,250,000,000. Population, 6,750,000; amount to each person, 480. Each family, 2,200. The following table gives the annual income of Holland and Belgium for 1832.

	Acres cultivated.	Annual produce.
Wheat,	869,000	$28,875,000
Rye,	1,728,000	31,500,000
Buckwheat,	500,000	6,000,000
Barley,	710,000	15,750,000
Oats,	740,000	15,750,000
Potatoes,	323,000	7,687,500
Peas and beans,	271,000	9,000,000
Vegetables.	227,000	10,312,500
Orchards,	133,000	562,500
Hemp and flax,	520,000	23,625,000
Moddar,	74,000	3,937,500
Animals,	—	28,125,000
Total,	6,090,000	$181,125,000

The annual value of the manufactures of the United Netherlands is given by Mr. Murray, as follows:

Iron,	$8,625,000
Copper,	937,500
Woollens,	15,000,000
Linens,	17,812,000
Laces,	4,687,500
Cottons,	9,375,000
Refined sugar,	2,625,000
Salt,	1,875,000
Beer,	20,625,000
Spirits,	7,500,000
Tobacco,	5,250,000
Oil,	5,625,000
Soap,	1,875,000
Leather,	5,250,000
Earthenware,	750,000
Bricks,	1,125,000
Books,	2,812,800
Bleaching,	1,875,000
Dying,	1,875,000
Paper,	1,500,000
Other pooducts of manufactures,	9,562,500
Total,	$126,562,500
Deduct for materials,	42,187,500
Leaving,	$84,375,000

As the annual products of manufactures and mechanic arts.

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To which, add for agriculture as per table,	$181,125,000
Mining and deficient estimate on manufactures, as calculated by Mr. Seaman,	60,000,000
Commerce,	65,100,000
Total,	$390,600,000
Population,	6,750,000
Amount to each person,	58
Amount to each family,	290
In 1700, the annual income of Holland was	£20,750,000
Population,	2,000,000
Amount to each person,	£10 7s. 6d.
" " federal money,	$49 80
" " family,	249 00
In 1700, the annual increase of France is put at	£81,000,000
Population,	19,669,000
Amount to each person,	£4 2s. 6d.
" " federal money,	$19 82
" " family,	99 10

The following table, compiled by Mr. Dupin, gives the annual income of France at various periods, the population, and the amount to each person in federal money:

Years.	Income in francs.	Population.	Amount to each person.
1780	4,011,000,000	24,500,000	$30 90
1790	4,655,000,000	25,600,000	34 50
1800	5,402,000,000	27,200,000	37 12
1810	627,000,000	29,500,000	39 75
1820	7,362,000,000	30,400,000	45 37
1830	8,800,000,000	32,600,000	48 88

The following table, made out by Mr. Seaman, from calculations by McCulloch and Murray, exhibits the income of France for 1841:

Grain of all kinds, after deducting for seed,	$357,220,000
Vegetable products,	155,500,000
Wool,	24,000,000
Butter, cheese, flesh of animals and their skins,	250,000,000
Fuel and timber,	28,000,000
Manufactures,	330,000,000
Mines and quarries,	40,000,000
Mechanics and certain manufactures,	140,000,000
Fisheries,	7,000,000
Commerce,	266,300,000
Total,	$1,598,020,000
Population, 1840,	34,000,000
Amount per head,	$47 00
Amount per family,	235 00

The capital of France is thus set down for 1835:

Agricultural capital,	$7,031,750,000
Other private property,	4,218,650,000
Total,	$11,250,000,000
Population,	30,000,000
Amount to each person,	$375 00
Amount to each family,	1,875 00

Mr. Seaman's estimate for 1840, is as follows:

Agricultural capital,	$8,000,000,000
Other private property,	5,333,000,000
Total,	$13,333,000,000

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Population,	34,000,000
Amount to each person,	$392 00
Amount to each family,	1,960 00

The facts furnished by Humbolt, who spent the years 1803 and 1804 in Mexico, are all the statistics we have at hand of the resources of that country. They are as follows:

Indian Corn, 30,000,000 bushels, at 50 cents,	$15,000,000
Wheat, 5,000,000 bushels, at 80 cents,	4,000,000
Cotton and cochineal,	866,000
All other vegetable products, and all animal,	10,000,000
Mechanical and manufacture labor,	29,720,000
Mining,	20,000,000
Commerce,	11,369,000
Total,	$90,955,000
Population,	5,600,000
Amount to each person,	$16 00
Amount to each family,	80 00

The following table shows the population of each state of the Union in 1840, the annual value produced, and the amount per head, according to the estimates of Ezra C. Seaman, Esq., and Prof. George Tucker, both of whom, it will be perceived, reached nearly the same results through different processes:

States.	Population.	Average produced.	Amount to each.	Produce.	Amount to each.
Maine	501,703	$25,979,546	$51 75	$26,462,705	$52
New-Hampshire	284,574	16,267,649	57 12½	19,556,141	68
Vermont	291,948	15,792,489	54 00	25,143,191	85
Massachusetts	737,699	77,930,921	105 62½	75,470,297	103
Rhode Island	108,830	12,864,691	118 00	13,001,223	119
Connecticut	309,978	26,491 463	85 50	28,023,737	90
New-York	2,428,921	172,813,779	77 41	193,806.433	79
New-Jersey	373,306	29,463,028	79 84	29,672,426	79
Pennsylvania	1,724,033	114,819,847	66 62	131,033,655	76
Ohio	1,519,467	64,108,075	42 00	63,906,678	42
Indiana	685,866	23,722,016	34 50	23,532,631	34
Illinois	476,183	17,971,442	37 66	18,981,985	39
Michigan	212,267	7,883,208	37 00	7,026,390	33
Wisconsin	30,945	2,177,377	70 00	1,905,600	61
Iowa	43,112	1,386,745	32 00	1,132,106	27
Delaware	78,085	5,240,779	67 20	5,252,538	67
Maryland	470,019	26,921,848	57 25	28,821,661	61
Dist. of Columbia	43,712	1,862,245	42 50	1,971,593	45
Virginia	1,239,797	58,438,299	47 12	76,769,053	62
North Carolina	753,419	30,867,783	41 00	32,422,198	44
Tennessee	829,210	29,054,050	35 00	37,973,360	45
Kentucky	779,828	32,595,262	41 75	38,624,191	49
Missouri	383,702	16,792,408	43 66	15,830,444	41
South Carolina	594,398	28,268,433	47 56	27,173,526	45
Georgia	691,392	33,754,396	48 75	35,980,363	52
Alabama	590,756	26,606,249	45 00	28,961,325	49
Mississippi	375,651	27,019,410	72 00	29,739,338	79
Louisiana	352,411	37,926,286	107 00	35,044,959	90
Arkansas	97,574	5,085,674	50 00	6,888,395	70
Florida	54,477	3,109,142	56 00	2,976,687	54
Total	17,063,353	$973,214,560	$57 00	$1,063,084,836	$62 65

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The last two columns in the above table are the calculations of Professor Tucker. Mr. Seaman gives to each person in the United States $57, and Mr. Tucker, $62; averaging these calculations, we shall have about $60 of annual income for each person, or $300 for each family.—The Commissioner of Patents, in his reports for 1847, estimated the aggregate products of the labor of our people at $1,738,779,975, and the population at near 21,000,000, which would give $83 to each person, or $415 to each family. The Commissioner has also estimated the population and aggregate wealth of the nation for 1847—the former at 20,746,000 souls, and the latter at $8,294,360,000, giving to each indivivual a trifle of $400 or about $2,000 to each family.

On reviewing these tables, we are willing to submit to the judgment of the reader the question, whether in the most favored nation to which reference has been made, there is a penny of superfluous wealth, or a penny of annual increase not wanted to supply the wants of the people? Is an estate of $2,000 too large for one family? Is an annual income of $300 to $400 too much for the comfortable support of four persons? Or is an estate of $4,000 given in the English tables, too much for a family? Let the reader consider the real wants of man, both physical and mental, and he will conclude that $4,000 or $10,000 can be employed to a useful purpose in the judicious support of a family.

4. Having thus passed through the statistical branch of our subject, we will revert to the principle involved, to wit: that it is impossible to increase the wealth of the world beyond the demands of the people.

That is, wealth which is valuable. Value diminishes in proportion to the increase of the supply. If, instead of producing $50,000,000 of breadstuffs for exportation, there is a deficiency of that amount for home consumption, it is at once perceivable that the price will be greatly enhanced. This deficiency may be the result of indolence, or some "act of God."—When, however, a people become so indolent as not to produce enough for their use, they are on the decline, and in their degradation will lose all recollection of many wants, and thus restore an equilibrium between their demands and supplies. In case of a superabundance of production, as may happen when greater labor and greater fruitfulness concur, the price will fall so as to bring the various articles more within the reach of all, and consequently, more will be consumed. But all things tend to an equilibrium. Individuals will employ themselves according to the demands of their being. If the necessaries of life are abundant and cheap, many will prefer to spend their time in mental pursuits and discoveries, rather than in productive labor. This will tend to diminish the quantity and enhance the price, until it bears down the other end of the scale, when many more will go to the field and the workshop, and assist in balancing the beam.

If it could be conceived possible to increase the productions beyond the ability of the people to consume them, it is possible also to see a point at which productions, whether of the farm or manufactory, will lose all value, and consequently cease to be wealth. But we are relieved from the anticipation of such a result by another consideration. The known wants of mankind increase pari passu with the increase of productions. It is a law of human progress that man becomes sensible of his wants in proportion to his ability to supply them. With every increase of means, some faculty or passion of our being that has hitherto been almost dormant, is awakened by the supply of means for its gratification. This

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law is traceable through every stage of society, and through every degree of development, from the most ignorant to the most learned—from the subject to the master, from the fool to the sage.

The wants of the savage are said to be few—that is, he is aware of but few. These he readily supplies with his bow and arrow, and with his hook and line. The simplest cabin is a sufficient shelter; he cannot appreciate elegant mansions, genteel clothing, nor but a small portion of those things which make up the expense of the civilized.

Another illustration we draw from the different grades of men in the civilized state. The person of low development cannot see the utility of the Fine Arts, and of the beautiful generally, which the refined enjoy; and yet these are as much demanded by real want of human nature as are food and clothing. They are essential to the development of the spiritual portion of our being; as much so as food is necessary for the growth of our physical constitution.

The knowledge of our wants increases in proportion as the productions of the world multiply, affording us the time and means for bringing into action more and more of our faculties and passions. Man is a constantly advancing being,—no end can be imagined to his mental progress and the wants of his nature; and therefore it is not possible for the aggregate wealth of the world to surpass the full supply of the wants of the race.

Physical productions cannot become too abundant except by sacrificing mental wants; but these expansions on the one hand and contractions on the other, work their own cure, for man has a remarkable facility of shifting his action to the power of motion. In proportion as physical productions multiply, mankind are unable to beautify the earth and adorn the houses; and on the contrary, in proportion as mental productions increase, greater facilities are afforded for the multiplication of physical wealth. The intelligent farmer produces more with the same amount of labor than the ignorant one; so that the one enjoys both mental and physical comforts, because intelligence gives him time and means—while the other is compelled to toil like a slave to get the bare means of sustaining life. Inventions and discoveries are continually made, which enable the people to increase their productions, thirty, sixty, or an hundred fold. As man's wants increase, he devises means to supply them. He perhaps finds himself unable with his present means to supply the demands of his being; he therefore calls upon the mind to devise a remedy, and it is done. The earth is made to yield more abundantly and the manufactory produces more rapidly.

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FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

The flattering prospects of the coming year, commercially, both in England and the United States, as well as India and Europe, have induced the most extensive preparations generally, for a large spring business, and as a consequence, money has gradually come more in demand. As the month of February opened, a variety of causes operated to produce a greater demand for capital—the California fever still combined with the early opening of the spring business, the large arrivals of goods, and consequent considerable payments of cash duties to aid for the moment the attempt of the banks to force the rate up. Exchanges, however, continue low and falling, and the momentary tightness is again becoming relaxed. The news from England to the 9th of Feb., giving advices of a considerable increase in the buoyancy of the markets there, and a marked rise in the value of United States stock, of which there were sales at 106 *a* 106½, was calculated, especially when accompanied by considerable sales of cotton and other produce at firm rates, to impart great buoyancy to the United States market. That it did not do so, is attributed to the operation of the Independent Treasury; but even those speculators who are impatient under the supposed restraint, cannot but admit its salutary nature as regards the general business of the country, and the prospective continuance of a sound state of the finances. In this acknowledgment of the friends of paper excitement, we have the admission that the Independent Treasury plan has done for the markets of the United States what the collective wisdom of the English statesmen and most able financiers failed to do in regard to the currency of England. Thus, the principle laid down by the soundest financiers of the Ricardo school, and acted upon on the re-charter of the Bank of England in 1844, was that the volume of the currency should always fluctuate precisely as if it were exclusively of gold and silver. If gold and silver, following the indication of the exchanges, should be exported, it is an unerring indication that the currency is "too full," and that the laws of trade, like those of hydrostatics, are applying their own unerring remedy. On the other hand, if the metals are imported, it is because the currency is insufficiently supplied, and there is a demand for money as for corn or cotton, or any other commodity. To arrive at the desired result, the Bank of England was deprived of its right of issuing paper money. Its capital, comprised in a debt due it by the government, is £14,000,000; and to this extent it was allowed to issue bills secured on that debt. Beyond that sum it can issue no bills, unless it has an equal amount of specie on hand; or, in other words, it has no option in the matter. It must give notes for specie, or specie for notes, whichever is demanded of it. If a merchant wants specie to export, he carries notes to the bank, and procures it. If he imports specie, he carries it to the bank, and takes notes, if he pleases. Formerly, when specie was imported and deposited with the bank, the institution, as a rule, issued £3 notes for £1 specie on hand. Hence every £1,000,000 imported allowed of an addition of £3,000,000 to the currency, and *vice versa*, every £1,000,000 exported compelled the withdrawal of £3,000,000. These violent oscillations were the supposed cause of disastrous

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fluctuations in prices; and it was supposed that if the bank were deprived of the power of lending £3 for every one imported, money would become less cheap on the occasion of a favorable turn in the exchanges; there would be less temptation to speculators and projectors to borrow the cheap money, and by so doing hasten an explosion, the effect of which would be enhanced by the violence of the contraction. Commerce and regular business would always supply itself with money, as with all other commodities. The principle was a sound one; but the great railroad and corn speculations of the past two years were appealed to by its opponents, the paper advocates, as evidence that it had utterly failed in its design of preventing undue speculation. Its friends, on the other hand, contend that without its operation those speculations would have been still more disastrous. In October, 1847, the speculators complained that the restriction of the Bank Act prevented money from being plenty, and the ministers were weak enough so far to give way to the clamor as to permit the bank to violate the law. Before acting on that permission, however, the pressure passed, and since then the movement has been upward. In New-York, the operation of the Independent Treasury has always been to keep active the principle sought to be carried out in the re-charter of the English bank, viz: to prevent any other increase in the supply of money than that created by the operation of legitimate commerce. Precisely in proportion to the amount of goods imported is the demand for specie, and the banks are compelled to confine their movements to regular business paper maturing within a circle of 60 *a* 90 days. They can lend no more money than they have got, and they have got no more than the operations of commerce supply for its own use. The returns of the New-York banks have been made to the 9th December. As compared with the previous return, the leading features of the city banks are as follows:

NEW-YORK CITY BANKS.

	Loans.	Specie.	Circulation.	Deposites.
Sept. 30	$41,568,078	$4,740,847	$5,726,891	$20,353,365
Dec. 9	42,506,119	5,850,424	5,783,398	21,443,148

Now this return gives an increase of over $1,110,000, or nearly 25 per cent., in the amount of specie held by the banks of this city; and as the banks invariably, as at this moment, when they seek to raise the rate of discount, ascribe the alleged necessity to the action of the Independent Treasury, it is important always to ascertain relative positions. The following shows the specie in banks and in the Independent Treasury, as also the net export from the port of New-York between the dates as per official returns:

	Specie in banks.	Specie in New-York as. treas'y.		Oct. and Nov.
Sept. 30	$4,740,847	$1,433,387	Import	$232,969
Dec. 9	5,850,424	1,674.672	Export	1,314,579
Increase	1,109,577	241,335	Excess	1,081,910

There was, it appears, $1,081,910 exported to Europe, $241,335 more accumulated in the treasury, and yet the banks enhanced their reserves $1,109,577, making altogether an accession of $2,432,812 in 60 days, from some source. In the 60 days here embraced, the rate of discount fell nearly 1½ per cent. in the New-York market. Nothing can show in a clearer light the absurdity of the

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notion that money will be scarce unless the corporate banks have the exclusive control of it. Since the date of the bank return, the export of specie has nearly ceased, exchange has fallen, and the rate of money is much lower; yet the collection of an amount of specie in the assistant treasury, not much greater than that of December, is again stated as a plea for a higher rate. It cannot be, that any one really believes that such is the operation of the department; but the effort to manufacture opinion in favor of restoring the public money to the control of the speculators is the motive. In this connexion it is well to recall the fact, that eight years ago last month, the United States National Bank finally failed, having in vain striven, by all possible means, to prolong its bankrupt existence until the incoming of the new administration on the 4th of March following, when the Independent Treasury was to be repealed, and the public money restored to the monster, to revivify its expiring frame, amid a jubilee of whig triumph. The country was saved the calamity by the utter inability of the institution to prolong its existence a few weeks. The Independent Treasury, then in operation, was repealed in the extra session, and the money returned to bank custody. Many of these institutions are now striving to regain that plunder.

If we observe the comparative imports for the spring business, we shall at once find a sufficient cause for an enhanced price of money before the progress of business draws money into the hands of city dealers, from their country debtors.

These considerable importations, demanding remittances as well as cost, for duties absorbing the means of merchants as their shelves become stocked, are the real cause of the important value of money. In former years, under the management of the bank system, when a rivalry in credits existed, and dealers with small capitals sold on longer terms than on what they could purchase, as the business increased, a heavier demand for money was created. Under the present system, as the goods are sold, payments mature and merchandise turned into money, enhances the supply.

The favorable prospect for produce abroad has stimulated exports, and, together with the advance in stocks, have supplied the bill market to an extent sufficient to cause a further fall in prices. This decline under the imports, indicates the possibility, that before the remittance for the fall business takes place, the range of prices may permit of an importation of the precious metals from England, where it is apparently accumulating to a very considerable extent; and the disposition to invest in the United States, as indicated in the advance of prices, as quoted in the circulars of Messrs. Baring, adds to the channels through which capital finds its way hitherward. In London money is cheaper than ever, and there seems no probability of an early change in this respect; indeed, it is likely that the Bank of England will have a large accession to her stock of bullion; for it is stated that the Emperor of Russia, under the apprehension that the value of gold may be seriously affected by the supplies from California, intends forwarding a large proportion of his hoards of bullion to London: report speaks of upwards of ten million sterling.

The prices of American stocks in London are as follows:—

PRICES OF AMERICAN STOCKS.

	Feb. 9.	Jan. 26.
United States six per cents, (1868)	106 a 106½	104 a 105
New-York five per cents, (1855)	93 a 95	92 a —
Do. do. do. (1858)	95 a 93	92 a —
Do. do. do. (1860)	95 a 95	92 a —

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	Feb. 9.	Jan. 26.
Pennsylvania five per cents, (ex. div.)	73 a 74	71½ a 72½
Ohio six per cents, (1856)	93 a 94	93 a —
Do. do. do. (1860)	93 a 94	93 a —
Massachusetts five per cents, (sterling bonds,) (1868)	100 a —	98 a 99
South Carolina five per cents, Baring & Co.)	86 a 83	— a —
Do. (Palmer & Co.)	82 a 84	— a —
Louisiana five per cents, (Baring & Co.) (1850-52)	85 a 87	87 a —
Maryland five per cents (ster. bonds.)	78 a 79	74 a 75
Mississippi six per cents	50 a —	— a —
Alabama five per cents	55 a 57	55 a —
Do. (sterling bonds,)	60 a —	60 a —
Virginia six per cents	91 a 93	— a —

The continent of Europe continuing in the same turmoil, it is not to be wondered at that the French, Germans, and Italians are only too anxious to send their money in the first place to London, and when once there, to direct the investment of it in any good sound stock; such as Consols or United States federal 6 per cents. The former will pay, at present prices, 3¼ per cent.; the latter 5¼ per cent.; and the calculation of the foreigner is, that if he keeps his United States 6 per cents five years, and then sell them out, he can stand a loss of 10 per cent. and still do as well as if he had put his money in Consols; but should there not be such a fall, he will get a better income by just so much.

In order to show the change which takes place in investments of New-York stocks, we may compare two comptroller's returns, as follows:

NEW-YORK STATE DEBT.

	Held in this country.	Held abroad.	Total.
September, 1842,	$15,165,298	$10,833,776	$25,999,074
January, 1849,	16,788,247	6,654,410	23,442,657
Increase,	1,622,959		
Decrease,		4,170,366	2,556,414

Of the stocks that were paid off a considerable quantity was held abroad; but it appears that there has actually been a large amount sent from Europe to this market within the period indicated by the table. This is to be ascribed to the continued demand at high prices which exists for this stock for banking purposes. The amount of New-York stocks held by the comptroller in 1842, as security for free banks, was $1,225,837. It is now $7,627,092; and a considerable portion of this—say $3,500,000, was purchased in the year 1847, at very high rates—drawing the stock not only from abroad, but from institutions that had long held it for investment.

The ample revenues derivable from the customs duties under the present tariff, enabled the departments in the first week of Feb., to issue the following order:

TREASURY ORDER.

Treasury Department, Feb. 7, 1849.

The means of the government being ample to liquidate all claims against it up to the 1st of April next, without calling in, before that date, any further payments on account of the loan of 1848, and desiring to save all unnecessary interest, notice is hereby given to all the successful bidders for that loan, by whom any balance is still due, that they are permitted to postpone any further payments until the 1st of April next.

R. J. WALKER, *Secretary of the Treasury.*

The balance unpaid on that loan is about $4,500,000; but the demand for the stock at a price of 111½ in the New-York market, may induce many to take it up. The

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advance in the prices of stock in the the New-York market has been as follows:

PRICES OF STOCK IN NEW YORK.

	United States.					N. York.	Ohio.	Kty.
	5's 1853	6's 1856	6's 1862	6's 1867	6's 1868	6's	6's	6's.
Oct. 1848	93½ a 93¾	103 a 103½	103½ a 103¾	104¾ a 105	105 a 105½	105 a 105½	100	97½
Jan. 22	99 a 99½	105 a 105½	107 a 107½	109 a 109½	109½ a 109½	108 a 109	103	101
Feb. 19	98 a 98½	105 a 105½	107 a 107½	110½ a 110½	111¼ a 111½	108 a 109	103½	101¾
Feb. 28	99½ a—	106 a 107	109½ a 110	111½ a 112	112¾ a 113	108½ a 109½	103½ a 103	

Notwithstanding the alledged tightness of money, these stocks continue to rise, and are yet lower for the United States 6's than the above London quotation with the exchange allows.

The export demand for American produce has been good thus far, and the shipments for the month of February exceed those of the same period last year, with any prospect of advancing prices, at least for the maintenance of such prices as will promote large receipts of produce from the interior. The quantities and values of produce delivered on the Hudson from the New-York canals, for the last three years, have been as follows.

From the official returns made by the different canal collectors, the annexed comparative statement of the trade and commerce of the public works of this state, in each of the past three years, has been compiled. It will be seen that there has been a greater falling off in the value than in the quantity of produce brought to tide-water in 1848, compared with 1847.

TRADE AND COMMERCE OF THE NEW-YORK CANALS—1846, 1847, AND 1848.

	Quantity.			Value.		
THE FOREST.	1846.	1847.	1848.	1846.	1847.	1848.
Fur and peltry, lbs.	817.150	556,000	557,271	$1,021,335	$690.150	$695,838
Product of Wood.						
Boards and scantling, ft	260,335.271	299,078,633	262,279,116	4,422.936	5,078,564	3,931,277
Shingles M	69,829	101,527	104,270	244.378	405,548	338,861
Timber, cubic feet	1,798 198	1,613,943	2,098,777	251,096	169.160	300,798
Staves, lbs.	106,152,500	95,104,000	113,656,951	1,513,432	1.239,677	511,463
Wood, cords,	11,832	13,331	13,861	59.160	79,986	69,462
Ashes, bbls.	46,812	37,538	38,229	1,076,904	1,135,288	1,146,870
AGRICULTURE.						
Product of Animals.						
Pork, barrels	80,093	76,179	87,930	800,925	1,104,673	967,230
Beef "	34,600	71,966	60,570	364,800	718,344	605,700
Bacon, pounds	4,000,500	4,902,000	8,183,285	290,037	416,738	490,997
Cheese	35,560.118	40,844,000	43,278,526	2,844.587	2,860.354	3,029,169
Butter	21.477,657	22,724,000	23,739,997	3.220.633	3,408,751	3,359,391
Lard	6,721,000	4,348,000	9,925,663	498,810	434,780	761,757
Wool	8,866,376	12,044,000	8,509,331	2,571,415	3,599,963	2,304,046
Hides	340,900	172,000	174,935	42,613	21,611	17,494
Vegetable Food.						
Flour, barrels	3,063,441	3,952,972	3,131,095	15,470,271	27,057,037	17,471,491
Wheat, bushels	2,950,636	4,143,830	3,116,134	3,366.141	5,833,901	3,677,039
Rye	321,799	295 119	286,919	232,304	259,950	200,310
Corn	1,610,149	6,053,845	2,953,963	1,126 854	5,170,970	1,834,268
Barley	1,427,953	1,523,020	1,548,197	813,933	1,279,337	1,037,283
Other grain	1,920.800	2,040,052	2,077;794	710.474	977,967	747,930
Ship stuffs	1,468,232	2,093,681	1,437,487	290,181	293,117	172,578
Peas and beans	96,800	106,088	75,808	96.800	106,088	75,808
Potatoes	230,939	108,369	115,629	114,686	51,755	53,109
Dried fruits, barrels	1,502,900	3,558,000	1,828.145	135,261	320,364	164,533
All other Agricultural products.						
Cotton, pounds	445,100	474,000	174,700	34,495	35,498	11,356
Tobacco	2,609,100	1,228,000	350,935	313,092	150,735	43,127
Grass seed	1,094,400	3,308,000	1,667,030	76,608	231,518	116,692
Flaxseed	5,283,700	4,128,000	1,763,393	131,943	103 219	35,266
Hops	1,690,500	1,948,000	1,597,342	185,955	188,179	159,695
MANUFACTURES.						
Domestic spirits, galls.	1.426.549	1,693,076	1,606,131	313,840	473,651	385,471
Leather, pounds	5,160,654	5,168,000	4,538,951	928,918	965,204	608,842
Furniture	2,226,114	1,972,000	1,535,365	223,611	197,251	153,536
Bar and pig lead	489,800	482,000	86,100	19,592	19,288	3,885

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	1846.	1847.	1848.	1846.	1847.	1848.
Bloom and bar iron...	10,892,243	26,348,000	29,787,506	265,222	660,896	744,687
Pig iron.....	10,574,740	21,608,000	11,526,683	182,574	340,496	172,931
Iron ware.....	1,219,091	3,014,000	2,314,064	4[illegible],830	123,808	80,993
Domestic woolens....	1,425,340	1,756,000	1,103,564	1,923,390	2,369,187	882,831
Domestic cottons.....	2,324,774	2,306,090	2,493,561	719,787	740,901	622,652
Salt, bushels.....	692,442	382,390	343,618	180,035	133,836	106,592
OTHER ARTICLES.						
Stone, lime &c. lbs...	44,200,038	59,094,000	65,246,668	63,170	63,129	92,379
Gypsum.....	12,084,100	8,518,000	3,715,980	26,933	17,584	8,336
Mineral coal.....	18,846,600	32,580,000	48,291,417	47,116	81,453	108,656
Sundries.....	90,841,614	147,988,000	97,796,493	3,633,257	2,944,914	2,001,259

Aggregates, in tons, under the divisions specified in the above table :—

	Quantity.			Value.		
	1846.	1847.	1848.	1846.	1847.	1848.
The Forest, tons,.....	603,010	666,113	615,325	$8,589,291	$8,798,373	$6,994,469
Agriculture.....	698,454	897,717	685,896	32,662,818	54,624,849	37,366,390
Manufactures.....	46,076	51,532	37,430	4,805,799	6,024,518	3,834,360
Merchandize.....	1,797	4,831	6,343	276,872	517,594	593,619
Other articles.....	82,982	124,090	107,557	3,770,476	3,127,080	2,200,623
Total.....	1,362,319	1,744,283	1,452,591	$51,105,256	$73,092,414	$50,969,460

The comparative tonnage and value of property going from and coming to the Hudson River in each of the past two years, were as annexed:—

MOVEMENT OF MERCHANDISE—NEW-YORK STATE CANALS.

	Tonnage.	Value.
Going from Hudson River, 1847.....	238,267.....	$74,352,812
Do. do. do. 1848.....	333,985.....	76,760,766
Increase, 1848.....	45,718.....	$2,407,954
Coming to Hudson River, 1847.....	1,744,283.....	$73,092,414
Do. do. do. 1848	1,452,521.....	50,969,461
Decrease, 1848.....	291,762.....	$22,122,953

In 1847 the value of merchandise transported West from tide-water, was $1,260,398 greater than that transported to tide-water in 1848. The value of merchandise transported West, from tide-water, $25,791,305 greater than that received at tide-water—showing a balance to that amount in favor of New-York, so far as the trade and commerce of the canals were concerned.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

1.—HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE PEACE OF UTRECHT TO THE PEACE OF PARIS, 1763, By Lord Mahon. Edited by Henry Reed, Professor of English Literature in the University of Pennsylvania. Ten vols. D. Appleton, No. 200 Broadway.

We are surprised that the first American edition of a work so valuable and of so high repute at home, should be issued at this late day after its publication in England. It has received the highest commendations from the critical journals of all parties in Great Britain, for the information it imparts, and for the judgment and impartiality with which it was written. It is handsomely printed in two large octavo volumes, of nearly 600 pages each.

The editor assumes the right to dedicate the volumes to a cidevant brother professor of the Pennsylvania University, now head of the Coast Survey, on the singular ground that Lord Mahon was a descendant of that Lord Chatham who held intercourse with Benjamin

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Franklin, the ancestor of Mr. Bache. This notion of dedication is the remnant of that disgraceful period of English literature when writers were but the pauper dependants of an illiterate English aristocracy, to whom books were dedicated in consideration of a fee. The practice should be abandoned.

The work of Lord Mahon is doubly welcome at this time, inasmuch as Mr. Macaulay's great work, embracing the period of Lord Mahon's history, is in process of publication. The English reviews, including Mr. Macaulay, expressed the highest opinion of the merits of the work, and we have now the story told by two eminent men.

2.—The Two Dianas, or The Son of a Count and the Daughter of a King. Translated from the French of Alexander Dumas, by Eugene Plunket, Esq.

An invidious comparison has been established between Dumas and James; whereas the points of resemblance are by no means numerous or clear. Both are voluminous writers; so are Walter Scott and Paul de Kock, whom no one would seek to compare with each other. Dumas, like James, has made the historic novel his specialty. But, unlike him, he almost invariably contrives to render his most worthless productions attractive and interesting. How this result is obtained is partly the secret of genius, but is in the main attributable to the deep and curious reading of the French novelist. The annals of France abound in elements of romance. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, they present the utmost variety of tragical incidents. The singular fatality which attended the reigns of the house of Valois; the auspicious revival of learning and thought which marked that period; the struggles of the Protestants crushed by the dark genius of that awful woman—Catherine of Medici; the stirring events, the crimes and deeds of heroism, on the gigantic scale peculiar to Chivalry in an age when Chivalry was expiring—would furnish fitting matter for a dozen successive novels. For all these events found their faithful chroniclers. Letters had already awakened; and many a grim warrior, Huguenot or Catholic, would sit down in his tent, lay aside the gauntlet for the pen, and describe, in the truthful colors which personal experience alone can furnish, those events which he himself had witnessed. Dumas, who has made it his study to gather and ponder over those precious memorials of the past, shows wonderful skill in uniting these scattered scenes, in grouping them around the centre of his plot. Thus he invests his fiction with the fascination of truth, by borrowing the very words of the actors themselves. The weary reader, after toiling through tedious love scenes, or other episodes, introduced for the purpose of "filling out," is suddenly refreshed by some soul-stirring passage that rivets his attention—no wonder, for he is no longer perusing Dumas, but the relation of some cotemporary soldier, scholar or gentleman.

Take for instance the novel before us. The annals of France furnished the author with the principal incident, viz., the tragical death of Henry II. at a tournament. This event, aided by Dumas' fertile imagination, suggested a plausible plot, in the developement of which he seizes every opportunity of introducing narratives or descriptive passages, copied from authors who wrote what they saw. For this purpose all the chroniclers, historians and memoir writers of France are laid under contribution, from Froissart to DeThou. Analogous scenes are selected from their pages to suit parallel occurrences in the fiction, and are inserted with a few necessary amendments. Take for instance the intensely interesting narrative of the scaling of Fort Risbank, at Calais, related in the novel before us. If our memory deceive us not, it is almost word for word a copy of D'Aubigne's narrative of the escalade of la Rochelle. A little research would enable us to sift out many similar instances. We are led to expose these tricks of authorcraft from a desire to explain the great unevenness of interest which prevails throughout most of the works of this writer; a circumstance which has sometimes been accounted for by the plausible supposition that many hands besides that of Dumas were employed in manufacturing the novels which are issued under his name. Both explanations may be correct.

The translation before us bears occasional marks of haste and negligence. We meet too often with such sentences as—"You told *us, the king and I*, that you were devoted to us. (p. 317.)" We are disposed to consider this as a *lapsus*; yet the translator may purposely have used a construction which was in vogue at the time of which the novel treats. Macaulay quotes a similar sentence from the pen of Mary—"*This book was given the king and I.*" At all events, the version before us is so much superior to the worthless British translations which have been thrust upon us of late, that we have not the heart to cavil, but would cheer Mr. Plunkett with our encouragement. His task was an arduous, and probably an ill-requited one—*Haud inexpertus loquor.* And he has really performed it creditably; the latter part especially of the work before us is written with a degree of spirit that makes us forget we are reading a translation.

We would also, in the name of American literature, tender our acknowledgement to the enterprising publishers, for giving us an American version instead of the cheap British matter, which other publishers prefer to print from.

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3.—The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain. A fancy for Christmas-time. By Charles Dickens. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

We deem it a beautiful feature in the Christmas tales of this author, that while he professes to admit the agency of supernatural causes well in keeping with the season, he strives to blend them with those modest scenes of every-day life, which he possesses the secret of painting in such natural colors. The idea of thus reconciling prose with poetry, the domain of experience and observation with that of extravagant invention, was, perhaps suggested by that class of German productions like "The little glass Manikin," and other tales with a kindred inspiration, which purport to utilitarianize the fancies of the Hoffman school. However this may be, we heartily approve of this mode of amalgamation, and consider the homely touches of fairy pictures as their sole redeeming trait.

In the Haunted Man it has been the aim of Mr. Dickens to embody a solemn moral truth of the highest Christian and consolatory character; holding forth all the more refined feelings of our nature, the exquisite tenderness which enables us to appreciate and relish whatever of true happiness may chance to fall to our lot—in short, the poetry of the human heart, as exclusively the result of that schooling which we obtain through adversity; so that he who has never known sorrow and wrong is wholly incompetent to enjoy the blessings of life.

The fantastic canvass, whereon he has wrought out the illustrations that picture out this truth, is to the following effect: Redlaw, a chemist of high scientific attainments, and considered by the vulgar as a haunted man, is represented in his laboratory, full of quaint things, musing alone one Christmas Eve, when a ghost appears, the very counterpart of himself, who taunts him with the bitter remembrance of the griefs through which he has passed, before attaining his present position. In despair, the philosopher entreats to be released from his persecutor, who consents to visit him no more, and informs him that he will heretofore communicate to all who come within his reach the fatal gift wherewith he is now endowed—the forgetfulness of sorrow, wrong and trouble. Released, then, from these harrowing memories, a tranquil, but a cold and heartless man, the chemist goes forth to deal out to others the fancied blessing which he himself possesses. He directs his steps to the abodes of poverty, crime and want; yet wherever he goes the gift which he bestows only aggravates the misery of the suffering, dries up the living springs of benevolence and fellow-feeling, that still gush deep within the most depraved nature, and leaves the wretches more wretched still. The only individual who remains proof against his blighting influence in an urchin wanderer of the streets of London, a being born and bred in misery, "the completest illustration of a human creature utterly bereft of such remembrances as he has yielded up." The self-instituted benefactor of humanity seeing his footprints stamped in additional suffering wherever he goes, stops short in his career with the following adjuration:—

"Phantoms! punishers of impious thoughts! look upon me! From the darkness of my mind, let the glimmering of contrition, that I know is there, shine up and show my misery! In the material world, as I have long taught, nothing can be spared; no step or atom in the wondrous structure could be lost, without a blank being made in the great universe. *I know, now, that it is the same with good and evil, happiness and sorrow, in the minds of men!* Pity me! Relieve me!"

Redlaw is restored to his consciousness of past suffering, and, consequently to the former kindliness of his nature, and all the evil he had done to others through his transformation is undone, by the agency of a woman, the fitting and beautiful impersonation of Charity. The lesson which this story unfolds is a precious one, and well worth reflection.

4.—The Prince; or George St. George Julian. By Henry Cockton, author of Valentine Vox, Sylvester Sound, &c. New-York: Stringer & Townsend.

This novel is already known in a measure to the public. Several of our weeklies filled their columns with its lively chapters. But it really deserved the honor of a separate publication. It purports to relate the struggles of a man of genius thrown friendless and alone into the great world of London. It is rather a series of amusing anecdotes than a novel, and may therefore be referred to the Charles O'Malley style of fiction. It would be idle to seek for character in these amusing pages. The hero himself is rather an abstraction than a human being. He is the impersonation of talent, shrewdness, foresight and speculative abilities, under the control of moral rectitude. It is a kind of fantastic solution of a problem, stated in these terms—"Is it possible for a man of talent, without means, to live and grow rich in a large city, by speculation, and remain honest?" The affirmative is the ground taken by the author, and "The Prince" is his demonstration. But, in our opinion, the demonstration itself requires to be demonstrated. The narrative is so unlike every-day life, the characters are so different from every- day human nature, that we are

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obliged to receive the solution of the problem merely as an ingenious paradox. Incidentally, however, this work contains a great deal of truthful description. The mysteries of speculation, the fluctuations of stock-jobbing, the disclosures of secret manœuvres of brokers, are all plausible, and would apply on a reduced scale to the New-York market as well as any other. The details of the Poyis colonization scheme will surely be well appreciated and relished by readers who are actually living in the midst of a feverish vortex, the California mania, which has never been surpassed, save, perhaps, by the excitement of the Mississippi, South Sea and Poyis emigrations. One of the prominent actors in this work is the famous Gregor MacGregor, We regret to see that worthy figure in a manner so disreputable. If he really did perform in Europe the strange antics ascribed to him by the author, it only proves that men are strange compounds of contradictions. The history of MacGregor would be in itself a most interesting novel. He was one of the earliest, the boldest, and most adventurous of the champions of South American independence. His exploits in the Mexican war would fill a volume with improbable but authentic romance.

5.—Footprints. By R. H. Stoddard. New-York: Spalding & Shepard, 187½ Broadway.

We hail the appearance of this little volume with a pleasure not unmingled with melancholy. It would be ungracious to say that Mr. Stoddard has stamped his "footprints" upon the beaten sands; we would better express our meaning by warning him that the path he has entered is a granite path, and that if he would leave as lasting an impression, he must cut and carve it with patient toil. From the perusal of the work before us, we feel persuaded that, to quote his own expressions—

"He can do better soon, and will—"

That he will redeem this promise, we sincerely trust and believe. Young poets in general—and this may apply to our author—have no worse enemy than facility in composition. In nine cases out of ten it is a safe rule to discard a line merely because it comes without effort. It often happens that the teasing obstacle of a difficult rhyme, or of an intractable thought, that refuses to be compressed within a given number of lines, suggests a fine expression, a happy digression, nay, perhaps, a whole poem.

We take pleasure in quoting the following sonnet (to use that word in a popular, but illegitimate sense) which seems well adapted to give a specimen of the author's manner. The opening is very fine:—

"THE PAST.

"I saw the Past in Heaven, a mighty train,
A countless multitude of solemn Years,
Standing like souls of martyred saints, and tears
Ran down their pallid cheeks like summer rain;
They clasped and wrung their white hands evermore,
Wailing, demanding vengeance on the world:
And Judgment, with his garments sprinkled o'er
With guilty blood, and dusky wings unfurled,
And sword unsheathed, expectant of His nod,
Hovered beside the burning Throne, and God,
Rose up in Heaven in ire—but Mercy fair,
A piteous damsel, clad in spotless white,
In supplication sweet, and earnest prayer,
Fell at his feet, and clung around his robe of light."

Here we have grand, solemn thoughts; highly colored, yet natural expressions; musical lines, and evidences enough of the all-important faculty of conception, and of the ready command of effect. But, nevertheless, we can see how a little of that tedious, but indispensable toil of polishing, might have improved even the sonnet which we have just placed before our readers.

6.—The History of Alexander the Great. The History of Charles the First. The History of Mary Queen of Scots. By Jacob Abbott. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

These volumes are the first of a series of biographies, written especially for the use of the young. Each volume forms a separate work, but the twelve of the contemplated publication, being bound alike, beautifully printed, adorned with engravings, maps and title-pages of gold, crimson and azure, will form a miniature historical library, well deserving of a place among the showy trifles of a lady's centre table.

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The idea of preparing a useful series of entertaining and instructive historical works, in a style suited to the intelligence of even very young children, is an admirable one, and is highly creditable to the author. We would have only praise to bestow upon this occasion, were it not that we consider that Mr. Abbott has not kept always in view that most solemn duty of the historian—strict impartiality. It is certainly of little consequence, whether, in writing the history of Alexander, he used sufficient discrimination, whether Arrian or Plutarch, Diodorus or Justin, furnished him with his materials. We care little whether our children learn by heart improbable or rational accounts of the force of Darius at the Granicus, nor whether they are trained to credit the stereotyped anecdotes which amused our younger days, and which the supercilious comments of modern criticism have taught us to disbelieve. But with the names of Mary Queen of Scots, and of Charles I, are connected the rise and growth of elements that became active agents in the history of the world. The Puritans of that day are no more, but their spirit is living still; we see it every day, in our own country: our manners are infected, our press is offensively impregnated with that spirit. It behooves somewhat, therefore, that the rising generation be not unwarily led to giv·· implicit belief to Puritanic accounts of the Puritans.

It is our candid opinion that Mr. Abbott's history of Charles I. is seriously affected with the Round-Head taint. But we forbear to insist upon this point. Our remarks would never reach the class no whom he has devoted his labors. Our antidote would go to one place, while the poison is quietly doing its work in another.

7.—A Home for all; or A New, Cheap, Convenient and Superior Mode of Building. By O. S. Fowler. New-York: Fowlers & Wells, 131 Nassau-street.

The author claims the merit of bringing forward a plan for building houses, which better answers every requirement of a home, and costs less than hitherto adopted. The principal feature of this plan consists in dispensing altogether with "frames." The walls are composed of boards laid one over the other, and pinned or nailed together. By taking care to place them so that the respective edges shall not meet, but alternately recede and protrude about half an inch, you obtain a rugged surface on both sides, which receives and retains the plaster as well as lathing; so that the entire operation of raising a wall, according to this plan, consists merely of laying boards or plank, and plastering. A wall of this description offers, we are informed, many advantages. It is cheap, air-tight, mouse-tight, durable, and requires no mechanical ingenuity in its construction. Some of Mr. Fowler's statistics are quite startling. Hear what he says:—

"Believe me, when I say, that timber, pins, labor and nails to put up the outside and inside walls—both of which must go up together— of a house thirty-two feet square, or of this dimension, whatever be its shape, will not cost you eighty dollars! Now, ask any carpenter what he will do the same job for in the old way, and he will tell you some $200! My carpenter said he would not have put up the bare frame of my house for less than $120; whereas mine cost me only about $80, notwithstanding all my disadvantages. And, mark, it was all ready for receiving the plaster."

All these calculations, and many more, Mr. Fowler states that he has verified by actual experiment. He does not claim that this plan originated entirely with himself; for he states that "while looking about for some pattern of a house after which to build," he saw something of the kind in central New York—probably in the Mohawk valley, among the folk who build with the gable end to the street. But while modestly disdaining the merit of invention, he claims and deserves due praise for his philanthropy, in disseminating useful information in a clear, lucid manner, and in enabling men to gratify their "instinct of constructiveness," at a trifling cost. After enumerating all the advantages of a board wall, Mr. Fowler lays particular stress upon this, that it is remarkably adapted to building in the octagon form. The author is in raptures with the octahedron. He furnishes us with many diagrams to show how admirably his favorite shape admits the best possible combination of bedrooms and kitchens and parlors. And he crowns the whole with a dome-shaped roof, constructed with simple boards.

Such is the author's perfect fai h in the ultimate popularity of his plan for building—such is his delight at the idea of having demolished the "old-style, wind-riven, out-of-doors, stomach-in-the-foot shanties," that he bursts into a strain which throws into the shade the famous "*perennius eregi monumentum.*" He deems it even necessary to warn the reader against the cavillings of bigotry; and he tells us in a note:—

"Those who preach that we should hate this life and its blessings in order to prepare for another, would, of course, object to so enchanting a mansion, as making us love the world so well as to be loath to leave it."

8.—Raphael,

This admirable prose poem of the great French poet has met with a favor in every way commensurate with his great reputation.

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9.—Oregon and California in 1848. By J. Quinn Thornton, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Oregon, and Corresponding Minister of the American Institute; with an Appendix, including recent and authentic information upon the subject of the Gold mines of California, with illustrations and a map. Two vols. Harper Brothers.

The best and most authentic account of that wonderful country, which from being held in supreme contempt twelve months ago, has become the common object of enterprise to people in all parts of the world, is certainly that which is presented in this admirable sovenir of Judge Thornton, whose clear judgment and great experience eminently enable him to fulfil the task of enlightening the public mind upon that interesting subject. The map and illustrations add greatly to the value of the work.

10.—A Catechism of the Steam Engine: illustrative of the scientific principles upon which its operation depends, and the practical details of its structure, in its application to mines, mills, steam navigation and railways, with various suggestions of improvement. By John Bourne, C. E., Editor of "A Treatise upon the Steam Engine." D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

This admirable little work contains, in a pocket form, more practical information in an available form, on the nature and uses of that wonderful machinery which has wrought such changes in the face of civilization than perhaps any other work of its size.

11.—El Ingenioso Hidalgo Don Quixote de la Mancha. Por Miguel de Cervantes, &c. 2 vols. Little & Brown, Boston.

A Spanish standard edition of this renowned work is a most desirable acquisition to all those whose interests or inclination lead to the study of the Spanish. The work is edited by Francisco Sales, A. M., Professor of Spanish at Harvard University, and will therefore command confidence as to the purity of the language.

12.—Macaulay's History of England. Vol. 2. Harper Brothers.

The second volume of this magnificent work has made its appearance, having been delayed by the necessity of re-printing the edition of the 1st vol., from the rapidity of its sale. In the first pages of this number we give an extended notice of the work.

13.—Blackwood for February.

The republication, by Scott & Co., was delivered promptly, and is of interest. It contains, however, a mark of the growing importance of American opinions in European matters, in the shape of an article headed "American Thoughts on European Revolutions," being a sophistical argument in favor of restoring legitimacy to France in the person of Henry the 5th.

This is one of those tricks of royalty seeking to create the opinion that an American republican thinks more favorably of scions of the corrupt Bourbons than of popular right. The trick is as contemptible as stale.

14.—An Elementary Treatise on Mechanics; embracing the theory of Statics and Dynamics, and its application to Solids and Fluids. Prepared for the under graduate course of the Wesleyan University. By Augustus W. Smith, LL. D. Harper Brothers.

This is an excellent and carefully prepared volume, so constructed as to adapt it admirably to the recitation room, each proposition being stated clearly and individually, and each prominently developed.

15.—Sketches of Life and Landscape. By Ralph Hoyt. Geo. P. Putnam.

This is a beautiful collection of meritorious poems, elegantly illustrated, and dedicated to Evert Duyckink, well known to the readers of this review, as well as to the literary world generally. His endowment of the work would make it pass for matter of far less real merit than the lines in question.

16.—Cheever's Lectures on the Pilgrims' Progress.

Mr. Wiley has issued a cheap edition of these eloquent and lucid expositions of Bunyan's great work, in one volume of 514 pages. Its large, clear type and white paper admirably adapt it to the convenience of aged persons, while its outward appearance is exceedingly neat.

17.—Life of Franklin. Harper Brothers.

The fourth number of this admirably illustrated edition has made its appearance.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE,

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

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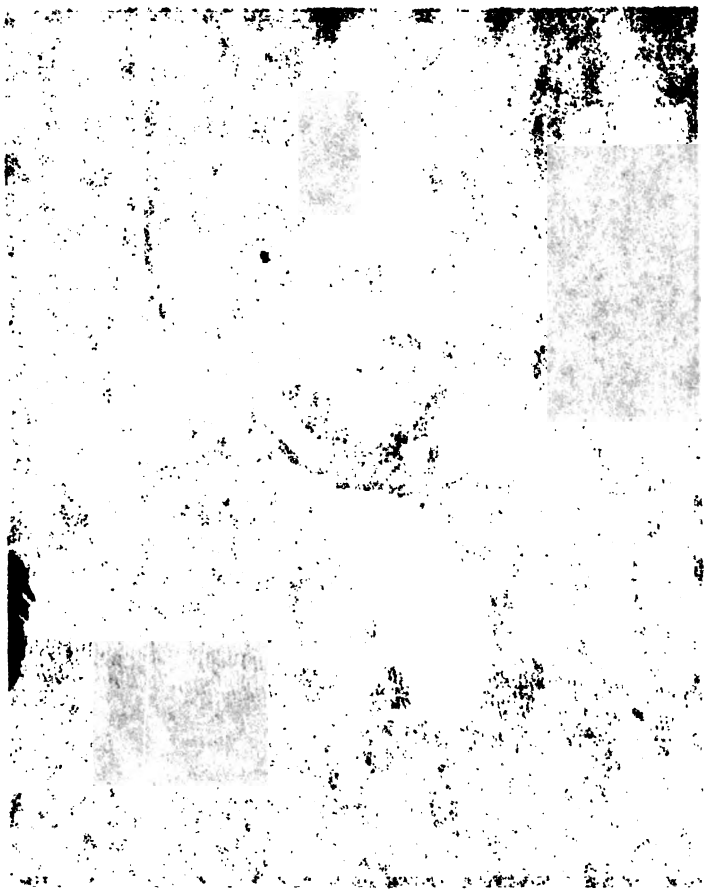

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THE

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DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

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HUMAN RIGHTS vs. "DIVINE RIGHTS."

"There was no spectre to disturb the Royal Imagination, but an existing substance. A gigantic form walked the earth at this moment, who smote crowns with a hundred hands, and opened for the seduction of their subjects a hundred arms—Democracy."

GRATTAN'S *Letter to the Citizens of Dublin.*

In looking at the past, amidst the dissonances of life, and the jarring conflicts without aim and without effect, which have been and are gone, we can trace a principle which, like a bright line in an endless confusion of colors, seems to indicate a purpose among the successive generations of mankind. Action was not always a conflict for honor, lust, power, and things that have passed away. The Persian crushed the life out of myriads in order to eat the figs of Attica without purchase, and failed; the Roman trod over a subjected world to die by the hand of his nearest friend; the Corsican set up thrones and made kings to be tortured to death by a jailer; yet mankind, amidst their death-charges and retreats, have had a purpose which rests. Exertion has not always been a laughing stock,—is not always to meet with scorn and utter derision from those who look to its cause and effect. Mankind does advance; some of the vanguard of the grand advancing army think that they see the beginning of the end.

The conflict which was commenced three thousand years ago, and is still going on, evidences permanence and abiding intent among the momentary purposes about which mankind clash. A contest in which mankind have met with various success—now driven from the field, now advancing, it may be, with the stealthy tread of muffled feet, and now with feet shod with iron, with the clash of steel, the neighing of steeds, and the cry of victory, have rushed over all obstacles. Again, with serried ranks, with the calmness and stillness of power, have slowly moved on over the bodies of their fellows, towards the accomplishment of their purpose,—"equality in the eye of the law to all who live under the law;" which, when once attained, mankind will have arrived as near perfection as it is possible, while earth and its laws

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remain as they are. Yet they are successful in the main, as every successive epoch shows them further advanced towards their great end.

This conflict is the warfare of mankind advancing towards perfection, against men striving to degrade them. It is the general mass striving to be enlightened, against the few, somewhat enlightened, striving to keep them in ignorance, to use them. It is the inhabitants of the world claiming their high estate, against the few who would cheat them out of their birth-right. It is the cry of the nations of the earth, affirming we are men, created in the image of our Maker, against princes, potentates, and powers, saying, ye are brutes without minds, dig ye for us while we'll think for you. Ask us not to avow our principles to you who understand them not,—work and submit, we think and direct. It is the outward movement of the human race in accordance with their destiny, against the resisting spirit of self, which would put down all else, in order to remain superior. This warfare is greater than life's warfare—it is time's warfare.

Reason has been, and is now, carrying on an offensive warfare against the prejudices of men, which contract their judgments to look only at objects in their influence upon self, and striving to substitute for those prejudices, principles whose influence would be as boundless as eternity. It is striking directly at self and the prejudices of self; the prejudices of birth and family; the prejudice of wealth pluming itself upon its high feeding and fantastic posturing; the prejudice of state and section, founded upon ignorance: like the fool of old, boasting that he was born in Athens, not that he had benefited it; with the sanctimony and malice of the Pharisee, asking, sneeringly, "can any good come out of Nazareth?" National prejudice, indirectly praising oneself. Speaking of L'Hopital, D'Aguesseau, Malesherbes, Bossuet and Fenelon, as dancing Frenchmen, saying, in Cockney style, that Irishman and ditcher are synonymous—that a man is a horse if born in a stable; the prejudices of religious sects, the old pharisaical leaven, causing its possessor reverently to thank God that he is not as other men are; looking through a glass which contorts into a demon, with fire, smoke, claws and cloven hoof, every man that does not as it directs,—sometimes consigning him to fire in this world, and always consigning him to fire in the next.

This warfare is going on in all parts of the world; in many countries, it is true, there are only scouts thrown out from the grand advancing army; in others they are advancing with the mighty rush of ocean power.

We can trace the democratic principle, developed in the first government of the Jews, when the command to the children of Israel was, "take you wise men, and of understanding, and known among your tribes, and I will make them rulers over you." The choice of these rulers was left to the people, and so it remained, until in their folly they asked for a king. They would not believe the prophet when he said, "he will take your sons, and he will take your daughters, and he will take your fields and your vineyards, and he will take the tenth of your seed, and your man-servants and your maid-servants, and the goodliest of your young men, and ye shall cry out in that day because of your king." They would have a splendid government, splendid in pomp and power, in sin and misery, in guilt and crime. How truly did the prophet describe the rule of kings! For a long time thereafter, and at the present day, nearly the whole earth is crying out because of their kings. Verily might the prophet say, "ye go after vain things which cannot profit or deliver," that "their wickedness was great in asking for a king."

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The government of the Cretans, which was the first democracy that we read of in profane history, existed over nine hundred years, longer than any dynasty. The laws established by Minos, all of which favored equality, encouraged simplicity, and did away with sumptuousness, appealed to reason and not to prejudice. Well might the imaginative poetry of that age, which afterwards, when seen through the gorgeous light of tradition, and while its force and beauty was still felt, become religion, represent the just lawgiver as the judge of the souls of the departed.

We can trace many marked instances of the conflict of self-government with self-abandonment on classic soil, where cultivation was in its highest state almost before civilization had commenced. In the time when they made orators instead of rhetoricians, sculptors instead of connoisseurs, creators instead of critics, we see the first evidences of the successful onslaught of reason against prejudice, assumption and oppression. The conflicts before were the usual momentary conflicts of force against force, striving, like their fabled gods, for some golden apple, or cutting each other's throats for the single object of ascertaining which could do the most of that work. Here we see the party lines drawn; we see distinctly the two great parties which now stand opposed to each other in all parts of the world, the appellants to reason, and the appellants to prejudice, as ever those who seek the benefit of mankind, appealing to their diviner part—their reason; those who seek to benefit self in their injury, appealing, as ever, to their prejudices and passions. One party seeking to open the eyes of their fellows; the leaders of the other party seeking to get on their blind side that they may lead them astray.

In Athens, where they pretended to choose the wise and understanding among them, and not the well-born and the rich, we see reason and prejudice appealing to the fierce democracy, and alternately bearing sway. Reason spoke as it must always speak to man, in the language of rebuke; prejudice persuaded to pleasure and ease. An assembly of the people had convened; the question which called them together was the distribution of the surplus revenue derived from the public lands and mines. There had happened in that government what only happens in a democracy, a surplus of revenue. Divinely anointed kings had inquired, since the world began, how to raise revenue. The question before that assembly was, as it has been in later republics, How to dispose of surplus revenue? The advocate of reason and patriotism addressed the assembly: "In peace prepare for war; discipline and educate your young men; fortify your frontiers; strengthen your foreign alliances." The advocate of prejudice and self appeared: "There is no war, there is no probability of war—all is peace; let us eat, drink and be merry; let the public revenues be distributed among the ten tribes which constitute our state, that every citizen may be benefited thereby; let there be games and public shows" A proposition which promised gratification to their passions, when the desire of ease was predominant, carried the sweet voices of the people. They thought of the sports of the arena and other amusements at the expense of the state. The people were bribed, and honors were heaped upon the mover of the act of distribution. And as Demades the philsosopher slowly wended his way home, he was asked, "what think you of the action of the assembly to-day?" "The Athenians are caught with bird-lime," said Demades.

A few years after there was another assembly of the people. It was a time of distress and tribulation. One of the scourges of mankind had arisen, commonly called a great hero. The existence of the city was

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threatened: Philip of Macedon had brought up his battering-rams; his asses laden with gold, to batter down the walls of the city; his army was on the march; there was danger that the festivities of the city might be interrupted, and that the revenues which were divided among the citizens to amuse and beguile the sovereigns, might be taken away. The appellant to prejudice counselled to submission: "Save your city and your enjoyments; your frontiers are unfortified; you have no munitions of war; no foreign alliances; no money; submit to the stronger and your city will not be battered, nor your amusements interrupted." And the people listened attentively to the siren tongue that soothed to peace. The appellant to reason arose, a man who refused gold, one Demosthenes, the blacksmith's son: "Will ye forever walk the streets asking what news? wait ye until necessity compels you to ask? Can there be a greater necessity to the free-born than shame and infamy. Let commissioners be appointed to draft new laws; let the public funds, heretofore distributed among you, be employed in levying an armed force?" In vain. The orator was respected, but the revenues remained undisturbed; small forces were sent out to be cut off, and freedom departed from the city.

In the combat of the antagonistic principles which control mind, self-gratification and self-exaltation warring against each other, the external with the internal; outward pomp with inward virtue; the desire of show with the integrity that is above show; reason with prejudice; as is too often the case, the vile triumphed, and the men of Athens preferred ease and luxurious enjoyment to the iron strength of the ever-prepared.

The bird-lime by which Demades said the Athenians were caught, was attempted to be used to catch the people of a republic in the nineteenth century. In the Senate of the Americans a proposition was made to divide the public revenue among the states, which had a temporary effect even, but although many votes were bought, the people were not bribed, and the bird-lime was avoided. Re son had gained ground in these latter days.

The people of Rome contended against the tariff laid upon corn and salt, and by their repeated "agitations," caused the repeal of the law laying that tax. Let us look for a moment at one of their mass meetings. On the Campus Martius all the masses of Rome are assembled; the excitement among the millions is intense. That sea of human heads is swayed to and fro; low murmurings and bitter invectives come up upon the ear like the voice of many waters. What meaneth these things? The appellant to reason mounts the rostrum: "Men of Rome, there are five hundred nobility among you, who dash through your streets with the utmost splendor,—who own the principal parts of your city; who have slaves by the thousand, and country-seats equal to a conquered province. These men are asking you for protection. They have laid a tariff upon the importation of corn and salt, the products of their plantations and their mines, that they may swell their already inflated wealth from your labors, and compel you all to serve them. You, sir, the father of ten children, pay as much towards the support of government as the pampered debauchee who, when he walks the streets, sends his slaves to clear the way before him. You, sir, who build the roads of the Republic, pay as much toward the support of the government as your tyrants, who are treading upon your necks. You, sir, who cultivate the earth that your oppressors may live—you, sir, the mechanic, who build their splendid villas—you, all of you, pay as much towards the support of the government as those for whom your lives are spent in labor, who spend their lives rioting in luxuries and superfluities,

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wrung by their laws from your necessities. Shall these things be?" The appellant to reason may well ask, in the nineteenth century, shall these things be. Are the millionaires and manufacturers among us in favor of protection—men who have the wealth and who take the offices, have they not compelled every one of us to pay tribute to them, to add to the millions in their coffers? Have they not laid a tax upon every article of wearing apparel that we use? Have they not laid a tax upon everything that they produce and we consume? And don't they want protection, and don't they talk loudly about justice and equality?

It is, indeed, sorrowful, when we look back and see that the people are contending for the same things that they were three thousand years ago; that in the mighty warfare in which we have engaged, we have made so little progress. But there is a glorious dawn breaking upon us,—France, England, Prussia, Russia, Austria, and even China, are moving onward in support of free trade. Let all who are not bowed down with sectional prejudice rejoice, that commerce throughout the world shall be unshackled—shall be as free as the billows that bear it, and the breezes that waft it on.

In the sixteenth century there was a bank, the Bank of St. George, of Genoa—a bank which collected the taxes; which became almost independent of the government; which interfered with elections. Every senator of the Republic, upon his admission to the Senate, swore that he would maintain the privileges of the bank. Have we not known, in later days, a bank which collected the taxes, which interfered in elections, which drew in its dues just before a presidential election, and thereby caused panic, distress and tribulation throughout the land, and attributed these things to those who administered the government, which was in a contention with the government?—aye, declared open war therewith; which thrust its colossal hand into the Senate of the Americans, filled with gold; dropping into the lap of one senator ten thousand dollars; into the lap of another senator thirty thousand dollars; into the lap of another senator sixty thousand dollars? If these things are so, judge ye if the Bank of St. George and the Bank of Nicholas, the first and the last National Bank of a Republic—have not borne a striking resemblance—have not been the creatures of a few selves arrayed against the liberties of men.

Christianity has aided materially in the advancement of democracy. The heroes of the old mythology had been deified; to some, places had been assigned among the stars; to all, habitations in the Elysian fields, which surpassed those of other worthies, where the most delicious nectar flowed, and ambrosia, fit food for gods, was set before them. But all this was changed. A manger received him whom the earth worships. Men of the lowest avocations, fishermen, were heaven's messengers, truly called, of great joy to the people of the earth. From the time that the man of sorrows, who had not where to lay his head, proclaimed, that there was no respect of persons with God—"Blessed are the poor in spirit and not the proud of heart."—men began to think that their systems were erroneous, that an artificial order had grown up contrary to the order of nature and things. And these things were cautiously inquired into and distantly intimated from the pulpit; sometimes, however, painted in the strongest language, and described with all the powers of concentrated scorn.

It was only in the time of hallucination, when the passions were predominant over the reason, and men were bewildered with splendor, and intoxicated with blood, and the vanity of self prevailed, that the principle of drunken Cassio was received: "The lieutenant is to be saved before the

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ancient." Men began to think for themselves; they were no longer serfs, but equal in the eyes of the All-wise with kings. If so, what right had kings to lord it over them? Let them produce their letters patent of nobility, under the sign-manual of the Almighty, was demanded.

But darkness again brooded over the earth. As we come down in the history of the world, we find the priests of superstition arrayed against the prophets of truth. The imagination of the poet becomes the religion of the enthusiast. Usurpation founds itself upon divinity, and the divine right of kings is promulgated, and the robber, described by Samuel, claims the right to rob by divine authority. Again the appellants to prejudice conquer. The exertion of reason is an effort, prejudice is a downward impulse; submission is easy, and resistance difficult; the fruits of our labor are taken from us, but the eye is pleased and the ear charmed. We suffer; but the splendor of our court surpasses all others.

When Christianity threw off the shroud with which she had been bound during the dark ages, democracy became a concomitant and joyful coworker with living Christianity. Erasmus wrote against king-craft and priest-craft at the same time. In 1520 he absolutely advocated an election of rulers. With the fearlessness of genius and the power of truth, he described kings in a language to which they were but little accustomed. He brought up reason to war against the prejudices of ages, upon which alone the thrones of kings are built. Upon the maxim, *frons occipitio prior*, meaning that every man should do his own business. "Let any one turn over the pages of ancient or modern history, scarcely in several generations will you find one or two princes whose folly has not inflicted the greatest misery on mankind. I know not whether much of this is not to be imputed to ourselves. We trust the rudder of a vessel where a few sailors and some goods alone are in jeopardy, to none but skilful pilots, but the state wherein the safety of so many thousands is concerned, we put into *any hands*. A charioteer must learn, reflect upon, and practice his art; a prince need only be 'born.'" (And he might have added, a president need only be a successful general. One could almost think that Erasmus had lived in the present day, and had been writing an article during the last presidential campaign.) "Yet government, as it is the most honorable, so it is the most difficult of all sciences; and shall we choose the master of a ship, and not choose him who is to have the care of many cities and so many souls? But the usage is too long established for us to subvert. It is the aim of a guardian of a prince that he may never become a man. The nobility, who fatten upon public calamity, endeavor to plunge him into pleasures, that they may be profited thereby. (Are not the sovereign people treated the same way?) Towns are burned, lands are wasted, temples are plundered, innocent citizens are slaughtered, while the prince is playing at dice, or amusing himself with puppets, or hunting, or drinking. Oh, race of the Bruti, long since extinct! Oh, blind and blunted thunderbolts of Jupiter! We know, indeed, that these corruptors of princes shall render an account to Heaven, but not to us." Ay, but they shall render an account to us. Many of them have rendered a long account of oppression, extortion, and bloodshed to us, which we have settled in full, having credited them "by Death," which balances all accounts. The usage that a prince need only be born has been subverted, and a usage established that princes need not—shall not be born at all. We, the people, put forth our ukases and our edicts, and will have strict obedience thereto.

Commerce and liberty have ever been twins. Without the one the other

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is not. Free trade and free religion constitute the very essence of freedom. Wherever commerce has prospered, liberty has grown with her. It is a mistake to suppose, as many in this country seem to think, that agriculture is a better handmaid to liberty than commerce. Athens furnished the Despot of the East with luxuries, which he sought to have without purchase. Commerce caused Carthage to become a Republic—caused the abode of the African to become the home of wealth, and the mother of colonies. Geneva, Venice, and the free cities of Italy, furnished the world with whatever their advance in civilization demanded. Switzerland, by her commerce and machinery, made her rough mountains the seat of wealth, and caused the ignorance and passion of other countries to minister to her advancement. The Hanseatic League and the Free Cities of Germany outstood the numberless dynasties which attempted to override them. The elected kings of the Romans and the vicegerents of St. Peter yielded them precedence. The keys of Heaven, in the hands of the successors of St. Peter, were retained in their service, and the sceptres of earth were numbered in the train of her followers.

From the promulgation of Magna Charta commerce marked England as her own, and became a joyful co-worker in the cause of liberty. Ship-money, the monopolies of wine, wool, &c., cost one king of England his throne, and another his life. In a rough, summary way, her citizens freed themselves from the bloated selfishness of the few. The oligarchist, while he stood complacently before his shrine, worshipping his sole divinity, itself—and, like the Pharisee of old, thanking his God that he was not as other men are, felt a strong hand upon his shoulder, and there was talk of prisons and confiscations. A wild and fearful looking for Judgment to come took the place of proud complacency. Self discovered that there were other selves in the world, and then talked feebly something about vested rights to monopolize, and divine rights to oppress. There were calm, stern men in those days, who, like the adder, would not listen to the voice of the charmer, but erected their crests in a very threatening way, and indicated, with a species of earnestness, which even the drinkers of rich wine could understand, that they would crawl no longer in the dust, nor lick the feet that trod upon them.

Fettering commerce, stamp acts, taxes on tea, and other means of protection, which sovereigns show their subjects, caused a republic to spring from the forests of the New World, as the warrior goddess of old sprung armed from the earth, whose duty was to contend with crowns and dynasties, and whose shadow looms large over the earth, throwing a gloom over crumbling thrones, and in the evening of their day, pointing towards the sun-rising of a glorious to-morrow.

This Republic in her infancy contended with two of the proudest nations on earth, because they obstructed her commerce and impressed her seamen. In her infancy she taught men, who also claimed a divine right to rob, that she did not understand Christian or Mahomedan religion that way. She sent an embassy to Tunis, Tripoli, and Algiers, which the dull brain of the Musselmen could comprehend, and swept corsairs from the Mediterranean, and caused the Pope of Rome to rejoice, and give thanks; and certain other persons, kings and others, fearing to be outdone, to start up, and whip the Musselmen too, after the democracy across the ocean had given them a series of lessons in morality.

Rome is not an exception to this rule. Her senate not only looked, in the language of Pyrrhus, like an assembly of kings—but absolutely was

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an assembly of kings, who ruled their subjects with a high hand; with this advantage over simple kings, that the chances of power falling into weak hands were diminished in proportion to their numbers. They caused their subjects—called citizens—to go forth, century after century, to conquer for their aggrandizement—for the conquered lands were not divided among the people, nor were the proceeds generally thrown into the public treasury; but the conquered lands were appropriated to themselves by these kings of Rome. The Agrarian Law, which has been much misrepresented, if not misunderstood, by the speakers and writers of the party of combined selves against the masses, was not for an equal distribution of property, or even lands; but the object of the law was to divide a portion of the conquered lands among those who had striven for their acquisition, than which a more just principle has never been promulgated. But aristocratic self said, no! I take the honors and the lands—you the wounds and the disasters! Well might Rome be turbulent under such a system. Under a combination of hereditary kings, the usual results of kingcraft were produced—the rich were made richer, and the poor poorer. Force and the sword, aristocratic rule, decided all important controversies. Commerce was neglected, and the many were sacrificed to the few. The information derived from an interchange of commodities among the different nations, was not disseminated among them to any extent. The law of barter and exchange, the rules of trade which equalize, were never substituted among them for the law of force and the might of the possessor.

In these olden republics we see other instances of princely skill and priestly craft. Whenever the people were aroused to a consideration of their rights, and appeared determined to enforce them against the few, for whose benefit alone laws were passed, the blinding process was resorted to; the orators of prejudice no longer resorted to sophistry to sustain the selfish measures they were advocating, but, waiving the consideration of measures, they brought forward a man to dazzle the eyes of the people. The tyranny of the few was unseen, when an old hero, covered with wounds, was placed before it. In the contests for power in those republics, as in a later republic, the few elevated, as the ensign around which to gather their forces, a splendid sarcophagus, embellished with beautiful colors, and decorated with superb earvings, emblematical, as they said, of the past—the glorious reminiscences of the past—the buried glories of the past. Upon that sarcophagus they had painted, with Tyrian dies and Egyptian cunning, every detail in the life of the old hero whom they had selected, from his available laurels, as sufficiently powerful to gain a victory over principle—as sufficiently distinguished to cause the people, in their admiration of him, to forget themselves. Around the top of this emblem they had inscribed the mottoes:—The past; the glorious past! Honor to the brave! Reward to the well-doer! and over that emblem, held up to dazzle the eyes of the people, they waved banners rent in battle. This emblem was all-powerful with a generous people. Power and supremacy were given to the mominee of the few. But when he was once placed in the seat of power, a change came over the spirit of their dream; this splendid sarcophagus was opened, and there stood, exposed to the view of the people, the dry bones and mummy of exclusive laws, monopoly, and the tyranny of the few. They breathed the breath of life into those dry bones; they brought that skeleton down from its pedestal, and sent it stalking through the land, withering everything with which it came in contact. Have the people of the United States ever witnessed such an emblem? But here, although the people may be lured astray for a sea-

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son, they cannot be blinded a sufficient length of time for the few to gain any material advantage. In our Republic, as in the Roman Republic, the few would give to the irresponsible, law-making power, which they frequently can manage to control—supremacy. They would abolish the Veto of our tribune of the people, the President. It interferes with their selfish views and sweeping acts; but "we, the people, do ordain and establish this constitution;" and we, the people, will maintain and defend it.

The time will come when political equality shall prevail among all, whatever the private characteristics of each individual may be; when they shall build houses, and inhabit them; when they shall not build and another inhabit; when they shall not plant and another eat; but before that time shall come, "there must be the battle of the warrior, with a confused noise, and garments rolled in blood, and with burning and fuel of fire." In France, previous to the revolution of 1789, man felt that oppression—dark, heavy, immovable, crushing—had closed around him, and he settled down into despair; he felt that his destiny was despair. Like Prometheus, his rest and peace consisted in being bound to a bed of rock, there to submit to have his vitals torn out by the vultures of tyranny—tyranny, which usurped to itself the name of God, and called itself divine, while whispering continually in the ears of its victims—No hope, no hope, no hope! Mercy and justice had veiled themselves, and liberty was shrouded like the sheeted dead. A requiem went up through all France—not the discord of the wake, with feasting, intoxication and loud lamentation—not the mournful music of the coronach—not the rich peal of the organ, sounding sweetly in the ears of the heir, rejoicing over the removal of a self, a prior possessor—captivity from the depths of the dungeon uttered groans and curses; expiring genius, from garrets, breathed forth the sighs of departed hope; bribery and corruption, stalking in the house of justice, laughed and mocked; starvation, from hovels, with low, husky words and choking breath, whispered feebly—bread, bread. The wail of infants, dying by the hands of parents, unable to furnish them food, and the maledictions and revilings of their murderers, helped to swell the diapason of misery and crime—crime caused by the misery of the many, misery caused by the crime of the few.

When the miracle was wrought, and the dead was raised, and liberty again stood forth, that a universal cry was raised "blood for blood," is not strange; that they should attempt to repay to their oppressors the wrongs of a thousand years; that they 'smote crowns with a hundred hands' is not strange; but it is strange that they did not extirpate the whole race of their oppressors; that they did not crush the serpent's eggs, and not wait for the hiss and rattle premonitory of their bite, before they put their feet upon them.

In this country we trust that we have no such bloody scenes to go through; but there is much to be accomplished by the silent power of the ballot-box. Progress is a cardinal principle of the democracy, and will be, until the time shall come when the great body of the people shall no longer be taxed to benefit a few; when the substance of the many that should go to the support of their families, and the education of their children, shall no longer be wrenched from them, to swell the countless millions in the coffers of manufacturers and cotton lords; until unjust laws shall be done away with; until this system of legislating for classes, of legislating for the few at the expense of the many, is entirely abolished; until the principle that the earth is made for the benefit of all, is recognised as a rule of action.

High tariff will be superseded by low tariff; low tariff will be swept away

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before the cry of no tariff, and the heart of the million will rejoice, that commerce shall be as free as thought.

Banks, and other engines of bloated and fictitious wealth, stockholders in which are allowed to convert one dollar in specie into two or more dollars in paper money, by the aid of no other Aladdin's lamp than a statute; banks, the very embodiment of legal unnatural inequality, shall be trodden under foot by the democracy; the very word monopoly shall be forgotten; what God hath made free man shall not bind. Free, free, free—all entitled to the same privileges—all subject to the same restraint. Colleges and universities, the standing pools of learning, mere store-houses of old armor, out of use and out of date, will be superseded by the universities of the people, wherein the youth shall be taught that which the man is to practice. The self-judging, the self-willing, the self-ruling process will take the place of blind obedience and honored custom, which receives as law, as gospel, the reveries of blinded hallucinated pedants, who never acted but were always acted upon. The reputation and fame that these institutions give their honors and degrees, will wither and shrivel in the fervid heat of truths, mightier than any that they hand down, like their own parchments, before a consuming fire. Value shall be placed on knowledge that is received, not invented, existing in the mind, not reasoned in it. The truth shall be recognized, that he who is akin to the Almighty is equal with every created thing. No robbery shall be allowed, no forgery of God Almighty's laws, no false pretences, that he who laid in the manger, gave you any divine rights, any rights to the labor of the poor, any right to tax others for your benefit, any right by fiction and law to increase your wealth two, three, four fold in the twinkling of an eye. Laws shall be passed for the greatest good of the greatest number. Enough air to breathe, enough water to drink, enough land to cultivate, are the natural rights of every man. His homestead, and enough land with it to support his family, shall not be subject to execution. By superior education, intelligence, industry; by cunning, by watching opportunities, by taking advantage of your careless adversary, you may seize upon the products of his labors; but an edict shall be promulgated—thus far shall ye go, and no farther. Ay, extortioner, thus far shall ye go; but ye shall not steal that which God gave a right to live, a right to the products of the earth—ye shall not substitute therefor a necessity to beg or starve.

Δημοκαρια the government of the people, or in the more general signification of the words, the power of the people, has made itself felt; that mighty power which, like a giant, ignorant of its own strength, has suffered itself for ages to be fettered with withes of straw, and bound and working in those withes, has seen, with an air of stupid wonder, its sweat caught as it dropped and hardened into diamonds, to shine upon the person of ignorance, conceit and pride, and muttered at the hard hand of Providence, as though Providence had not left them to right themselves—as though Providence had not given them a right to her last boon, the sweat of the brow and the products thereof.

This mighty power, which, like the waters of the great deep, has only to be put in motion to swallow up all that rides upon it, has, throughout Christendom, been troubled from its depths. Ominous sounds of its progress have been heard and feared. Barriers have been raised against the tide only to cause its waters to rise higher, and give velocity and power to the impending deluge. When the barriers are broken—when the power of the people is felt in the first ecstacy of their acquired strength, and with the mighty momentum of long years of wrong they sweep away, as with the

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hand of Omnipotence, thrones, principalities and powers—greatness that was, becomes utter littleness before its might, mere drift-weed upon its waves. Visible, tangible powers are crushed or swallowed up in the depth, or thrown out, mere scum, upon the shore. Invisible powers, arbitrary, irresistible, which rule, despotically, the hearts of men—which control visible powers with the might of the spirit, the laws of etiquette and *haut ton*, the laws of honor, the laws of property, the laws of justice, so called, the bonds of affection, the behests of religion, are snapped asunder by the secret laws of our being, by the law of equality, hidden in all hearts, and manifest from the creation through the works that are made. The air, the sea, the rain, the sun, the wants, the enjoyments, the birth, the death, the last narrow house;—ay, and by the deeds that are done, and the thoughts that are inspired, is the law of political equality manifest. The serpent rod of Moses, empowered from on High, swallows up all the timber twigs and hazel wands of the would-be magicians and prophets of earth. Progress and ruin advance together, until the long pent-up energies of the people have free scope to spread themselves abroad, till they settle in quietness, and are at rest. Progress, which the possessors of the good things of earth call innovation, (as though it were innovation for the infant to throw off its swaddling clothes and assume the port and bearing of a man)—progress, the cardinal principle of the democracy, which is made by their adversaries a term of reproach, all history shows, will go on. It must be through continual strife, and it may be through blood. For progress is but a contest, a still going on in spite of the death chaunts, the impenetrable armor, and the resisting spirit of self. A contest which has been going on through earth's long day, and will still go on until evening—until the mighty purposes of creation are accomplished, and the many are entitled to pre-eminence over the few in the view of earth, as they are now entitled in the eye of heaven.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE.—ODE XI.

TO MÆCENAS.

VILE Sabine thou shalt drink, in modest cup,
A wine that I in Grecian jars closed up,
What day the theatre's assembled crowd
These greeted with applause so loud.

Mæcenas dear, pride of th' equestrian ranks,
That the parental river's hollow banks,
And Vatican's deep echoes, made the sound
With sympathetic glee rebound.

Thine the Cæcubian nectar, or the wine
Which Cales' presses yield—but ne'er the vine
Of rich Falerna or the Formian hills
Its treasures to my cup distils.

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THE REPUBLIC OF ROME.

"Oh, Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee."

The 24th of December, 1848, will be remembered as an epoch in Italian history: it will be celebrated as the anniversary of the fall of a despotic power, which ruled Italy and the world, Rome and the Roman States for a thousand years; it will recall to the memory of future generations what the Romans performed in the present age. Rome has no more a Pope, but a republic! The city of ancient glories—of all remembrances and grandeur, is no longer a simple museum of antiquities, or a vast gallery of fine arts. Rome has returned to democratic life. The Italian republican flag, *green, white* and *red*, waves proudly over the seven hills of the eternal city, and the present patres patriæ of this commonwealth are assembled in the Roman capitol to discuss important and necessary measures for the actual state of things. Only a few months since Pius IX. was called—perhaps too soon—the reformer of the age—the hope of the future emancipation of Italy, and the bright star of modern republicanism. He who was so much beloved by his subjects, and admired by the world, from the throne of the Roman Cæsars has passed into exile, and from Sovereign of Rome he has become a mere tool and prisoner of the bloody tyrant of Naples. *Sic transeunt res mundi!* Those who are yet ignorant of the particular events that have transpired within the compass of a year in Italy, cannot form a just idea of this extraordinary change. It should be known, that while Pius XI. intended to favor only the interests and progress of the Roman States, his people aspired to a more noble mission—they wished that the Pope should proclaim the independence of the whole peninsula, and revive the nationality of Italy. The connection of church and state in a single body has been for many centuries the origin of civil wars and internal dissensions for Italy. From the epoch that the Bishop of Rome began to rule as a temporal chief, this unfortunate country has been at all times the important point of foreign invasions, and the greatest scourge for the Italian Republics of the middle ages.

"When Venice was a queen with an unequalled dower," she was often attacked by the pontifical arms of excommunication, and even by the Turks, called by Paul IV., because her patricians would not yield to the pretensions of the church. Florence, "the Etrurian Athens," fell under the sway of Charles V., thanks to Clement VII.; and even San Marino, that small but democratic commonwealth, has been assailed by its Popish troops and threatened with loss of liberty. Machiavelli, Dante, Petrarca, and even the most Catholic Chateaubriand, attributed the divisions and oppression of Italy to the Popes, because they were at once bishops and kings.

The constitution granted to the Roman States by Pius IX., March 14th, 1848, is in itself an anti-liberal instrument, and was accepted with complaints by the people. The senate was composed only of cardinals, and the nation was to pay immense annual salaries to these dignitaries and many other prelates, besides *sixteen hundred and thirteen thousand crowns to the Pope.* None but a catholic could obtain a public office and enjoy civil

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rights—any project sanctioned by the Chamber of Deputies and Council of State, was to be revised by the cardinals, and afterward approved or rejected by the sovereign. There existed in Rome a rigorous religious censorship over the press even concerning merely political matters—there was no true freedom of conscience nor liberty of speech, and many popular writers and priests were imprisoned for their republican principles.

When the Lombards rose against their oppressors, Pius IX. pronounced himself for the independence of Italy, and went so far as to bless the arms and flags of the Roman volunteers; but as soon as the bishops of Austria threatened to separate themselves from the church of Rome if the pontiff should continue to favor the war against the Imperialists, the Pope fearing a schism in the German church, sacrificed the freedom of Italy to the supremacy of the Tiara, recalls the Roman volunteers from Lombardy, and reproaches them for having fought against the *catholics* of Austria, who mutilated the Italian women for the sake of plundering them of the jewelry with which they were adorned! The misfortunes of the last war in Lombardy are to be attributed to the cruel and cowardly king of Naples, and to *his protegé* Pius IX., who deserted Italy while all her children were struggling for her freedom, and after he had promised to preach a crusade against the barbarians. When his influence and support was most required, he abandoned the Lombards to the mercy of their assassins in uniform, sacrificed the interests of his country, and secretly became reconciled to the enemy of Italy. After the disastrous retreat of the Piedmontese army, the victorious barbarians did not rest satisfied with the conquest of Lombardy. The Vandal Austrian General, Welden, crossed the Po, and marched on Bologna, one of the chief towns of the Roman States. The enemy was within the pontifical dominions, encamped under the walls of the city, and the papal government remained inactive. The population, exasperated at the indolence of their sovereign, attacked the Austrians—defeated them, and the Vandals of Austria were obliged to return to Lombardy, and so leave the Roman territory defended only by its people. The papal government protested after the enemy had retired, the general apologized, and the Pope and the emperor, one by the intrigues of Cardinal Marini, the other by the pretensions of his general, ended their quarrel by a treaty which sacrificed the Roman States and Italy. The emperor gained more territory at the expense of the Romans. These are the preliminary texts of the convention, concluded at Rovigo, between the envoys of the Pope and the Austrian Vandal:

"No. 1. The Pontifical government shall return the soldiers who belong to the Imperial army *unlawfully taken prisoners* at Bologna and its vicinity, and will return the arms, the horses, and the other military objects.

"No. 2. The Pontifical government engages that its subjects shall not attack the Austrian territory, either by arms, or by provoking excitement, or disturbing public peace.

"No. 3. The *Baron* Lieutenant-General Welden promises that the Austrian troops shall evacuate the pontifical territory, *with the exception of the fortress of Ferrara, of the village of Bondero, with seven miles in circumference, and the fortress of Ponte-di-Lago-scuro!*" which places belong lawfully to the Roman States!!

From this epoch dates the unpopularity of Pius IX., and the beginning of the re-action which led to the fall of the papacy. When the particulars of this infamous treaty, concluded without the sanction of the people and of the Chambers of Deputies, were known, a great excitement and a general indignation prevailed all over the Italian Peninsula; and in spite of the en-

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gagements of the Pope with Austria, all Romagna, Umbrie and Marche prepared openly for the field of action. All the press of Italy and of Rome, except the organ of the Jesuits and cardinals, protested against the convention and armistice of Pius IX., and spoke boldly of the bad policy of the Pope, accusing him as the cause of the probable ruin of Italy. The *Contemporanneo* of Rome said, "that the common error of Italy is, that she has sacrificed her glorious insurrection by investing it to the protection of the sovereign pontiff. We do not protest against *the principle*, the papacy ought and could give an immense authority to this insurrection, which was raised to vindicate a divine right. But under these solemn and terrible circumstances, we should be cowards were we not to protest, in the name of the people, and before all Europe, against the papal act which is the ruin of our country. The pontiff has saved the prince, but in doing so, he has compromised the glory of both, and the calamity of Italy will be his condemnation. This country can no longer trust but in *God and her rights.* Let our Italian brethren be assured they do not deceive themselves in relying on the people—those are deceived *who rely upon the papacy for the redemption of Italy.*" The *Patria*, published in Florence said, "the pope is the friend of the Emperor of Austria—may God pardon him! If repentance could be a reparation, Italy would rise once more from the abyss into which Pius IX. has plunged her. As *Prince*, let him put himself at the head of his people, whom he has delivered up like lambs to the wolves —as *Pontiff*, let him anathematize the Vandals of Austria, instead of weeping over his throne and altar." The *Corriere Mercantile* of Genoa is more virulent yet: it says, "We do not flatter ourselves that our words can reach the ears of him who has done every thing to cast us back into the slavery of Babylon—to present us as a *holocaust* to the Austrian idol. But should they reach him, we would boldly say—*you are not the vicar of God*, but the vicar of the Austrian Emperor. You fear the schism of the Austrian Bishops, and heed not the curse of nations. *Wait awhile, and you will reap such fruit as you deserve.* Poor Italy!—whither has the dominion of the Pope led you? After this protest, what have we to hope for from our Pontiff? Nothing. Mark well, O people! These are the terrible effects of the temporal dominion of the Popes in Italy." The patriotic tone of the press invited the people to form clubs to increase their effort, and to attempt every means in their power to obtain their long cherished independence. To complete the great excitement already produced by the thundering and powerful voice of the press, Doctor Piero Sterbini—now one of the Roman Ministry, and with whom I spent several months in exile in Marseilles —went to the Chamber of Deputies, and as a member of this noble body, he exposed the Pope, and openly insisted that Pius IX. should abdicate his temporal power in the hands of a provisional government. He fearlessly reproached the Pontiff for never having said a word, nor made any attempt to compel Austria, by arms, to acknowledge the independence of Italy, "that unfortunate land," said he, "which, for centuries, has been betrayed and crushed by the Roman clergy." Next followed the expulsion of the Jesuits from Rome against the supreme will of the Pope; and the popular clubs, uniting in a single body, sent a senator to the Pontiff to grant a more liberal constitution, and to change the ministry. The answer of the Pope was not only unsatisfactory to the people, but also injurious to the great cause of papacy—it shows clearly the inconsistency between church and state. "What in a secular government," said the Pope to the senator, "may be done in a night, cannot be effected in the Pontifical government

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without mature examination, *since it is very difficult to trace exactly the line which shall distinguish one power from the other.*" This reply irritated the population, who required that Pius IX. should renounce his temporal government or change the ministry. The Pope yielded to the desire of his subjects, or rather to circumstances, and called the patriotic and popular writer, Mamiani, to form a new ministry at Rome. Mamiani arrived in Rome, August 14th, 1848, but his plan of a new and liberal constitution was so contrary to the wishes of the old cardinals and to the policy of the Pope, that Pius IX. censured him, and required an apology for his democratic principles. Mamiani, who worked conscientiously for his country, and who knew that to unite and to free Italy, required all the help and league of all the Italian princes and people, resigned his office, and went into exile again.

Pius IX., influenced by Austrian intrigues and the advice of the King of Naples, chose another ministry, composed of retrograde men, and of liberals of *la veille.* He named Rossi Prime Minister—the same cosmopolite who had abjured his native country—had served Louis Philippe; and when France expelled the king, the envoy at Rome was also dismissed until the Pope called him to occupy this important and difficult post. It was hoped by many that the pupil of M. Guizot, when in power, would follow a liberal policy, and work for the independence of his native country; they flattered themselves that he would overthrow the theocracy, which had become as powerful as in the times of Gregory XVI. But the imitator of Guizot disappointed both liberals and his own *moderate* friends—he plotted with Ferdinand, the Royal Lazzarone of Naples, against the unity of Italy; and after his tragical death, papers were found in his office by which it is well known that this unfortunate man had entered into the alliance of the European despots, and had accepted the offer from Naples of an invading army. Everything was prepared for this infamous attack against the liberty of the Roman people, and in order to crush once more the interests of Italian nationality. A few days before he had the boldness to threaten the democrats while speaking in the Chamber of Deputies, and promised the Pontiff to annihilate, by force, any attempts made by the republicans for better institutions. To accomplish his diabolical and treacherous project, with the consent of General Zucchi, Minister of War, he called a large body of troops into Rome, whom he reviewed on the morning of the 14th of November, making a great display *of their fidelity* and martial appearance.—But, unfortunately for Rossi, he had not studied well the spirit which agitates and animates at present as well the Italian troops as the people of Italy. He believed that he could freely sabre the Romans as in the golden times of the former popes. The next day the people gathered round the Chamber of Deputies to behold and to hiss their modern dictator, who became aware that his haughty spirit and contemptuous bearing had marked him out as the special object of popular enmity. On alighting from his carriage, Rossi was received by cries of disapprobation; yet he had the boldness to meet the execrations of the people by scowls of scorn and defiance. In a sudden outburst of popular fury the Prime Minister was attacked, and though surrounded by his *beloved* army, fell beneath the poniard of a Transteverino in the crowd. Thus ended the life of this intriguing politician, just on the spot

> "Where Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
> The conqueror's sword, in bearing fame away!"

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Like Cæsar, he had been warned of, but disregarded, his danger; and he fell within a few yards of the place where the Roman tyrant was sacrificed. The death of the Prime Minister was the signal of the approaching Revolution. The Chamber of Deputies was open as if nothing had happened. But, towards evening, groups of mingled soldiers and citizens appeared in the streets, singing, "Blessed be the hand that stabbed the tyrant!" They went towards the Quirinal, crying, "Down with the present government—Italian unity and independence for ever." On the next morning, the 16th of November, the soldiers, the people, a crowd almost of 80,000 persons, went to the deputies, instructing them to insist upon the Pope's appointing a new ministry. The Romans had previously attempted by every peaceful means in their power to persuade the Pontiff to change his retrograde ministry, and to proclaim himself in favor of Italian nationality; but Pius IX., surrounded by anti-liberal cardinals, enemies of every new science and progress, refused the demands of the people, and protested against any popular demonstration. The people having discovered at last that their sovereign was plotting with their enemies, and had deserted their cause, and being exasperated at the refusal of the Pope, marched to the Quirinal, and sent a deputation, bearing their fundamental demands:—1. Promulgation and full adoption of Italian nationality. 2. Convocation of a constituent assembly, and realization of the federal pact. 3. Realization of the vote of the war of independence, given in the Chamber of Deputies, but refused by the Cardinal's Senate and by the Pope. 4. Adoption in its integrity of the programme of Mamiani, of August, 1848. 5. Ministers who enjoy the public confidence, as Mamiani, Sterbini, Campello, Saliceti, Fusconi, Lunati, Sereni, Galetti. The Pope would not yield, and the Swiss guard of the Quirinal received the deputies and people with a fusillade. The drums were now beating throughout the city; the troops, carabineers and the national guard reinforced the hostile display of assailants; and to render it truly more formidable, two six-pounders were now drawn up by the people, and duly pointed against the main gate of the Quirinal. Another deputation claimed entrance, and audience of the Pope, which the monarch ordered to be allowed. They were the bearers of the people's *ultimatum*, declaring that if the Pope should refuse their demands, they were decided "*to break into the Quirinal, and put to death every inmate thereof, with the sole and single exception of his holiness himself, who they considered sacred and inviolable*" Pius IX. accepted the proposed persons and constitutional pacts; but, in the mean time, he left Rome, the Vatican, and his temporal power. By his desertion, he has divorced forever the church and state; and we believe that the seat of the supreme Pontificate will never be restored to the city of Rome. His person was proclaimed by the people *sacred* and inviolable. Those who had spared the life of the Swiss soldiers, would never have attempted to deprive Pius IX. either of his existence or power. He, like Pius VI., and Pius VII., had to remain in the Vatican. If he were opposed to the new ministry, although he had accepted their nomination, he had only to protest against the Revolution, and never demean himself and the dignity of a Pope, by abandoning his state in the disguise of a *servant*, and taking refuge under the flag of the bombarder of Messina, and the executioner of the brothers Bandiera. His visit to the King of Naples, the most cruel and hateful despot in Europe, gives cause to his enemies, and even to his friends, to believe that he intended to betray his country, and to espouse the cause of despotism. His visit to the bombarder of Messina has excited all Christendom against him. He went to beg the protection of that same king who impri-

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soned those that appeared to be in favor of his holiness; the same despot who has been the scourge of Sicily and Calabria. When Pius IX. arrived at Gaeta, he protested against what he had granted to the Romans, and expressed his desire of returning to his states, on condition that "they would dissolve the Chamber of Deputies, disband the national guard, and *abolish* the *freedom of the press!*" These arrogant and despotic terms were refused by the people, and to give more weight to their Revolution they formed a provisional government, as the only means of destroying forever the temporal power of the popes over the Roman states. The new ministry, feeling all the weight and danger of their situation, protested against the proclamation of the Pope, and assembling in the Roman Capitol, for the first time since the fall of the last of the tribunes, Cola Rienzi decided that Pius IX. had forfeited his dignity by his flight, and that the temporal power of the popes had ceased to rule over the Roman states. Mamiani was named president of the ministry. Doctor Piero Sterbini insisted that a permanent government should be established as soon as possible, and armies be sent to the frontiers to prevent the invasion of the Roman dominions by the Austrians and Neapolitans.. Many demagogues, not content with abusing the Romans for having overthrown the Papal government, have infamously calumniated the new ministry, calling them by turns cut-throats, assassins, and many other epithets, reiterated by an infamous press on this side of the water. Let us see who are these public men who were invited by the unanimous vote of the nation to occupy so great a charge and difficult magistracy.

Mamiani, better known, poetically, as the Lamartine of Italy, while young, suffered exile as one of the chief leaders of the Italian Revolution of 1831. He escaped from the iron sway of Gregory XVI. into France, and remained in Paris till 1846, when was approaching the awakening of Italy. While in exile, he published several sacred poems, and many others on national subjects. One of his most popular poetical works is an *ode* to the memory of Count Oroboni, a martyr of Italy, who died at the Spielberg, in Austria, as a *Carbonaro* of 1821. Mamiani published thereafter his *Dialoghi della Scienza Prima*—Dialogues on the Primary Science—the work of a great and profound philosopher, as well as of a patriotic and Christian writer. In his philosophical dialogues he introduces again on the stage of the world many of the talented martyrs of Italy, who perished on the scaffold to satisfy the bloody thirst of their oppressors. Doctor Piero Sterbini, now minister of public works in Rome, was born in the city of "the seven hills," where, from the memory of the first glory of ancient Rome, he learned that there could yet be a better future for the Mother of the World. At an early age he wrote several beautiful poems, studied the medical art, and received the diploma from the Roman university as one of the best scholars of that far-famed academy. In 1831 he took part in the Revolution of the Roman states, was banished, and the Papal government confiscated all his fortune. Sterbini, when retired to Marseilles, was one of the principal members of *Young Italy*, and, after having suffered all the horrors and miseries of exile, he was named physician of the city of Marseilles, by the French government, during the three years of the *Cholera*. The person who writes these lines shall never forget the hours spent at his table, conversing of the affairs of our country, and with the company of his interesting and beloved family. He is thought to be one of the best poetical and prose writers of Italy; and when he returned to Rome he became one of the editors of the *Contemporaneo*, the best political and literary paper of Rome. As a member of the

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Chamber of Deputies, he distinguished himself for his constant opposition to the policy of Pius IX. Called by the last Roman Revolution to occupy the office of a minister—as a minister of the popular clubs, he united with the people in declaring Pius IX. fallen forever from the Pontifical throne. Mamiani and Sterbini both have suffered the hard life of exile and the tyrannical persecutions of the Italian despot; both have worked for the emancipation of their country; and so long as these patriotic men shall be at the head of the Roman government, we may predict that arbitrary power has ceased to rule and to despoil that beautiful country.

The morning of the 24th of December was consecrated in Rome for the celebration of the Italian constitution. Early the streets were thronged by crowds of people, marching to the capitol. At ten o'clock, all the deputies, from different parts of the state, assembled in the same hall where, centuries ago, the first republicans of the world were congregated to discuss the conquests and glories of ancient Rome. When the members of the government entered the room, a storm of hurrahs was heard; but the greatest excitement was produced when Piero Sterbini, the tribune of the people, ascended the rostrum, and declared that Pius IX. should only return to Rome as a bishop—no more as a king of the Roman states! His motion was adopted by unanimous votes, amid the applauses of the assembly; and soon after, the funeral bell of the capitol, which tolls but on the death of a Pope, announced to the Romans, and to the world, *the end of Popedom.* While the cannon of the Castle of St. Angelo announced the decision of the Constituent Assembly, and the funeral bell pealed forth its solemn knell, the streets were strewed in an instant with fragments of the busts of Pius IX., which the Romans hurled from their windows; and it was almost impossible on that evening to find a single portrait of the Pope for sale in the shop windows. What a day of glory was it for Rome and the Romans, and what a solemn moment for that Pope, who fell a victim of the cardinals' intrigues and of foreign diplomatists! In the evening, all the civic guards, and the different bodies of troops, with priests and friars, marched in company, celebrating, with songs of joy, the end of the Popish sway. The city of Rome was illuminated; the clubs of Florence and other cities of Tuscany, took part in the civic *fete;* and even virgin and republican Columbia was represented in that solemnity, by the American company, with their starry flag! "Had you been with me," writes a friend, "on the summit of the seven hills, to cast a look over the Eternal City, hearing at intervals the mournful tolling of the capitol's bell, the thundering noise of the cannon from the Castle of St. Angelo, and the joyful cries of the multitude, you would have thought that Rome had been restored to a new life, and acquired once more her ancient splendor and glory." From the *Piazza del Popolo*—the square of the people—the multitude marched to the capitol, amid cries of "Long life to the Constituent Assembly and the Independence of Italy." "Huzza for the fall of the Pope!" As they arrived at the capitol, all the banners were placed around the statue of Marcus Aurelius. *L'Abbate Rimbaldi*, standing on the platform of the statue, delivered a most eloquent, patriotic and zealous discourse; such as was never preached before by any Catholic priest. He invited the people to be calm, and ready to defend their rights and their independence, and advised them to vote for the Constituent Assembly, as the only way to keep the Pope afar from Rome, and to prevent any foreign intervention.

On the 21st of January, they received in Rome the famous bull of excommunication, hurled by Pius IX. against his former subjects. The same Pope who refused to employ these arms against the barbarians of Austria,

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and the spoilers of his land, employs them now in favor of his temporal power! These resources, so good in the dark ages of despotism and fanaticism, proved a failure for the Pontiff, as the bull was received, even in Rome, with the greatest contempt. Those who advised the benevolent Pius IX. to take that step had no accurate knowledge of the importance likely to attach to that document in the various circles of Roman society. This was the last, and crowning blunder of a series of false steps, beginning with the flight of the Pope, which was the most fatal mistake ever committed by Pius IX. When the news of the papal excommunication was known in Rome, many copies were burned on the square of St. Peter, and others carried in procession as a mere *pasquinada.* CICEROACCHIO, the man who saved, some years ago, the life of Pius IX., at the head of many thousands of Romans, marched in procession to the capitol, where they tore and burned the bull of excommunication. The press, all over Italy, attacked the bull in the most virulent and uncompromising manner; and, what is more surprising, is that many of the editors are priests or prelates. Fathers Ventura, Gavazzi, and the Abbot Rimbaldi, assured the people that the excommunication did not extend to them, as they have only overthrown that temporal power, *which nineteen centuries ago Christ had refused to accept.* The Roman government fearing an outbreak from the demagogues, put forth a decree, denouncing, as enemies to their country, all persons who shall suffer themselves to be deterred for voting for the Constituent Assembly by the bull of the Pope. Several learned men and zealous priests were going among the people to enlighten them, and to expose to ridicule the anathemas of our century. Several plots of ultra-papists were discovered; but the Provisional Government, instead of following the example of the former Popes—hanging their rebellious subjects—exiled the conspirators out of the Roman states.

On the 5th of February, the session of the Roman Constituent Assembly was solemnly opened. The deputies were mostly young men, and about 140 were present. The deputies marched from the capitol to the Palace of the Chancery, where Mr. Armellini, minister of the interior, read a speech, in which he endeavored to demonstrate the incompatibility existing between the temporal and spiritual power of the Pope. On the 9th followed the deposition of the Pope, and the number of representatives present was 144. The ministers resigned into the hands of the Assembly the powers which it has hitherto held; but Mr. Rusconi having proposed that the present ministry should be confirmed, the motion was carried unanimously. Mamiani declared that Rome was in such a state that she could not have any government but that of the Popes, or Cola Rienzi, and wished that this important question should be left to the decision of the Italian Constituent Assembly. A long debate on this proposition followed, and the proceedings were not closed till past two in the morning. The proclamation of the Republic was adopted without discussion of any kind. At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 9th, the flag of the Republic was hoisted for the first time since many centuries, on the tower of the capitol, amid the cheerings of thousands of spectators; and the young Republic was saluted at its birth by the firing of one hundred guns from the Castle of St. Angelo. On the evening of the proclamation of the Roman Republic, there was a procession by torch-light through the streets of Rome, by ranks of men wearing civil coats and liberty caps; one carrying a large tricolor flag; others bearing torches, and followed by a vast crowd of people. The deputies were decked with the Italian tricolor scarf; there was the whole

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garrison, magistracy, various public officials and civic guards, forming a moving mass of 60,000 spectators, besides 20,000 armed men. On the same evening Mr. Savini, from the balcony of the capital, read to the people the decree of the deposition of the Pope, and the establishment of the Republic. The decree said, that "Papacy has fallen, *de facto* and *de jure*, from the temporal throne of the Roman States. The Roman Pontiff shall enjoy all the guarantees necessary for the exercise of his spiritual power. The government of the Roman States is to be a pure democracy, and to assume the glorious name of the Roman Republic. The Roman Republic shall maintain, with the rest of Italy, relations required by a common nationality;" and an address to the people of Tuscany, congratulating them on having effected a similar revolution to that of Rome, was unanimously voted. The Pope held a counsel of cardinals, and to reply to the decree of the Roman people, it was decided by the prelates and by the pontiff, to call on foreign intervention to replace him upon the throne of Rome! Every true friend of religion and freedom would be opposed to such unjust and atrocious means, and it is to be hoped that no nation shall interfere in the particular affairs of the Romans and the Pope. Pius IX. has no more right to be restored to his temporal power than Louis Phillippe to the throne of France. The Romans of our days are decided to oppose any foreign invasion, and to sustain their sacred rights to the last drop of their blood; they would rather blow up the city, with her precious monuments, than to suffer a foreign army to triumph over their Republic. To obtain his project, the Pope would be compelled to fight in every city of the Roman States; every house would be turned into a castle, and the vicar of Christ would be obliged to advance, if at all, through seas of blood, and to march in triumph over the thousands of dead bodies of his glorious and Christian brethren. But we hope, for the sake of the Pope himself, and for the good of humanity, that these infamous means will never be resorted to; and we have faith that

> "While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
> When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
> And when Rome falls—the world!"—

This intervention with foreign arms would be the last struggle for the success of Popedom. It remains yet to our beloved Pontiff to make himself immortal by a simpler means than that by which he obtained ascendancy when he reformed his government, and that means would be a resignation rather than by an accession of power. Being the Supreme Bishop of Rome—as in the ages of the primitive church—he could consolidate the supremacy, and harmonize the distracted elements of the church; and it is useless for him to go against the spirit and progress of this age, which is marked for the fall of despotism, and the triumph of popular liberty and social order.

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THE NOVELS OF SACCHRITTI.

One of the best known of the novel writers who succeeded Boccace is Sacchritti. He passed his life in conducting public affairs, and no man could be better versed in the ways of the world. This it is which gives a value to his writings which they would not otherwise possess; for his novels are in fact anecdotes of persons well-known in his time, picked up during his long intercourse with mankind. But Sacchritti labored under a mistake very natural to one of his habits and manner of life. Every little circumstance happening to persons whose characters and disposition of mind he knew, and which on this account amused himself, he imagined would interest his readers who knew nothing of either. So everything which pleased when told, he expected to please when written, forgetting how large a share the manners and peculiarities of the narrator contributed to the production of this pleasure. This misconception has filled his writings with anecdotes without point, and amusing incidents which one wonders could ever have excited a smile on a human countenance. Another defect is, his manner of narration. He is languid and diffuse—saying what he has to say in a calm and even tone, and with a profusion of words, so that the charm of simplicity and of his pure Tuscan dialect, are unable to still the sense of weariness. From what has been said, it will be apparent that his materials are anything but choice, and his manner of treating them oftentimes anything but interesting. A man, however, who was familiar with the most remarkable persons of his time, from statesmen to jesters, and who was himself a person of note, when he tells us anecdotes of what he had seen and heard during the period of a long life, must needs relate much that is interesting. We shall, therefore, select for translation a few of what appear to us the most interesting of his novels, interspersing such remarks as occur to us. The first to which we shall call the attention of the reader, is a characteristic story of one of the kings of England.

The first king Edward of England was a prince of great virtue and fame, and of such judgment as the present novel will in part show. There was in his time, then, a certain winnower of Linari, in Valdenza, in the vicinity of Florence, whose name was Parcittadino. A wish seized this man to forsake winnowing entirely and become a jester, an occupation in which he acquired much skill: and thus practising the jester's art, a great inclination got hold of him to see the before-mentioned king Edward; and not without a wherefore, for he had heard much of his liberality, and especially towards those of his pursuit. Reflecting on this, he one morning got under way, and never stopped until he arrived in England, at the city of London, where the king resided; and going to the royal palace where he dwelt, he passed from apartment to apartment, until he arrived at the hall in which the king passed the most of his time, and found him sitting at a game of chess with the High Steward. Parcittadino having got into the king's presence, fell on his knees in respectful salutation, whilst the king held unchanged the same look or movement as when he entered, so that Parcittadino remained for a long time in this position. Seeing, then, that the king gave him no sign, he raised himself on his feet and commenced speaking: "Blessed be the hour and the moment which has conducted me here, where

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I have always desired to be: that is to say, in the presence of the most noble, and the most prudent, and the most valorous prince in Christendom; and well may I congratulate myself above others of my pursuit, since I am in a place where I behold the flower of all kings. Oh! how great glory has fortune conceded me; so that should I die now, I should come to that pass with little grief, since I am in the presence of this most serene majesty, which, as the loadstone draws iron, so with its virtue draws every one with a desire to behold its worth." Scarce had Parcittadino conducted his discourse to this point, when the king rose from his game, got hold of Parcittadino, and with cuffs and kicks trundling him along the ground, gave it him with such good will that he was thoroughly pounded. This done, he suddenly returned to the game of chess. Parcittadino, sufficiently tristful, raised himself from the ground scarce knowing where he was. Appearing to himself to have uselessly expended his time, and likewise his praises of the king, he stood very wretched, not knowing what to do. But taking heart a little, he had a mind to see if by saying the reverse to the king better luck would befall him, since for uttering good he had gathered nothing but evil. He therefore commenced, saying: "cursed be the hour and the day which conducted me to this place, where, believing that I had come to see a noble king as fame resounded, I have come to see a king ungrateful and unthankful. I thought that I had come to see a virtuous king, and I have come to see a vicious king. I thought that I had come to see a prudent and sincere king, and I have come to see a malignant king full of villainy. I thought that I had come to see a sacred and just majesty, and I have seen one who returns evil for good; and the proof is seen in this: that me, feeble creature, magnifying and honoring him, he has so misused that I know not if I shall ever again be able to winnow, if ever it should be necessary for me to return to my old occupation." The king arose a second time more enraged than at first, and going to the door called to one of his barons. Parcittadino perceiving this, it is useless to ask how it went with him. He looked like a corpse in an ague, and made sure of the king's having him executed. When he heard the king call to this lord, he held it for certain that he called the hangman to carry him to the gallows. When the lord whom the king called arrived, the king said: "Go, give this man such a garment of mine, and pay him for the truth as I have already paid him well for his lies." The lord immediately went and brought Parcittadino a royal robe—one of the most profusely ornamented that the king possessed, with so many studs of pearls and precious stones, that setting aside the cuffs and kicks which he had received, it was worth three hundred florins or more. Parcittadino immediately becoming suspicious, whether this robe was not a serpent or basilisk which might devour him, received it with circumspection. Then having reassured himself and placed it on his back, he presented himself before the king, saying: "Most sacred majesty, since it has pleased you to pay me after this sort for my lies, I shall seldom speak the truth;" and the king understood him to allude to what he had heard, and he had the more delight in him. Afterwards, having been so treated as pleased him, he took his leave and parted from the king, taking the road through Lombardy, where he went seeking out all the barons and relating this story, which was worth to him more than three hundred other florins. Thus he returned into Tuscany, and went with this robe to visit his kinsfolk winnowers of Lanari, dusty with winnowing and poor, who, much marvelling, Parcittadino said to them: "with many cuffs and kicks I too was brought to the dirt ere I won this robe in England." So he did well for many of them, and then departed and went to pursue his fortune.

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The next novel to which we shall advert, is the original of the well-known Percy ballad of king John and the Abbot of Canterbury. This, we think, the ballad writer has improved, for in the novel the questions to be answered are these: "How far is it from here to Heaven? how much water is in the sea? what is done in hell? and what is my person worth?" Now, in the replies of the pretended abbot to the three first of these, there is a sameness which spoils the effect. He says, for instance, that it is a certain number of miles, yards, feet, inches and barleycorns to heaven, and when the Signior doubts the accuracy of the measurement, tells him to measure it himself; which, as he is unable to do, he is obliged to accept the calculations of the other, or else acknowledge that he had tyrannically required that to be done which it was impossible to do. The reply to the next question is exactly the same, and that to the third only differs in this; that certain things are mentioned as going on in hell, and the Signior is requested to go and *see* if he doubts, and is thus sent within the gates of hell; whereas, he is only to measure as far as the gates of heaven. It has been said that Bürger's ballad on this subject was taken from the novel, but this is a mistake. Bürger, as is well known, was a great admirer of the Percy collection; indeed, his poetic style was formed on it, and he has imitated it on other occasions than this. The principal difference here is, that Bürger has changed the penalty, for with him the abbot, if he does not reply correctly, is to be condemned

——"to ride on an ass through the land,
Turned about: for a bridle the tail in his hand."

The number of questions in both are only three, and the replies the same, as will be apparent by the following extract:

"In high council, the emperor here on his throne,
Adorned with sceptre and crown aloft shone;
'With a word as true as a mint master may,
My worth to a penny lord Abbot now say.'

'Christ, for thirty imperial florins was sold.
Then so stamp'd and so coin'd your value I hold
To be not a doit more than twenty and nine,
For less than his worth at least one must be thine.'

'Humph! said the Emperor, this makes itself heard,
And to most serene pride may a lesson afford;
By my high princely honour 'tis news to me,
That so very good cheap my value should be.'

But now you must for me cast up and decide,
On horseback, how soon round the world I may ride;
Nor lesser nor larger—to a minute express'd,
If your answer to this likewise, only a jest.'

'Sire, if with the sun you should saddle and ride,
And from morning to morning with him abide;
I'll venture my staff and my hood to boot,
That in twenty-four hours every inch you will do't.'

'Ha! ha!' laughed the Emperor, 'excellent oats,
You have foddered the horses with ifs and with buts;
The man who of if and of but takes hold,
Already, sure out of chopped straw has made gold.

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But now to the third, and collect yourself well,
Else I to the ass must condemn you still;
What think I that's false? now this bring me out,
And while you go on leave at home if and but.'

'You think the lord abbot I am, of St. Gall,'
'Just so; 'tis a truth that will scarcely fall,'
'His servant your grace; your perception's a flam,
For know only Bendix his shepherd I am."

The cause of quarrel in the novel, between the abbot and his Signior is, that he had ill-treated a couple of *alauns* which had been given him to take care of. Now, it is known that these dogs were greyhounds, but it is not known we believe, that the more proper spelling of the word is *alland* or *allant*, because it is the participle of the Fr. verb *aller*, to go, the greyhound being thus called from its swiftness. We mention this, because in one of the Canterbury tales, the rhyme of a couplet has been spoiled in Tyrwhitt's edition, by changing the true reading *alland* into *alaun*.

The next story to which we shall call the reader's attention, is the manner in which an experienced jester is foiled by a child. The expression 'Heliotrope of Calandrino' which occurs, alludes to a novel of Boccace. This Calandrino, who was a painter, is often mentioned by him for his extreme simplicity and the many hoaxes played on him. The Heliotrope was supposed to be a stone of such a nature, that by turning aside the sun's rays (Ηλιος τρεπω) it rendered those who carried it invisible. This, Bruno, a brother painter, makes Calandrino believe he has found. Many, perhaps, will be surprised to see here an acquaintance of their childhood; we mean that well-known and salutary apologue in Webster's Spelling-book, which makes clear the virtue in stones. That the M. Valore mentioned might have been so eccentric as to make many believe him insane, is very credible, but that he was no fool, is equally plain. There is a philosophy deeper than our author appears to have been aware of in his assertion, that millstones were the most precious of stones, and surpassing rubies in value. Any puns which occur in these translations must be attributed to the author.

There are many who have seen and heard M. Valore, and know to what degree he was reputed insane—how perverse he was and malicious—there were few things about which he did not discourse and reason after the manner of a madman. Having one evening arrived at an estate in Romagna, and discoursing where there were Signiors and well-bred men; whether it was done to try him, or whether he did it of his own accord—there came a boy who was perhaps of the age of fourteen, and approaching M. Valore, he began looking in his face, saying: 'You are a big ditcher.' M. Valore pushing him from him with his hand, said: 'Get you gone,' but he remained; and M. Valore discoursing by way of amusement with those present, said: 'Which do you hold to be the most precious of all stones?' One said a balass-ruby, another a simple ruby, a third the heliotrope of Calandrino—this said one thing, and that another. M. Valore replied: 'You are not instructed in this. The most precious stone that exists is a millstone, and if it could be set and carried in a ring, it would surpass all other stones in excellence.' The boy asked, (and pulled M. Valore by the frock) 'now which would you rather have, and which is worth most, a balass-ruby or a mill-stone?' M. Valore looked at him, and putting him from him with his hand, said: 'Get to the house;' but he remained. The group commenced

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laughing, both at the millstone and at the words of the boy. M. Valore said: 'You laugh; but I tell you that I have found more virtue in a little pebble which is no millstone, than I ever found either in precious stones, or in words, or in herbs, and it is only the other day that I had experience of it; and you know, it is said, in these three things God has placed virtue. But hear how it was, and I believe you will all agree with me. There was the other day a youth in one of my fig trees, and doing me an injury by gathering the fruit on it. I commenced by trying the virtue in words, come down I cried, get you gone. But in short, menace how I would, he never budged an inch for my words. Seeing that words were of no avail, I began collecting herbs and crushing them into balls, cast them at him, and with these I gave it to him several times. But it was news that he never stirred. Seeing that herbs also were of no avail, I laid hand on stones, and casting at him cried: Come down. One pebble having been thrown, when he perceived a second coming. he descended at once from the fig tree and went with a vengeance. This, all the rubys and all the balass-rubys that ever were created could not have accomplished.' The group, greatly amused, cried: 'M. Valore is in the right, he says true;' and the boy looked at him in a malicious way, and observed: 'On my word, this gentleman has a great friendship for stones: He ought to have a pocket full,' and placed his hand on a pouch which he carried. M. Valore turned to him and exclaimed: 'Go with a mischief. Who the devil is this boy? is he Antichrist?' The boy replied, I 'know nothing of Antichrist, but if I were able to do what the Signiors of Romagna may, on my word I would give you so many of these stones that have such virtue in them, that you should go back to Tuscany well punished.' M. Valore, on hearing the words of the boy, as if altogether worsted, turned to the group and said: 'There never was a boy wise as a child, but was a numskull as a man.' The boy hearing this, replied: 'The gentleman then must have been a very wise child.' M. Valore, shrugging his shoulders, said: 'I give in;' and remained as if altogether confounded, observing: 'I have found no man to outdo me, and now an infant has conquered and outdone me.' The pleasure which those around received from this, is not to be expressed; and the more they laughed, the more M. Valore turned pale. At last M. Valore cried: 'Who is this boy?' It was told him that he was the son of a jester named Bergamino or Bergolino. To this he replied: 'there is one he loves to *burr-gall, I know*, since I have not been able to say a word that he has not been picking at me.' Some one said: 'M. Valore, take him with you into Tuscany.' He replied: 'So far from taking him into Tuscany, I should eschew living in it were he there. It is a solemn truth, and let it suffice, that if the other Romagnuoli are such as this boy, none of them will ever be got the better of.' So he returned to Florence, humbled and mocked by a boy, he who was used to mock all others.

The following incident is extremely illustrative of the habits of mind of the people among whom it occurs. Public business of importance is transacting, and one of the first orators of the city of Florence is on his legs. Of a sudden he stops confounded, and stands gazing on the wall, with open mouth. No sooner does the rest of the assembly ascertain the cause, than they, likewise, are affected in a similar manner; some laugh, some look amazed, but all equally forget the city of Florence, and the important business in hand. We are surprised when we find that all this is caused by certain figures ridiculously depicted on the walls of the room. Such is their keen sense of the ridiculous, and so much more weighty are affairs of taste than affairs of state, in the scales of the Italian mind.

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Anciently, in the city of Florence, the counsel was used to assemble in St. Peter Scheraggio, and there was then placed, or there was always, the rostrum. Hence, the council being on one occasion assembled in this place, and the question having been proposed, as was the usage, Boninsegna Angiolini, a learned and distinguished citizen, arose and ascended the rostrum, and commencing his remarks in a smooth and polished style, as was customary. When he was at a certain juncture where he should have concluded what he had been saying, and that quickly, like a man struck dumb he stopped, yet stood in the rostrum a good bit, and added not a word. The audience wondering at this, and especially the signiors priors, who were opposite to him; they sent their sergeant to Boninsegna, to tell him that he should pursue his discourse; so the sergeant went immediately to the foot of the rostrum, and, pulling Boninsegna by the frock, told him, on the part of the signiors, to pursue his discourse. Then Boninsegna, having a little roused himself, said: 'Signiors and sage councillors, I came into this place to say what occurred to me on your proposition, and so have done, until I arrived at that juncture where I became silent; and this, signiors, let me tell you, was not because I recollected something that I ought to have said, but I became, as it were, beside myself, seeing these nincompoops depicted on this wall opposite me; for certainly they are the greatest nincompoops that ever I beheld; and, what is worse, the artist who depicted them must have died of an ague, who could scarce have been any other than Calandrino, that has drawn them in stockings, striped and checkered. Now you know, signiors, that nobody ever sported stockings of that make.. For this reason, these, I assure you, signiors, are so flitting through my head, that should they not go out of it, neither now nor hereafter shall I ever be able to say anything that I wish.' With this he descended from the rostrum. To the signiors and those of the council this appeared a novel affair, and every one, laughing, looked up at these nincompoops. One said: 'Oh, fie! and isn't this something new to look on?' Another observed: 'I never gave attention to this before; who are they?' And yet another said: 'One may say of these what a Sanese once said on the square at Siena. A person passing, dressed half in white and half in black, from head to foot, including his straps and shoes, it was asked: Who is he? A Sanese replied: He tells for himself. So I know not who these are, but they tell for themselves.' Another observed: 'They are prophets.' To which the last replied: 'They are patriarchs.'

The following anecdote of the tyrannous manner in which a feudal lord makes his servant refund the sums which he had honestly acquired in his service, illustrates that passage in Hamlet, of "first mouthed to be last swallowed." It has, too, another moral. For any man who indulges his own whims, however innocent, without regard to the fashions of the world; who acts in a way that his fellow-mortals are unable to understand, whether it be that he is too silly or too wise for their comprehension, will, at last, equally find some William of Castelbarco, sagely to accuse him of a maccaroni plot against the welfare of mankind.

In the country of Trento was formerly a baron, called William of Castelbarco, who, as I have heard, had one in his pay of the name of Boniface of Pontriemoli, to whom he wished every success, because he deserved it, being a clever man of business, who took care of his customs and taxes. He, by means of his salary and the perquisites of the offices he held, yet ever acting honestly, had become rich to the amount of six thousand livres of Bologna. Being, therefore, one Friday, at table with

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his lord, and with others of his suite, maccaroni having been brought, and placed on trenchers before each of them, the crochet seizing his lord, and seeing the before-mentioned Boniface eat his maccaroni with bread, there being then a scarcity in that region, he, of a sudden, commanded his sergeants that they should arrest Boniface. These, advancing, at once laid hands on him. He, marvelling, said: 'My lord, what occasion moved you to have me seized so unceremoniously?' His lord answered: 'You know full well. Do you eat bread with bread then? and are you in a plot to famish the world, when you see the dearth is so great? and do you think that I am a lunatic, and have no perception of this?' Boniface hearing the cause, believed his lord had done it for the sport's sake, and commenced after a sort to smile. His lord exclaimed: 'Do you laugh, ha? I shall make you laugh after a very different fashion. Lead him then to prison, and take care that he does not escape.' He was conducted and placed in prison, and a few days after amerced in six hundred livres of Bologna, for attempting to trouble the state—not only his lord's, but the whole province, and, to wit, by famine. It was necessary that he should render back all he had acquired of him, and what he had at home besides, and pay the said amount, giving his lord thanks, as if it were a mighty grace he had done him, in not having taken his life.

The incident now to be related of the manner in which a mouse succeeded in lowering the pride of a self-important cavalier, is amusingly told, and the reflections with which it concludes are quite in a philosophical vein. Indeed, nothing could more admirably illustrate how slight and contemptible a cause may make ridiculous the proudest of men.

It is not many years since there was in the house of Cavalcanti a gentleman called Matteo of Cantino, whom formerly the writer and many others have seen. This Matteo of Cantino was in his day a tilter, and master of fence, and of every other thing that any other gentleman was accomplished in. He was as expert and as practised as any of his peers, and as well bred. Being of the age of seventy years, and a "prosperous gentleman," and the heat being extreme (for it was in July,) and wearing stockings without legs, and his breeches after the old fashion, with the legs large at the bottom, the news being discussed in a circle where were gentlemen and merchants—in the piazza of the new exchange—and the above-mentioned Matteo being in this circle, it happened by chance that a crowd of boys of that description who wait on the bankers there, with a trap, in which they had caught a mouse, and with their brooms in hand, stopped in the midst of the piazza and placed their trap upon the ground, and this being placed on the ground they opened the door, and on opening the door, forth issued the mouse and ran through the piazza. The boys, with their brooms brandished, ran after to kill him, and he, wishing to hide himself, and not finding a place, ran into the circle, where was this Matteo of Cantino, and approaching his feet, leaped suddenly up towards his breeches legs, and entered the garment. Matteo perceiving this, one may guess how it stood with him. He got completely beside himself. The boys had lost sight of it: 'Where is it? which way is it?' and one of them observed: 'He has it in his breeches.' A crowd drew together. The laugh was great. Matteo, as if out of his right mind, went into a counter. The boys were behind him with their brooms, crying: 'Shake him out. He has him in his breeches.' Matteo ensconced himself behind the props of a desk and drew down his breeches. The boys were at hand with their brooms, shouting; 'Shake him out!

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shake him out!' The breeches dropping to the ground, out popped the mouse. The boy cried: 'There he is! there he is! at him! at him! He had him in his breeches, I declare.' He let down his breeches. The boys killed the mouse. Matteo remained, with every appearance of a corpse, and some days passed that he scarce knew where he was. There is not a man but would have burst with laughter, had he beheld this as the writer saw it. In fine, he made a vow never more while he lived to wear stockings without legs, and this he kept. What shall we say of the different chances that befall? Certainly, I believe there never happened anything more novel, or more amusing. The man stood with great pomp and pride, and a petty matter forced him to stoop. He went ungartered, for the fleas and a mouse attacked him in a way that set him beside himself. There is not so pitiful a wild animal but he will give man sufficient to do, and yet man conquers them all, when so disposed.

In the following, the manner in which the tables are turned on a would-be knave, is pleasantly related.

There was formerly in Frioli, in the village of Spilinbergo, a Florentine retailer and a Friolano, whose name was Soccebonel, who going in to purchase goods, commenced by asking for cloth of some beautiful color, as he wished to have a gentleman's cloak made. The retailer asked: 'Do you wish sky blue?' 'No.' 'Do you wish it green?' 'No.' 'Do you wish it of a light blue?' 'No.' 'Do you wish it of a livid hue?' 'No.' 'Do you wish a wrapper of heaven?' 'Yes, yes, yes.' He thought from the name that he should find there the sun, moon and stars, and perhaps the greater part of paradise. The wrapper of heaven being produced, they came to an agreement about the price of four yards. The retailer took hold of his stick and said to Soccebonel: 'Hold here, and place the stick strait at this end. The Friolano placed it and drew the cloth more forward than the stick, sometimes the sixteenth of a yard, and sometimes more, and was so intent on this that he looked nowhere else. The Florentine, who, from the beginning, at once perceived this, when he laid the cloth on the stick, left half a quarter of the stick behind, and sometimes more, so that the four quarters gave the good man three and a half *perhaps*. The four yards having been measured and paid for, the Friolano set himself to carry off the goods, and in order that the trick might remain concealed, the seller observed: 'would you do yourself justice? Immerse it in a tub of water and let it stay all night, so that it may be well soaked, and then see what sort of stuff it will be.' He did so, and in the morning somewhat wrung the water out and got it to a cutter's, who smoothed it in his press and cut it. The cloth being cut, Soccebonel went for it and said: 'What ought you to have?' The cutter replied: 'There were nine quarters, you should give me ninepence.' To which he answered: 'What, nine quarters? la, now! what do you say?' The cutter produced it and said: 'See here; measure it for yourself.' He measured it, and found no more; then he said: 'La, now, how I have been cheated!' He goes to the retailer, he goes here, he goes there. One observed to him: 'These Florentine cloths never any of them return of the same length from the water.' The retailer said: 'See where it stood the night you put it in soak, and that no one stole it.' Another said: 'These cutters are all rogues.' But an acquaintance of the retailer's who perhaps knew the whole matter, observed: 'Would the gentleman have me tell him the truth? it is not long since I heard it said, that one took home a quarter of Florentine stuff, and in the evening immersed it as you did this, in a tub of water, and let it remain

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all night, and in the morning when he went to take it out of the water, he found that it had so shrunk up that he could find nothing.' Soccebonel replied: 'Humph! could such a case be?' To which they answered: 'Yes *boxes* can be.' So this man thinking to cheat, was himself cheated and made a fool of; and the wrapper of heaven came back of a size that it would not have covered the firmament of a small oven, whilst the gentleman's cloak was metamorphosed into a cape, which looked very like a curtailed frock. Thus it often times chances that some again may know as much as some.

Here follow some anecdotes of the Florentine general, Ridolpho, whose causticity of wit seems to have strongly impressed our author.

A nephew, who had been at Bologna for ten years, to learn the law, and returned to Canurino a most excellent civilian, went to see M. Ridolpho. During the visit M. Ridolpho asked: 'And what have you been doing at Bologna?' To which he replied: 'Acquiring reason, sir.' To which M. Ridolpho answered: 'Then you have spent your time badly.' The young man asked, (for the observation appeared to him very strange,) 'Wherefore, sir?' And M. Ridolpho replied: 'Because you should have been acquiring power, which is worth the other two for one.' The young man began to smile, and thinking, and again thinking it over, he and others who heard him, they perceived that what M. Ridolpho said was true; and the author being with certain scholars who were hearing M. Agnolo of Perogia, told them that they were losing their time in studying what they did. They asked, 'Wherefore?' And he enquired: 'What learn you?' They replied: 'We learn to reason.' He then asked: 'To what purpose, since it is never used?'

He was caricatured at Florence, when he got into disgrace with the community to do him shame. When this was told him he said: 'It is after this fashion: they depict the saints, so that they have made a saint of me.'

Those of the Florentine regiment, not finding themselves contented with him at the close of the war of the Church, had him caricatured as has been said. But sometime afterwards, perceiving themselves in extremity, they dispatched to him certain ambassadors of Florence, to whom he did two things. The first was, that being invited by him to dinner, there was as large a fire kindled in a chimney, just behind them, in the midst of July, as if it had been in the month of January. The ambassadors perceiving at their rear this penetrating blaze in the midst of the dog days, asked M. Ridolpho as was expedient, wherefore in July he kept a fire kindled at dinner. M. Ridolpho replied: That he did so because when the Florentines had caricatured him they had caricatured him without stockings on his legs, from which cause he had his legs so frozen that he had never been able from that time until then to get them warm again, and therefore it was necessary for him to have at hand a fire to warm by. The ambassadors smiled a little, but in a sort, as if confounded, proceeding to the viands, boiled capons were served, with sops, which M. Ridolpho had so ordered, that his own basin was served so long before, that it was merely lukewarm, and those of the ambassadors came boiling and as hot as possible to table. So, seating themselves, M. Ridolpho commenced with great security to take brimming spoonfuls. The ambassadors seeing this, held it for a verity that they should be able to sip as securely, whence at the first mouthful their whole palate was blistered, so that one of them began to weep and the other began looking

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at the roof and hiccoughing. M. Ridolpho asked: 'What do you see?' and he replied: 'I'm looking at this roof which is so well constructed. Who made it?' M. Ridolpho answered: 'Master Soffiaci made it; do you know him?' The ambassadors understood their host, and left their sops to cool. Afterwards discoursing between themselves, they said: 'It was well put upon us for running forthwith to caricature signiors, as if they were porters; and he has very properly shown us what should stand us in good stead.' And so they returned, as it were, much lowered in their own estimation, to Florence, where, when the thing was known, it was held that M. Ridolpho had returned white bread for barley cakes.

The next is a story of an innkeeper, who seems to have been well-known for his whims and humours.

I shall now relate the story of the halved pears, which was the last pleasantry of Basso, as it occurred when he was dying. This man drawing nigh to death, and it being summer, and the mortality so great that the wife would not approach her husband, and the son fled from the father, and brother from brother, for the reason that the pestilence, as all know who saw it, spread itself so rapidly; he wished to make his will, and seeing himself deserted by all of his, he directed the notary to write that he left to his sons and heirs, that they should every year, on the day of St. James in July, give a basket of the capacity of a bushel of halved pears to the flies in a certain place by him fixed on. The notary observing: 'Basso, you jest to the last.' Basso replied: 'Write as I tell you, since in this malady I have not had either friend or relation who has not abandoned me, save only the flies, and therefore being so held to by them, I do not believe that God would have mercy on me did I not render back their merits. Therefore that you may be certain that I did not jest, but speak in earnest—write that if this be not done every year, I leave my sons disinherited, and that my property shall go to such a religious body.' Finally the notary was obliged on this occasion so to write, and thus attentive was Basso to this tiny animal. A few minutes after, as he was approaching his last, so that he had little understanding left, a neighbour of his went to him as they are accustomed, whose name was Dame Good, and said: 'Basso, God heal you; I am your neighbor, Dame Good.' With great difficulty he looked at her and said, when he could scarce be understood: 'I am content that I now die, because for the eighty years that I have lived I never yet saw good.'

We had at first thought of going somewhat farther into this matter, but what we have done is perhaps sufficient to show what is to be expected of our author, both as regards his beauty and defects.

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VERGNIAUD.

The existence of the Girondins as a distinct political party can scarcely be traced prior to the final overthrow of the monarchy. Up to that time, though there had been diversity of opinion, there had been no formal division in the republican ranks; Robespierre was still the friend of Petion, and Danton frequented the saloons of Madame Roland. Most of the leading Girondins, however, had already distinguished themselves; many of them were known as prominent and leading members of the Assembly, and some had acquired fame in the works of science and literature before entering upon the stormy sea of politics. Petion, Lanjuinais and Buzot, had been members of the Constituent Assembly of 1789, and were consequently ineligible to the new Legislature, which assembled in the fall of 1791, under the first written constitution of France, a constitution that Mirabeau had criticised as too democratic for a monarchy, and for a republic as having a king too much! But in that new legislature were found such men as Brissot, already famous as an author and a journalist; Louvet, one of the most witty and brilliant writers of the day; Condorcet, the profound philosopher and pupil of Rochefoucauld; the eloquent Guadet; the grave, calm, determined Geusonné; the impassioned Isnard; these men with their associates,* became the leaders of that portion of the republicans in the assembly who took the name of Girondins.

In the midst of colleagues like these, a young man from the city of Bordeaux took his seat as deputy to the Legislative Assembly. This young man was Vergniaud. He was then thirty-three years of age, a native of Limoges, had been educated to the profession of the law, and was an advocate at the bar of Bordeaux. Like most of the enthusiastic young men of the day, he had warmly espoused extreme liberal opinions. Gifted with genius and eloquence, he had already raised himself to a front rank among the popular champions; and though young and comparatively unknown at Paris, he was looked upon from the first by his friends, as one of the future leaders of the popular party.

Mirabeau was no more; his ashes lay beneath the gorgeous dome of the Pantheon; he had left no rival behind him. But popular eloquence was not dead with Mirabeau; it reappeared in the person of Vergniaud, in a form of far more classic grace and beauty, if not so grand and imposing. What Mirabeau had been in the Constituent, Vergniaud became in the Legislative Assembly—the master of that electric speech which dazzles the imagination, thrills along the nerves and fires the hearts, and which men call eloquence. Yet there was but little resemblance between the orator of the Legislative, and the great leader of the Constituent Assembly: even their eloquence was not the same; that of Mirabeau was unequal, abrupt, eccentric—breaking out at times with the intense but momentary glare of the lightning, which dazzles the eye and strikes the beholder dumb. His most splendid and successful passages were those broken and detached sentences, at once

* It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the above is by no means a complete list of even the more prominent of the Girondins. The names of Roland, Barbaroux, Rabaud St. Etienne, Larource, Valazé, and others, some of whom were not members of the Legislative Assembly, are familiar to the readers of history.

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impassioned and earnest, which came all glowing from the furnace of passion which burned in his fiery bosom. The eloquence of Vergniaud on the contrary was uniform, always elegant and persuasive, yet when the greatness of the occasion aroused him, impassioned and irresistible. He had the advantage of a voice of great compass and flexibility, a commanding exterior, a warm imagination, a profound knowledge of the classics and antiquity, a refined taste, and had not neglected the culture of the graces of oratory. Mirabeau electrified the Assembly with Demosthenic thunder; Vergniaud led his audience captive with the flowing periods of Cicero, or the classic eloquence of Pericles. We might call Mirabeau the Patrick Henry, Vergniaud the Lee of the French Assemblies. Nor had Vergniaud the ambition or the fiery nature of the aspiring Provençal deputy. Great occasions could alone arouse his faculties. He was not apt to be hurried away with passion, nor quick to adopt extreme measures against his opponents. He was a man of a large and open nature, a benevolent heart, a gentle temper, delighting in light amusements, in conversation with his friends, in playing with children. Like Danton, he was indolent in his habits; and Madame Roland seems to have found something to condemn in his indifferent and careless nature. "I do not like Vergniaud," she says, "because he disdains men, does not put any restraint upon himself in his intercourse with them, and has not employed his talents with the ardor of a soul inspired by a love of the public good." With a little more vigor, and industry, and energy of character—with more of the enthusiasm of Barbaroux, more of the unyielding pertinacity of Robespierre, more of the proud ambition and daring resolution of Mirabeau—Vergniaud, with his sin-patriotism, his eloquence, intellect and genius, might perhaps have saved his party from destruction, and even have guided the car of the revolution.

The first forensic effort of Vergniaud in the tribune was directed against royalty. A decree had passed, abolishing the titles of *Sire* and *Majesty* when addressing the king. The deputy Guadet had remarked that the word *Sire* belonged to the feudal system, which had ceased to exist. "As for the word *Majesty*," said he, "it should only be employed in speaking of God *and of the people!*" A motion was now made to repeal the offensive decree. Vergniaud spoke against it; he knew not, he said, why the titles *Sire* and *Majesty*, which recalled feudality, should be retained; the king ought to glory in the title of King of the French. Such was the text of Vergniaud's maiden speech, whose eloquence won the admiration of the Assembly and foreshadowed the future triumphs of the orator.

A complete sketch of the brief public life of Vergniaud would be a history of the Assembly and of the first year of the Convention. We do not propose to attempt it, as the task has already been done by many abler hands. Vergniaud took part in most of the prominent debates of the day, particularly those upon the question of the emigrants, and the more important one upon the question of the war, upon which hung the issue of the Revolution.

The conduct of the Girondins upon this question of the war has been much misunderstood, if not misrepresented. Alison accuses them of exciting the war with Europe by their declamations, and throws upon them the responsibility of having taken the initiative step, and even of being the cause of the king's execution, and the horrors of the Reign of Terror. A more unjust charge it is difficult to meet with in history. The Reign of Terror might as well be laid to the charge of Lafayette and Bailly, as to that of Vergniaud and the Girondins. Let us see how the case stood, and who was the aggressor in this contest.

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Most of the monarchies in Europe had looked with jealousy upon the overthrow of feudalism and the establishment of a liberal constitution in France. They were, from the beginning, hostile to the Revolution, and waited only for a decent pretext to interfere for the purpose of suppressing it. The king's brothers, who had emigrated from France, protested against the act of Louis XVI. in accepting the constitution, alleging that he had been deprived of his liberty since his flight to Varennes, and therefore the act was involuntary and could not be binding. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia had, therefore, taken it upon themselves to interfere in the internal government of France. On the 27th August, 1790, a month before the opening of the Legislative Assembly, these sovereigns, with the Count of Artois, brother of Louis XVI., met at Pilnitz, from whence they issued their celebrated manifesto, "the declaration of Pilnitz," which Mr. Fox declared an aggression upon France, and amounting to an act of hostility. In this arrogant declaration the sovereigns made common cause with Louis; they demanded that he should be restored to his prerogatives, and be permitted to go where he pleased; that the Assembly should be dissolved, and the French nation should suffer them to dictate other changes in its existing institutions. In case of refusal they threatened war and invasion. France had not yet given offence to these powers except in her change of government. Thus Austria and Prussia took the initiative step in this crusade against popular institutions. They formed with England, their secret but zealous ally, that unholy coalition which has been justly styled the "conspiracy of kings against the rights of the people." With them, not with France, must rest the guilt, and crime, and devastation of the twenty years' war, the bloody atrocities of the Revolution, and the carnage of Napoleon's hundred battle-fields. And never was a more just retribution visited upon nations than the swift punishment which overtook these kingly conspirators, when, in a few short years, the "armed soldier of democracy" placed his foot upon their thrones, while the tramp of his conquering legions echoed through the streets of Berlin and his victorious eagles waved from the palace of Schoenbrun!

When the question of the war was first discussed in the Assembly, and advocated by the Girondins, the declaration of Pilnitz had been made, and the fugitive nobility, the *emigrés*, were not only arming themselves upon the frontiers, but actually threatening invasion under the command of the Prince of Condé. A decree was proposed that the Elector of Treves be required to disband the conspirators who were assembling in his dominions. Vergniaud advocated it in a masterly harangue. "Our Revolution," said he, "has spread alarm amongst every throne, for it has given an example of the destruction of the despotism that sustains them. Kings hate our constitution because it renders men free, and because they would reign over slaves. Liberty, since its birth, has been the object of a shameful and secret war, waged against it in its cradle!" He then urged upon the Assembly the adoption of prompt and vigorous measures against the emigrants. "Demand of the Emperor of Austria that the *emigrés* be dispersed," he exclaimed, "I might demand that they be given up to the country they insult, and to punishment. But no If they have been greedy for our blood, let us not be greedy for theirs. Their crime is having wished to destroy their country; let them be vagrants and wanderers on the face of the earth, and let their punishment be never to find a country."

To the remonstrance of the Assembly as to the emigrants, the Emperor

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returned the haughty answer, that he had ordered a large army, under the General Bender, to march to the assistance of the Elector of Treves.

To meet the threatened danger the Assembly despatched three armies to the frontiers, under the command of Lafayette, Luckner and Rochambeau. Subsequently the Baron Cobentzel was commissioned to deliver the *ultimatum* of the Austrian government—namely, the re-establishment of the French monarchy, on the basis of the royal sitting of the 23rd of June, 1789, the restitution of the property of the clergy, of the territories of Alsace to the German princes, and of Avignon and Venaissin to the Pope. The proposition was an insult to a great and free nation like France. Louis himself, reluctant though he was, and hoping more from the allies than his own country, saw the war forced upon him, and on the 20th of April, 1792, proposed to the Assembly a declaration of war against Austria. In the same sitting, the war was almost unanimously resolved upon. Condorcet drew up the masterly declaration, alike elegant in composition and unanswerable in argument,* which apprised the world of the grounds of the quarrel forced upon France—that it was on her side a defensive war —a war of popular against despotic institutions—a war of principle and right against foreign dictation and interference.

Thus far we can find no difficulty in commending the conduct and sympathising fully with the views of Vergniaud and the Girondins; for, whatever may be thought of the expediency of the war at that moment, we are clear in the conviction that the justice and right of the case lay wholly on the side of France. More profound and experienced statesmen might, perhaps, have labored to shun it until the new constitution had been tried and established, and, from motives of policy, have submitted, for the time, to injustice and wrong. But Vergniaud and his colleagues listened only to the promptings of a too chivalrous and impulsive patriotism; in its justice they saw its necessity and expediency They did not stop to contemplate the fearful ordeal through which their new institutions were about to pass; and the result proved how widely they had miscalculated. The war was an unfortunate one, in every respect, to the cause of human freedom. It brought the republic, but it brought the days of terror with it. Monarchy persisted in its efforts to overthrow popular institutions, and disorder and anarchy soon rioted on the ruins of the constitution. The Revolution, threatened from within by the disaffected, and pressed from without by the coalition, soon gave birth to the most frightful excesses. The people which had just cast off the fetters of feudalism, struggled, with the frantic energy of despair, against that despotism which sought again to rivet them upon their limbs, until liberty sank into the arms of licentiousness, and violence usurped the place of law. In the wild tumult of popular excitement, the bust of Marat displaced that of Mirabeau in the Pantheon, and the eloquence of the Girondins gave place to the sacrilegious profanities of Chaumette and the infernal orgies of Carrier and Lebou!

A few months served to satisfy the Girondins that the constitution, with Louis at its head, was insufficient to save the liberties of France. The war dragged slowly along—the armies meet with reverses on the frontiers—Paris itself was about to be threatened. The King was at variance with the Assembly, and it was evident that his heart was with his emigrant nobility, and estranged from the national cause; he even vetoed one or two energetic measures of defence passed by the Assembly. What then was

* In many respects it resembles the American "Declaration of Independence," from which, perhaps, its idea was derived.—*M. Thiers' Hist. Rev., Vol.* 1, p. 239.

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left for the Girondins to do? We answer, either to win the king, heart and soul, to the support of the Revolution, or to depose him. They tried the former, and failed. Roland sent his famous letter, written, it is said, by his wife, to Louis; and Vergniaud himself, with two of his colleagues, addressed the king, shortly before the 10th of August, but without success. Louis went so far as to send a secret messenger to the allies with instructions in his own handwriting.

The sole course then left the Girondins—the course dictated by the law of extreme necessity—was to depose the king—and they adopted it. Whatever defects of statesmanship may be charged upon Vergniaud and his friends in other respects, here we are persuaded they were right. They had tried the constitutional monarchy, and had found it wanting; they were driven into deposing the king, as the only hope for saving France from the allies. Though Vergniaud was a republican in sentiment, we must do him the justice to say, that he was not instigated by hostility to the king, nor by a rash desire to overthrow the constitution, solely for the sake of establishing the Republic. He was willing to save France with Louis and the constitution as it existed, if it could be done; but the experiment had been tried and it had failed. The crisis was now come when France must choose between the Republic and the fate of Poland. Vergniaud did not hesitate. His was the first voice in the Assembly which ventured to discuss the forfeiture of the crown, on the ground that the king had violated the constitution.

It was on the 3d of July when Vergniaud addressed the Assembly upon this subject, at the close of an exciting debate on the measures recommended for the defence of the country. The speech of Vergniaud was a master-piece of argument as well as eloquence, and far exceeded any of his former efforts. It was the great speech of the session, and filled the measure of his renown as an orator. A brief analysis of this splendid harangue* will afford a tolerable idea of Vergniaud's style as a public debater.

The occasion on which it was delivered was a grand one—the moment decisive. An intense anxiety was manifested to hear the distinguished orator, whose fame already filled France; and a dense crowd choked up every avenue to the hall. Never had orator a nobler theme for eloquence than Vergniaud. He stood amid a people in a state of revolution, with the solemn declaration ringing in their ears, "Citizens, the country is in danger"—a constitution crumbling beneath their feet—a capital thronged by the enemies of liberty within, and threatened by foreign bayonets without. The solemnity and grandeur of the occasion roused the slumbering fires of Vergniaud's genius, and prepared for his eloquence a more overwhelming triumph. Over that vast throng a profound silence reigned; from the seats of the deputies, from the boxes where still sat the beauty and elegance of Paris, and from the galleries, crowded with ragged Jacobins and squalid patriotism, every ear was bent to listen, and every eye was riveted with eager interest upon the orator.

The exordium of Vergniaud's speech was dignified and impressive. He commenced by drawing a picture of the state of the nation, now marching upon the verge of ruin. The French armies, which had advanced to Belgium, had been forced back before the Austrians. The war had been transferred to the soil of France. Prussia, with her formidable legions, was threatening the Rhine. And yet in the very midst of these reverses, at the

* See the elaborate history of Thiers, which contains several extracts from Vergniaud's speeches.

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very moment of the crisis, the king had estranged himself from the national cause, by dismissing the popular ministers, by committing the empire to inexperienced hands, and by rejecting the measures of safety proposed by the National Assembly. "Can it be true, that the king feels a dread of the triumphs of his country!" exclaimed Vergniaud. "Is it the blood of Coblentz, or yours, that there is a desire to spare?" As the speaker kindled up into enthusiasm, and became absorbed in the grandeur of his theme, spontaneous and deafening shouts of applause arose on every side. The classic periods of a Ciceronean eloquence, clothed with the rich melody of a voice that, in its flexibility and wonderful powers, has been pronounced unequalled in the deliberative assemblies of those times, fell upon the ear of the charmed listener clear as the sound of a trumpet upon the night air, while the impassioned and soul-stirring appeals of that potent eloquence roused every heart, like the peal of the alarm cannon which summons the soldier to the battle field.

Having sketched the gloomy state of public affairs, Vergniaud proceeded to speak of the rejected decrees of the assembly, and to attack the ministers of the king. From this topic, amid the redoubled interest and the profound attention of his audience, he boldly advanced to attack the king himself, and spoke, though in hypothetical terms, of the forfeiture of the crown, on the ground that the king had violated the constitution. The argument of Vergniaud was something more than ingenious, it was logical and unanswerable.

"Listen to me calmly," said the speaker; "be in no hurry to anticipate what I am about to say. * * * * It is in the name *of the king* that the French princes have endeavored to raise Europe against us. It is to avenge *the dignity of the king* that the treaty of Pilnitz has been concluded. It is to come to *the aid of the king*, that the sovereign of Hungary and Bohemia makes war upon us, and Prussia is marching towards our frontier. Now I read in the constitution, '*If the king puts himself at the head of an army and directs its forces against the nation, or if he does not oppose by a formal act an enterprize of this kind, that may be executed in his name, he shall be considered as having abdicated royalty.*' What is a formal act of opposition? If one hundred thousand Austrians were marching towards Flanders, and one hundred thousand Prussians towards Alsace, and the king were to oppose to them ten or twenty thousand men, would he have done a formal act of opposition?

"If the king, whose duty it is to notify imminent hostilities, apprised of the movements of the Prussian army, were not to communicate any information on the subject to the National Assembly; if a camp of reserve necessary for stopping the progress of the enemy into the interior were proposed, and the king were to substitute in its stead an uncertain plan which it would take a long time to execute; if the king were to leave the command of the army to an intriguing general of whom the nation was suspicious; if another general, bred afar from the corruption of courts and familiar with victory, were to demand a reinforcement, and the king were by a refusal to say to him, '*I forbid thee to conquer*,' could it be asserted that the king had committed a formal act of opposition?

"And if, while France was swimming in blood, the king were to say to you, 'it is true that the enemies pretend to be acting for me, for my dignity, for my rights, but I have proved that I am not their accomplice. I have sent armies into the field; these armies were too weak, but the constitution does not fix the degree of their force. I have assembled them too late, but

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the constitution does not fix the time for collecting them. I have stopped a general who was on the point of conquering, but the constitution does not order victories. The Assembly have passed useful decrees which I have not sanctioned, but I had a right to do so. I have done all that the constitution enjoined upon me; it is, therefore, impossible to doubt my fidelity.

"If, then, the king were to hold this language, should you not have a right to say to him, O king, who, like Lysander the tyrant, have believed that truth was not worth more than falsehood—who have feigned a love for the laws merely to preserve the power which enabled you to defy them—was it defending us to oppose to the foreign soldiers forces whose inferiority left not even uncertainty as to their defeat? Was it defending us to thwart plans tending to fortify the interior? Did the constitution leave you the choice of the ministers for our prosperity or for our ruin? Did it make you the head of the army for our glory or our disgrace? Did it confer on you the right of the veto, a civil list, and so many prerogatives, in order constitutionally to undo the empire? No, no! Man, in whom the generosity of the French has excited no corresponding feeling, insensible to everything but the love of despotism, you are henceforth nothing to that constitution which you have so unworthily violated—to that people whom you have so basely betrayed!"

The deepest emotion pervaded the Assembly; the members flocked around Vergniaud as he took his seat to offer their congratulations. Since the death of Mirabeau, no voice of equal power had been heard from that tribune. The triumph of the orator was complete, and from that moment the fate of the monarchy was sealed.

The insurrection of the 10th of August was not the work of the Girondins; it was brought about by Danton and his associates. The result of that day was the dethronement of the king—precisely what the Girondins aimed at—but the means by which it was brought about were not of their contriving. They designed, by a decree of the Assembly, to have deposed the king, and would have done so, but that they were anticipated by the impatience of the people. No one of all the Girondins was less capable than Vergniaud of instigating the people to revolt or violence. On the 20th of June, when the mob besieged the king in his palace, Vergniaud, from the great staircase of the Tuilleries, addressed the insurgents, urging them to disperse, to maintain order, and to respect the laws and the constitution. On the 3d of August, when the sections petitioned for the dethronement of the king, and when one of them bolder than the rest not only demanded the dethronement, but pronounced it in the name of the people, Vergniaud, with the lofty independence of his character, and regardless of his popularity, denounced this act of usurpation, and caused the Assembly to annul the resolution of the section. And afterwards, when the September massacres had cast their bloody stain upon the Revolution, to the honor of Vergniaud be it recorded, that some of his noblest efforts were made, even to the shipwreck of his popularity and the loss of his life, in denouncing the authors of these fiendish atrocities.

That the Girondins were not connected with the insurrection of the 10th of August, is evident from the fact that the very same day was fixed by them for the discussion of the dethronement of the king. That day came, and with it passed away the necessity of a discussion. The people took the matter out of the hands of their representatives. The tocsin and the *generale* were heard in the street, and the tramp of armed men and the

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rumbling of artillery over the pavements. Vergniaud presided that day in the Assembly. He was in the chair when the king and royal family appeared at the bar as suppliants and fugitives—driven out from the halls of their ancestors by an infuriated people, seeking to wreak upon the head of the most honest monarch who had ever filled the French throne the long arrears of vengeance rolled up by his ancestors. The generous heart of Vergniaud melted as he gazed upon the royal suppliants, and heard the dignified words of the king: "I have come to prevent the commission of a great crime. I think I cannot be safer, gentlemen, than in the midst of you"—and his voice faltered with emotion as he replied, "Sire, you may rely on the firmness of the National Assembly; we have sworn to die in defence of the constituted authorities."

What a day was that for Louis—shut up in the reporter's box in the Assembly with his family, awaiting the issue of the fearful struggle! The roar of cannon and the rattling of musketry shook the walls of the Assembly. No need of discussion now on the dethronement of the king. His sceptre already lay shivered on the blood-stained floor of his ancestral palace; the wing of the destroying angel was hovering over the capital; the edifice of the constitution was rocking to its base beneath the wild whirlwind of the popular wrath; and, amid the thunder of artillery and the wail of dying men—amid the flames of insurrection and the carnage of battle—the throne of the Bourbons went down!

Vergniaud, who had left the president's chair for a few moments, returned with the decree of dethronement which he had hastily drawn up. Ascending the tribune he addressed the Assembly:—"I am about to propose to you, citizens, a very rigorous measure I appeal to the affection of our hearts, to judge how necessary it is to adopt it immediately."

The Assembly at once passed the decree. It suspended Louis XVI. from royalty; directed a plan of education for the Dauphin, and convoked a National Convention.

Vergniaud was elected a member of the National Convention. It met on the 21st of September, 1792. One brief year had made him famous; his eloquence had already won for him a name, and he had risen to the place where Mirabeau had stood in the Constituent Assembly.

The Convention at once decreed the Republic; it swept away the last shreds of the monarchy; it proceeded to prepare the plan for a new constitution; and finally it brought the king himself to trial for high treason.

The trial of the king is intimately connected with the history and fate of the Girondins. Vergniaud acted a conspicuous part in it as their orator, and as President of the Convention. History records but a solitary instance of a parallel scene—the trial of Charles I. by the republicans of England. These two examples of high judicial sentence passed upon royalty by the representatives of a people who had each subverted the throne of their monarch, though differing in some respects, are strikingly similar in their main features. Nor have they been without their benefits in teaching the world that one great truth of all free governments is, that political power originates, and is derived from the people; and that kings rule, not by divine right, but by the will of the nation.

It is not now necessary to discuss the question, whether Louis or Charles deserved death at the hands of their subjects. One thing, however, may be said. that more innocent men than either of them have perished on the scaffold under regal despotism, for crimes of less magnitude than were charged and proved against the king of France, as well as the king of Eng-

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land. If the records of the Star Chamber, and the dark history of the Bastille could be all brought to light, how many instances of wanton cruelty and despotic injustice would be exhibited, to divide with these unfortunate monarchs the sympathy of the world. The wrongs of the humble subject live not in the memory of men, while the sufferings of Louis and Charles are remembered, because the accident of birth placed them upon a throne and not in a hovel. A prisoner named Gordon, was confined in the dungeons of the Bastille for thirty years, without even knowing the cause of his imprisonment! What comparison of suffering can be made between his living death and the momentary pang of Louis upon the scaffold? And yet how many tears have been shed for the "martyred king"—how few for poor Gordon!

Ever since the opening of the Convention, the absorbing question among the populace and at the clubs, had been the expediency of bringing the king to trial. His fate hung quivering in the balance long before the day of final judgment. The people, so long humbled, crushed, trodden in the dust beneath the iron foot of royalty, now, in the day of their newly gained power, seemed to have lost every feeling of generosity, and prepared to wrest away the life of their vanquished and powerless monarch, with the same cold and remorseless instinct which prompts a man to set his heel upon the head of a wounded and fangless viper.

The debate commenced in the Convention on the 13th of November, upon the preliminary question, whether the king could be brought to trial, and if so, by what tribunal? The generosity and humanity of the Girondins prompted them to save the life of the king, but, in the excited state of public feeling in the capital, such an undertaking was a difficult and a delicate one. In this preliminary discussion they took no part. One or two deputies contended for the inviolability of the king, and that the Convention possessed no power to try him; but upon this point the mouths of the Girondins were shut, for they had heretofore recognized and advocated the king's responsibility. The more determined members of the Mountain insisted upon the immediate condemnation of Louis without trial. This the Girondins openly and firmly opposed. Finally, they adopted a middle course, and voted with the majority that Louis be tried by the Convention.

The king was brought to the bar of the National Convention on the 11th of December, 1792, and the articles of impeachment were read to him. Some of these charges were frivolous, and could scarcely be tortured into state crimes; some were unjust, and could not be charged against the king personally, as, for example, the fusillade in the *Champ de Mars;* and some absolutely false, as the charge of shedding the blood of the people on the 10th of August. The great crime of the king, if crime it can be called, unquestionably was, his attachment to the new order of things, and his desire and past efforts to regain a portion of his lost authority in opposition to the Assembly and the people. According to the language of a later day, he was guilty of *incivism.* For this he was really tried, and for this he suffered. Whether such a crime deserved death at the hands of a great and magnanimous people, now that the king was powerless and the prisoner of his subjects, may well be doubted. The question had ceased to be one of abstract justice, or even of expediency, and had become simply a question of generosity and mercy; and as such the Girondins viewed it in their efforts to save the fallen monarch.

The trial of the king was postponed until the 26th of December, at which time he appeared again at the bar of the Convention, and interposed his de-

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fence by his eloquent counsel, M. Deseze.* Then commenced that stormy debate, which lasted twenty days, and convulsed the Convention. The Girondin Lanjuinais first spoke, and with the fearless intrepidity of his character, demanded that the whole proceedings be annulled, but he was not sustained even by his own party. St. Just and Robespierre followed him, and declaimed, with great effect, against the king; and several other deputies spoke on the same side. Still the leading Girondins were silent. They were in the most cruel perplexity. Earnestly desirous to save the king, they saw no way of doing so in the state of the popular excitement, except at the price of their own ruin and a civil war. They conceded the guilt of Louis—no man in that Convention ventured to deny it; but how to admit the guilt and yet save the guilty was the grand problem. In the emergency they again adopted a middle course, and proposed an "appeal to the people," hoping thus indirectly to save the king, by invoking the generosity and humanity of the French nation. Here lay the grand error of the party. Had they at once boldly taken the responsibility, and, after voting the guilt of the king, passed sentence of banishment upon him, they might have saved his life,† and have crushed their terrible adversaries. But they chose another course, and it involved both the king and themselves in ruin. Their efforts to save Louis was unavailing, and it brought down upon their heads the same hatred and odium that would have followed a more decided course, and increased, to an equal degree, the power of their opponents. The wife of Roland alone, prompted by a lofty and generous nature, seconded the efforts of Lanjuinais, and entreated her friends, by bold measures, to save the life of the king. But false views of discretion and policy had got the better of their judgment, and these entreaties were unavailing. The Girondins determined to sustain the appeal to the people as the only means left of saving the king.

On the 1st of January, Vergniaud ascended the tribune, to answer the speech of Robespierre, who had contended that the appeal to the people would involve the nation in a civil war, and had urged an immediate condemnation of the king. An unusual interest was manifested to hear the first orator in France upon this great question. The interest was increased from the fact that the Girondins had not yet fully expressed their sentiments, and it was conceded that their final action might decide the fate of the king. Their policy was now about to be disclosed by Vergniaud. The theme was a noble one for eloquence like his. His humane heart had been melted with pity at the misfortunes of the deposed sovereign, and he now roused himself to plead the cause of mercy and humanity before the assembled representatives of the Republic. As on the 3d of July, the galleries and every avenue to the hall, were choked up with a dense throng of spectators; but how widely different the tone of feeling which pervaded that throng! Not now was the speaker raised aloft upon the swelling wave of the popular enthusiasm; nor was that eloquent voice, which reverberated through the vaulted arches, now answered by the thunders of popular applause. Suppressed mutterings, mingled with curses, were heard in the crowd; ragged Jacobinism scowled in wrathful vengeance from the galleries; and the gloomy visage of St. Just grew darker, and the maniac glance of Marat wilder, while Vergniaud was pleading for mercy, not justice, to the fallen and hapless king.

No analysis can do justice to this masterly speech of Vergniaud—perhaps

* Deseze died in 1826, a Peer of France.

† Such was the opinion of Napoleon. See Las Cases.

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the greatest that he ever delivered—unequalled, almost unapproached, by any former effort, with the exception of his speech on the 3d of July, on the question of the dethronement. It was distinguished not more for its impassioned eloquence, than for the political forecast and knowledge it developed in its author, amounting almost to prescience. Thus Vergniaud, in speaking of the consequences of the condemnation of the king, predicted, with unerring certainty, its future results upon the destinies of the Republic. England and the other powers, he said, who had not yet made war, were waiting but this pretext to commence hostilities. France would eventually triumph, but yet the struggle must bring with it fearful calamities—slaughter, dearth and ruin. He pedicted the war of the people upon the Convention, the anarchy and ruin in which these calamities would involve the government; and even foretold the advent of Napoleon, "dripping with blood, and by the title of liberator, that defender, that chief, who is said to be so indispensable."

The touching pathos and earnest eloquence of Vergniaud found an echo even in the breast of his enemies. So profound was the impression he left upon the Assembly, that a vote taken on the instant might have carried the appeal to the people. But the debate was protracted for two weeks longer; and, finally, on the 15th of January, the question was decided against the appeal, by a vote of 423 to 241.

Louis XVI. was condemned to death. Vergniaud was president at that solemn sitting, and announced the result to the Convention. He had declared to his friends that he could never be brought to condemn the king, and with such a purpose he had, perhaps, come up to the Assembly that day. But the scene upon which his eye rested shook that purpose. In the lowering faces of the mob he read that the death of the king could alone insure the national tranquillity. He beheld civil war, insurrection, bloodshed, all balancing on the result of his vote, and the firmness of Vergniaud gave way. He voted for the death of the king, with a delay of execution.

That night, says Bertrand de Molleville, Vergniaud gave way to despair. He spent the whole of it in tears. On the following morning he came up to the Convention to vote upon the question, whether sentence should be postponed or immediately executed. Vergniaud, regretting, too late, the fatal indecision of himself and his friends, now resolved to make what reparation he could by obtaining a reprieve for Louis. But his efforts were unavailing: the Convention decided, by a majority of 70, in favor of immediate execution.

The king's execution, as Vergniaud had predicted, at once dissolved the hollow peace existing between France and England. Hitherto England had not actively engaged in hostilities; she was now, with Spain and Holland, ready to join in the coalition formed to uproot republicanism in Europe. Most of the English historians have endeavored to make it appear that the quarrel was thrust upon her by France; but the pretexts that were alleged as the grounds of the war, of themselves contradict this position. The efforts of France to revolutionize other countries, was the main reason for the war, as assigned by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Burke. True, there was another ground alleged—the violation of the treaty of Munster by the French, in the opening of the Scheldt; but this was a mere pretext. England has not been celebrated for taking up arms on a point of punctilio, without other and ulterior reasons. The late dismemberment of the Republic of Cracow, and the marriage of the Duc de Montpensier, involving the possible succession of a Bourbon to the throne of Spain, both in alleged violation of treaty stipula-

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tions, have brought forth nothing more serious from England than a harmless protest.

The true cause of England's taking up arms against France, was enmity to republicanism, and fear of the progress of democratic institutions, as was alleged at the time by one of the ablest of her own statesmen,* and has since been shown by one of the most accomplished and liberal of her historians.† The efforts of France to revolutionize other countries were but the natural and unavoidable consequence of the continental policy of England. The decree of the Republic to "grant fraternity and assistance to all people who wish to recover their liberty," and which the French ambassador at London explained to Lord Grenville, did not mean that the Republic would make common cause with *disaffected individuals* in other countries, but merely applied to a nation which should establish a republican government, ought not to have been received with any complaint by the enemies of France. Least of all, should England have complained of it, who had already granted "fraternity and assistance" to those nations who had volunteered a crusade against the people of France. The Republic was right in her decree, and was but pursuing with energy the war of systems which the coalition had commenced. Nor ought it to have been in the mouth of Mr. Pitt and the British government to complain of that other formidable decree of the Convention, of December 15th, 1792, pending the proceedings against the king, which declared the SOVEREIGNTY OF THE PEOPLE in every country which should be occupied by the armies of the Republic, and the suppression of all feudal rights, and of existing authorities. In our view, this celebrated decree was justly retaliatory upon the policy pursued by the European powers against France. In passing it, the Convention proclaimed, with proud and patriotic courage, their devotion to the Republic. It was precisely such a decree as Hancock, Jefferson, Franklin, and the men of the Continental Congress would have passed under similar circumstances. The Republic hurled back the menace of the coalition, and the prophetic words of Isnard appeared for the moment about to be fulfilled—"If kings raise a war against the Republic, we will raise a war of the people against kings!" Monarchy arrogated to itself the right to suppress republican institutions; democracy, in retaliation, threatened its enemies, that, if conquered, their own institutions would be overthrown, and governments of the people established in their stead. The war became a war of propagandism; the allies provoked it, they should have been the last to recoil from the contest.

The death of the king, and the war with the allies, brought with them all the evils that Vergniaud had predicted. From that moment, the Girondins rapidly lost their position in the Convention. Their adversaries were plainly the men of action and energy destined to direct the vessel of state through the troubled ocean. The crisis had arrived when humanity, moderation, eloquence and exalted statesmanship were no longer necessary in the government of the Republic; then commenced that terrible strife of faction in the Convention, whose din, for the time, rose louder than the storm of war upon the frontiers. The calamities which Vergniaud had predicted, were now actually about to burst upon France. In the spring of 1793, the days of the Republic seemed numbered. Insurrection was blazing in La Vendee; the battle of Neerwidden had been lost on the frontier; Dumouriez had deserted; the allied armies were closing round France. In Paris there was a dearth of provisions, and the clubs rang with the declamations of dema-

* Mr. Fox. † Hazlitt.

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gogues and agitators. Everything was confusion within, and without everything was gloom and terror. The evils and misfortunes of the Republic were all attributed to the intrigues and conspiracies of the Girondins, and the Jacobins soon began to talk of cutting out the *mortified* part of the Convention. The doom of the Girondins was already written. Bravely and manfully they hurled back the accusations of their enemies, and defended themselves to the last; but the contest was an unequal one between them and their terrible adversaries. The web of destiny for these heroic men was woven; the toils of the hunters of blood were spread thick around them; they saw the rushing of the storm-clouds; they heard the muttering of the thunder from afar; and, like brave men, they awaited with calmness the moment when the tempest should burst over them.

We shall not attempt to trace the events of that four months of terrible warfare in the Convention which followed the death of the king, and which resulted in the downfall of the Girondins. There is little in it that can farther illustrate the character of Vergniaud. In the fierce war of the factions, which was carried on mainly by others, his influence over the Convention and upon the Revolution passed away. He stood in that body, the chief of a waning faction—the oracle of a doomed party—and none felt more sensibly than he the unfitness of the position. Yet during these four months some of his noblest efforts were made from the tribune. That splendid burst of impromptu declamation, in reply to Robespierre's calumny, that the Girondins had conspired with Dumouriez to betray the Republic. is, of itself, enough to immortalize his name. His speech upon the Jacobin conspiracy of the 10th of March is another of the same character; and even down to his last session, of the 2d of June, 1793, when the Girondins were torn from the bosom of the Convention at the dictation of a mob, and decreed under accusation, the speeches of Vergniaud lost none of their vigor, and are among the best and most faultless specimens of French parliamentary oratory.

Vergniaud's elevated sense of patriotism and his chivalrous devotion to liberty, is strongly shown in his conduct after the 2d of June. The accused deputies were not very closely watched. and some of them escaped from Paris. He might himself have done so, but refused. "It is necessary," said he, "that some of us remain prisoners in the hands of our enemies, to prove our innocence, our reverence for the law, and our love of country" Soon after this, such of them as remained in Paris were arrested and imprisoned.

This chivalrous devotion to liberty and love of country, was a passion rather than a sentiment with the illustrious orator of the Gironde "What signifies my life to me?" he said, just before the 31st of May; "my blood will, perhaps, be more eloquent than my words, in awakening and saving my country." It followed him to the dungeon—to the judgment tribunal, and to the scaffold. What a beautiful and touching memento is that, which Lamartine, for the first time, has related—the visit of the nephew and the brother-in-law of Vergniaud to the prison where he was confined. His nephew, a child ten years of age, seeing the sunken cheeks and the soiled and tattered garments of his uncle, who, in his imprisonment, had been reduced to a state of utter destitution, burst into tears. "My child," said the prisoner, taking him on his knee, "when you are a man, you can say that you saw Vergniaud, the founder of the Republic, at the most glorious period of his life, and in the most splendid costume he ever wore—that in which he suffered persecution, and in which he prepared to die for liberty."

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The same devotion to liberty, the same unshrinking courage, the same lofty pride of character, sustained him, when, after four months of imprisonment, he stood at the bar of the revolutionary tribunal, in the midst of his twenty companions, already prejudged—already condemned! He obtained permission to speak in behalf of himself and his friends. With the pride of conscious innocence, he entered upon their justification. It was the last time his voice was heard in public—pleading at the bar of that dread criminal court in defence of his honor, and the honor and lives of his associates. But the eloquence of Vergniaud was now of no avail. The jury found the accused guilty, and they were sentenced to die. As they left the Palace of Justice they struck up the national anthem—

"Allons enfants, de la patrie,"
Le jour de glorie est arrive!

And thus these hapless sons of the Republic, at once the champions and the martyrs of liberty, marched under the notes of the Marseillais hymn to the dungeon and the scaffold, while, almost at the same moment, to the melody of the same inspiring anthem, the soldiers of the Republic upon the frontiers were rushing on to victory, and pouring out their blood upon the battle-field.

A friendly hand had furnished Vergniaud with a bottle of poison, but he threw it away, preferring to die with his comrades on the scaffold. That night, in the dungeons of the Conciergerie, his voice was raised for the last time—that eloquent voice which had so often swayed the Assembly—in a beautiful and touching address to his fellow-captives, who were to die with him on the morrow. He spoke of the immortality of the soul—of liberty—of the destinies of his country. One remarkable passage from this last address of Vergniaud is worthy of attention; it exhibits his matured and corrected opinion of the Revolution, and shows not only how strong was his faith in republicanism, but how correct were his speculations as to the issue of the Revolution, and his views of the future. "My friends," he said, "we have killed the tree by pruning it. It was too old. Robespierre cuts it down. Will he be more fortunate than ourselves? No; the soil is too weak to nourish the roots of civil liberty. This people is too childish to wield its laws without hurting itself. It will return to its kings as babes return to their toys. We were deceived as to the age in which we were born, and in which we die for the freedom of the world. We deemed ourselves at Rome, and we were at Paris. But revolutions are like those crises which blanch in a single night the hair of a man—they soon bring nations to maturity. Our blood is sufficiently warm to fertilize the soil of the Republic. Let us not carry away with us the future; and let us bequeath to the people hope, in exchange for the death we shall receive at their hands."

The prisoners were executed on the 31st of October, 1793. They were borne to the Place de la Revolution, singing the Marseillais hymn, and Vergniaud's voice was the last heard at the scaffold, chaunting that anthem of liberty. But little more than half a century has passed away since the heads of the Girondins fell beneath the axe of the executioner: and who now can fail to see in the events of the last year in France, the partial fulfilment at least of the HOPE which Vergniaud's dying lips bequeathed to this country! So feel these chivalrous sons of the Republic, distinguished for their genius, famed for their eloquence and patriotism, ennobled by their humanity. Has that deep conviction of faith in republicanism, which to the last glowed like inspiration in the hearts of these martyrs to the freedom of the world, ever been rightly

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appreciated and fully understood? Wild visionaries and day-dreamers they have been called, because they conceived it possible that France might exist without a king, and liberty be consolidated in a republican form of government. That dream of a republic—so impossible in their day, has become a reality in ours; and who shall say that the living truth of the present age is the falsehood of the past?

It has not been the design of this sketch to defend all the political opinions of the Girondins. With their history before us, we must admit that they committed errors which perhaps were unavoidable from the results of their position; many of their ideas were too highly tinged with the enthusiasm of the times; perhaps, too, as Vergniaud said in his last speech, they were deceived as to the age in which they were born, and such a republic as they dreamed of erecting upon the ruins of feudalism was not then possible in France. But to say that their whole political theory was radically false;—to say that under no circumstances, however favorable, even a total non-interference on the part of Europe, could a permanent republican government, under some form or other, have been established—is an assertion which can be proved only by that species of logic which demonstrates the "divine right" of kings to rule mankind. All we can say is, that the Girondins failed; their republican system—their theory—call it what you will,—was never fairly tested; unforeseen circumstances, external influences, which they could not control, overwhelmed them, and rendered for the time any government besides a despotism, impossible. Perhaps the government of which they dreamed, was but "the baseless fabric of a vision;" but their failure to establish it does not prove it so. Let us wait, before we pass a too hasty judgment, and we see the result of this second experiment of a French Republic.

Of all the Girondins, Vergniaud is the one who appears to us by far the greatest; his character is the most irreproachable—the most to be admired. His enlightened patriotism and love of liberty he shared in common with many of his associates; but few of them combined together all that gentleness of temper, that enlarged philanthropy, that humane and generous nature, which adorned the character of Vergniaud. He was a man of independence and firmness of principle, constant to his friends, liberal and just to his enemies; a man of integrity, and the very soul of honor. That classic inscription of his, which his own hand traced in his last days, upon the walls of his prison, was an impulse fresh from the heart of its author,—*potius mori quam fædari*. What more fitting epitaph for this illustrious founder of the Republic—better to die than to be dishonored?

The mind of Vergniaud was in a great degree raised above the bitterness of party, and he was free from most of those foibles which in some of his friends occasioned many acts of imprudence. Unlike Brissot, he was devoid of feelings of personal and political rivalry; unlike Guadet and Louvet, he rarely indulged in bitter personalities against his opponents; unlike Barbaroux, he was not on all occasions hurried away by the warmth of his zeal and the violence of his passions; unlike Geusonné, he was not always passionless and cold. Vergniaud's most obvious fault of character was his love of ease and his indifference—a fault arising in some measure from the greatness and composure of a mind conscious of its strength, and unruffled by ambition which led him habitually to court repose. It was only a great occasion that could

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arouse him, and kindle up the slumbering fire of his genius; but such occasions on that wild theatre of revolutionary passion, were both frequent and striking. On the 3d of July, when the constitutional monarchy was tottering, and the new republic was struggling into existence; on the 2d of September, when the patriot armies were flying before the German eagles, and Paris was threatened with ruin;—at the great trial, when the life of the king was at stake, and the capital and all France was in a whirl of tumultuous excitement;—at the bar of the revolutionary tribunal, when himself and his friends were arraigned as traitors to their country and to liberty;—in the dungeons of the conciergerie, when the axe of the guillotine was suspended over their heads, and the roll of muffled drums announced the approach of their last hour;—these were the occasions and the themes which waked the faculties, and kindled the genius of the great orator of the Gironde. The passage in his life which seems most obvious to censure, is his indecision at the king's trial; but there are considerations even here which go far to mitigate, if not absolutely to justify. We are not able at this day by the light which history furnishes, to comprehend all the circumstances under which the Girondins acted, or to appreciate fully the motives that influenced them on this occasion, arising out of the novelty as well as the peculiar difficulties of their position Carnot, an upright and honest, as well as a great man, voted for the king's death on the ground of political necessity. Vergniaud placed his vote on the same ground; he dared not, he said, balance the life of an individual against the welfare of the country. Vergniaud, however, went farther than Carnot did, and strived, though in vain, to avert the doom of the king.

We have already spoken of the eloquence of Vergniaud. Although his fame was built up almost in a day, it has not proved ephemeral. He is conceded to have been one of the first orators of his age. In his criticism upon the memoirs of Barrère, Mr. Macaulay, with all his national partialities, speaks in just terms of Vergniaud. "No man, we are inclined to believe," he says, "ever rose so rapidly to such a height of oratorical excellence; his whole public life lasted barely two years. This is a circumstance which distinguishes him from our own greatest speakers, Fox, Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Windham, Canning. Which of these celebrated men would now be remembered as an orator, if he had died two years after he first took his seat in the House of Commons?"

But Vergniaud's renown rests not alone upon his eloquence; it is built up also upon his patriotism, his integrity, his devotion to country, and the cause of human freedom. If he is worthy of a place by the side of Burke, and Chatham, and Sheridan, as an orator, he is worthy also of a place by the side of Russel, and Sidney, and Hampden, as the volunteer soldier of liberty—by the side of Adams, and Hancock, and Henry, as the patriot lover of his country. Associated on the historic page with names like these, the memory of Vergniaud deserves to go down to posterity.

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A DESULTORY DISSERTATION ON DIETETICS.

The science of eating and drinking is one of the few things we all acquire by intuition, and it is a faculty that once indulged is never forgotten, but clings to us with a tenacity that lasts with life itself. A real good dinner constitutes one of the realities of life, and to a hungry stomach, is among the most agreeable of enjoyments. Few comparatively, however, regard the subject in a scientific light, or possess the refinement of fancy or educated taste essential to the luxurious indulgence of the palate of classic times; we moderns preferring to appease simply the cravings of appetite, by devoting the more solid and substantial viands to the digestive process, rather than to gratify our organs of taste by the ingenious combinations of which food is susceptible by culinary art. So universal, indeed, is the indulgence of this custom, that mankind have been divided into but two—the great classes of those who eat to live, and those who live to eat: the former of course being by far the wiser part. This great family of eaters may, however, be subdivided into the following varieties:—Such as live by the "sweat of their brow," according to the Divine edict; those who luxuriate on the bounty of their hospitable neighbours, in contravention of the original law; and others who "live upon half-pay," or rather merely vegetate upon the crumbs and fragments which descend from the tables of their opulent friends. All men are devotees to their dinner, be it either munificently or meagerly endowed; and all aim with equal zeal to do honor to the duty with a most exact and religious fidelity. There is an old adage which tells us that "fools make feasts and wise men eat of them;" but we are inclined to skepticism as to the validity of the maxim, for it certainly is a sage and praiseworthy thing to confer a good service on oneself, and certainly no man is in so happy and complacent a condition as he who has just partaken of a generous and substantial meal. It has been affirmed, that man partakes of the nature of the animal of which he eats; from this statement, also, we are disposed to record our dissent; for although a man may possess a prevailing *penchant* for *mutton*, for example, it does not seem to follow that he acquires in consequence any more *sheepish* expression, than he who indulges his preference for beef or bacon.

In discussing the carnivorous propensities of the species, the fact that tastes and appetites vary to an almost indefinite extent, will be apparent at a glance. Every country has, also, some peculiar habits at their repast: some, like the orientals, indulge the recumbent posture, others, like the Europeans, take their food sitting around the table. The Romans regarded their supper as their chief meal, as we do the dinner; it was styled *triclinium*, from three couches on which the guests reclined. The guests commonly were accustomed to lie upon the bed, leaning upon their left elbow, with their upper part raised up. There were two or three on every bed; the one at the upper end, the next with his head leaning on the other's breast, the third in the same manner. At public feasts, where many hundreds were invited, capacious couches were made, and accommodated to four or five persons at a table. Thus prepared to eat, they ornamented their heads with garlands of roses, and other pleasant flowers, to refresh their brain, and preserve it from the ill consequences of excess of drinking, and the

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powerful operation of the wine. For this purpose they also banded their heads with fillets of wool linen, to arrest the circulation of the blood in the veins of the temples, which, as they supposed, conveyed to the brain evil vapours, which disturbed it.

We learn from Gilbert's Lectures on Commerce, that the luxuries of the table commenced about the period of the battle of Actium, and continued to the reign of Galba. Their delicacies consisted of peacocks, cranes of Malta, nightingales, venison, wild and tame fowls;-they were also fond of fish. The reigning taste was for a profusion of provisions; whole wild boars were served up, filled with various small animals and birds of different kinds. The dish was called the Trojan horse, in allusion to the horse filled with soldiers. Fowls and game of all sorts were served up in pyramids, piled up in dishes as broad as modern tables. Mark Antony provided eight boars for twelve guests. Caligula served up to his guests pearls of great value, dissolved in vinegar. Lucullus had a particular name for each apartment, and a certain scale of expense attached to each. Cicero and Pompey agreed to take supper with him, provided he would not order his servants to prepare anything extraordinary. He directed the servants to prepare supper in the room of the Apollo. His friends were surprised at the magnificence of the entertainment. He then informed them, that when he mentioned the name of the room the servants knew the scale of expense. Whenever he supped in the room of Apollo, the supper always cost £1,250. He was equally sumptuous in his dress. A Roman prætor, who was to give games to the public, requested to borrow one hundred purple robes for the actors. Lucullus replied, that he could lend him two hundred if he wanted them. The Roman furniture in their houses corresponded with their profuseness in other respects. Pliny states, that in his time more money was often given for a table than the amount of all the treasure found in Carthage when it was conquered by the Romans.

The author of "*Apician Morsels*" informs us, that Julius Cæsar sometimes ate at a meal the revenue of several provinces.

Vitellius made four meals a day; and, at all those he took with his friends, they never cost less than ten thousand crowns. That which was given to him by his brother was more magnificent. Two thousand select fishes were served up, seven thousand fat birds, and every delicacy which the ocean and Mediterranean sea could furnish.

Nero sat at the table from mid-day till midnight, amidst the most monstrous profusion.

Geta had all sorts of meat served up to him in alphabetical order.

Heliogabalus regaled twelve of his friends in the most incredible manner. He gave to each guest animals of the same species with those he served them up to eat. He insisted upon their carrying away all the vases or cups of gold, silver, and precious stones, out of which they had drank; and it is remarkable that he supplied each with new ones every time they asked to drink. He placed on the head of each a crown interwoven with foliage of gold, and gave them each a superbly ornamented and well-yoked car to return home with. He never eat fish but when he was near the sea; and when he was at a distance from it, he had them served up to him in sea water.

Towards the latter time of the republic, people were not satisfied if, in the midst of winter, roses were not seen floating on the Falernian wine, and if, in summer, it was not cooled in golden vases. It was necessary, amidst

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the dangers of the sea, to go and find the rarest birds. After the conquest of Asia, female singers and *baladines* were introduced.

In point of profusion, nothing was equal to that which reigned at the banquet of Ahasuerus, who regaled, during sixteen months, all the princes and governors of his state, and kept open house for seven entire days, for all the people of the great town of Suza.

Excesses of this kind are of more modern date. According to Pius III., Sindrigile, Duke of Lithuania, never made a meal at which less than thirty different kinds of meat were present: and he sat six hours at his table. Cardinal S. Sixtus entertained, at a most incredible expense, the daughter of Ferdinand, king of Naples. Precious odours were given to wash in at the change of every course; and, by means of the diversity and the arrangement of the meats, the labors of Hercules, and part of Ovid's Metamorphoses, were seen represented on the table.

Specimens of inordinate eaters and drinkers might be cited *ad nauseam*. Roman history furnishes us with several examples of extraordinary drinkers, which it is equally amusing to quote. Women even addicted themselves to wine; and there have been those who, at every health they drank, drank as many draughts as there were letters in their names. Peson was made prætor by Tiberius for having drank for three nights running. Flaccus obtained the province of Syria for a similar exploit. Novellus took down at one draught three large measures of wine, in presence of the same emperor.

The following are some of the most striking examples. Maximus ate sixty pounds of meat per day; Albinus swallowed in one morning three hundred figs, one hundred peaches, ten melons, twenty pounds of muscat, one hundred becfigues, and forty oysters. Phagon devoured before Aurelius a wild boar, a hog, a sheep, and one hundred loaves, and drank a pipe of wine. Domitius, an African, and Audebonte, the notorious glutton, died at table from eating too much.

Marshal Villiers had a Swiss soldier under him who was an enormous eater. The Marshal one day had him brought before him, and asked him, how many rounds of beef he could eat? "Ah! Monseigneur, I can eat a great many—five or six at least." "And how many legs of mutton?" "Legs of mutton! not many—seven or eight." "And ducks?" "Oh! ducks, not many—a dozen." "And pigeons?" "Oh! as regards pigeons, Monseigneur, not many—forty, perhaps fifty, according to appetite." "And larks—how many of them can you eat?" "Larks, Monseigneur," replied the Swiss, "for ever."

While on the subject of *hard* eaters, we are reminded of the droll announcement of a certain parish clerk, in England, to the effect that the vestry were to meet for the purpose of *eating* the church and digesting other parochial matters! D'Israeli has an amusing chapter on the eating customs of various nations, from which we quote a passage or two. The Moldavian islanders eat alone; a habit which probably arises from the primitive and uncivilized custom of barbarous tribes, who fear that others who may suffer from as keen an appetite, but who have more strength of constitution, should come and ravish the whole meal! Those who inhabit the Phillippines, on the contrary, are remarkably sociable at their repasts. So strong is this feeling implanted in their rude natures, that it is stated they make it a rule, however intense their inward cravings, never to partake of their meal without a guest, even though compelled to run in search of some hungry mate. We cannot forbear, while it occurs to us, exulting in the polished

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convenience of table napkins; for they are as much a positive essential as an indication of refinement and delicacy. The tables of the opulent Chinese are made to shine with a lustrous polish, and are also covered with rich silk carpets, elegantly worked and embroidered. They do not make use of plates, knives and forks; each guest has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles very adroitly. It is said that in some parts of China, when an entertainment is given, the redoubtable host exhibits his condescension and politeness by absenting himself, while his guests regale themselves at his table with undisturbed revelry. The Otaheitans, who are otherwise naturally sociable, and gentle in their manners, yet feed separately from each other. At the hour of repast the members of a family divide, as follows:—two brothers, two sisters, and even husband and wife, have each their separate baskets. They place themselves at the distance of two or three yards apart, turn their backs, and eat their dinners in profound silence. Among most rude people, the habit of partaking of food and drinking at separate times seems to be very general: the custom, doubtless, took its rise from necessity, which too often rendered it imperative. Many curious modes are also in vogue, with barbarous nations, touching their method of entertaining guests. The Indians, many of their tribes, at least, divert their visitors by performing uncouth antics, and singing for their diversion while indulging in the hospitalities spread before them. The demonstrations of friendship in a rude state, have a savage and gross character, bordering also on the ludicrous. The Tartars pull a man by the ear to press him to drink, and they continue this flattering torment till he opens his mouth, when they clap their hands and dance before him with great glee. No custom is, perhaps, more amusingly absurd, than that resorted to by the Kamschatkan when he wishes to make another his friend. He first invites him to eat: the host and his guest then strip themselves in a cabin, which is heated to an uncommon degree. While the visitor is devouring his food, the other busily occupies himself with stirring the fire to produce an increased intensity of warmth of his attachment and regard. The poor guest is doomed to undergo this scorching ordeal, till nature absolutely revolts, and endurance can no longer abide the test, when they compound! In some instances, it is said, the poor victim of this ardent test of friendship positively becomes a martyr to his stomach and the fiery heat—instances being on record of death having ensued therefrom. If he survive, the stranger has, however, the right of retaliation allowed him; and he usually exacts the same from his too kind host; and this he does, with an ardor and zeal if possible increased in its intensity by his own recent involuntary sufferings. The only intelligible reason assigned for this peculiar custom is, that it affords a test of the sincerity of a friend's regard, and his power of endurance and fortitude, should his services in this respect be demanded on behalf of his worthy host. As a mark of distinguished esteem, the negroes of Ardra drink out of one cup with their friends at one and the same time. There are others who eat in a similar style; kneeling down before their guest, they cut an enormous slice from a sea-calf, then cram it with great force into the mouth of their hapless visitor, furiously crying out—*there;* and cutting away what protrudes from his lips, snatch and devour it with avidity.

If we turn to the natives of Greenland, we shall find their carnivorous habits tending almost exclusively to animal substances. Their dishes are, however, generally such as are not likely to be excessively provocative to any but northern palates; their greatest delicacy being in many cases part of a whale's tail, rendered soft and easy of digestion by being half-putrid, or, perhaps, a seal's carcase, in the same delicious state. Among other delectable

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dainties, they sometimes present the flesh of bears, sharks, gulls, &c. The poorer class subsist on even a coarser bill of fare; they being compelled to satisfy the cravings of their omnivorous stomachs with whatever animal food they can find: even from the flesh of their foes down to those delicate zoological specimens which they may discover on each other's heads. In times of scarcity they wander to the coast, and avail themselves of sea-weed, which, of course, they find sufficiently saline without the addition of salt. The Laplanders live upon the rein-deer and bear, their ordinary libation being whale-oil, or water in which juniper berries have been infused. It is a well known peculiarity of countries which lie within or near the arctic circle, that the inhabitants require four or five times more food than those of temperate climes. Even foreigners, who visit or reside in those northern regions, find it requisite for their health and strength to indulge as freely as the natives in this respect. The American Fur Companies' ordinary allowance of buffalo beef or other animal food, is from ten to twelve pounds per diem to each man. At Nova Zembla, from the greater activity and vigor of the digestive organs, Europeans are obliged to follow the example of the natives, by drinking the blood of the rein-deer, and eating raw flesh: the intense cold removing that disgust which such doses would naturally inspire among other people. To inhabitants of warm countries, temperance, or even occasional abstinence, is therefore no very difficult virtue; northern nations, on the contrary, being voracious from instinct and necessity, to keep the requisite quantum of caloric. The wandering Calmuc Tartars, also, eat the flesh of horses, wild asses, and other animals, often in a raw state. The Chinese, on the other hand, are famous for the richness and variety of their entertainments, although some of their viands are somewhat novel and curious. An account of one of these is thus given by Capt. Laplace, who attended one of their feasts:—"The first course was laid out in a great number of saucers, and consisted of various relishes in a cold state, among which were salted earth worms, prepared and dried, but so cut up that I fortunately did not know what they were until I had swallowed them; smoked fish and ham, both of them cut up into extremely small slices; besides which, there was what they call Japan leather, a sort of darkish skin, hard and tough, with a strong and far from agreeable taste, and which seemed to have been macerated for some time in water. All these dishes, without exception, swam in soup. On one side figured pigeons' eggs cooked in gravy, together with ducks and fowls cut very small, and immersed in a dark-colored sauce; on the other, little balls made of sharks' fins, pounded shrimps, and maggots of an immense size." Among the subordinate classes of the celestials, the feeding is almost as indiscriminate as amongst northern savages; cats, dogs, and such like delicacies, being regarded as first-rate; a drowned rat is also deemed a dainty dish. The Siamese are still less scrupulous in their tastes; they devour, without distinction, rats, mice, serpents, putrified fish, and all sorts of garbage. It is said those refined gourmands, the Parisians, also indulge strange fancies for dog's meat, delicately fricasseed; and, according to a celebrated satirist, we are informed, that "when cats is in," the street pieman drives a great trade. The most disgusting of all recitals yet remains; it is too horrible, however, to dilate upon in this place; we refer to the practice of cannibalism. In the island of Sumatra, for instance, as well as among other savages, the prisoner of war is doomed to become the living repast of his wretched captors, and is literally eaten piecemeal. As an extreme contrast to the carnivorous tribes, we may mention the Brahmins of India, who religiously abstain from every kind of animal food, and even think it a crime

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to destroy gnats, fleas, or other vermin by which they are annoyed. In Persia very little animal food is eaten, vegetable diet being almost universally preferred. It is said to be no uncommon thing for a Persian to eat ten or twelve pounds of melons, and, of course, it is not surprising to learn that many of them fall a sacrifice to this excessive appetite for fruit. The inhabitant of Australia, again, is characterised by his carnivorous propensity for kangaroos, opossums, bandacoots, which are animals resembling rabbits, various sorts of insects, eggs of a large species of snake, and wild honey. The Caffres, in common with those savages already referred to, are in the habit of devouring various kinds of reptiles, such as large caterpillars, from which butterflies and moths are produced, also white ants, grasshoppers, snakes and spiders; they also indulge in more substantial meals of buffalo beef and the flesh of even the lion. Our neighbors of Mexico are said to be, like the French, very partial to frogs; the banana, however, forms a principal article of food with them, also the cassava, which is extremely nutritive; but the flesh of monkeys is with the Mexican, as well as the inhabitants of some of the West India islands, very generally used, since they have a good supply of that genus in their forests. This *penchant* seems but one remove from absolute cannibalism, since, when this animal is divested of his skin, it precisely resembles a human being. There are some of the tribes of our Indians who are fond of rattle-snakes, which they boil or stew. The anaconda and other boas afford a wholesome diet to the natives of the countries they inhabit. Crocodiles, ignanas, and other lizards, are eaten in South America and the Bahama isles. The sloth is also a common article of diet there, which is said to resemble in flavor that of boiled mutton. The tapir and the armadillo are eaten by the Brazilian and West Indian. Even in some parts of civilized Europe the inhabitants use as food many substances, the very mention of which would cause disgust and abhorrence to our more refined palates. In Denmark and Sweden horse flesh is publicly exposed for sale in the markets. In early times there seems to have been less scrupulous nicety in the choice of dishes in France, and Italy, and Rome, when those inhabitants had stomachs so brave as to digest even vipers, snails, toads, frogs: the latter, indeed, are not even excluded from the culinary preparations of the modern Parisians. We have not yet finished our catalogue of the rarer delicacies of mankind. There are the geophagists, or earth-eaters, and such as subsist on the bark of trees. Incredible as it may seem, the digestive functions of man, in his rudest state, is even capable of deriving a species of nutriment from the mineral kingdom. In New Guinea, and elsewhere, these abominable earth eaters are to be found. We learn from Humboldt that the Ottomaques, on the banks of the Meta and the Orinoco, feed on a fat, unctuous earth, or a species of pipeclay, tinged with a little oxide of iron. They collect this clay very carefully, distinguishing it by the taste; they knead it into balls of four or five inches in diameter, which they bake slightly before a slow fire. Whole stacks of such provision are seen piled up in their huts. These balls are soaked in water when about to be used, and each individual eats about a pound of the material every day. The only addition which they make to this unnatural fare consists of small fish, lizards, and fern roots. In Java, Russia and Germany, this product of "mountain meal" is also resorted to as an element of food.

Recent experiments in Germany have proved that the wood of various trees may be converted into a nutritious substance. The fibres of the birch, fir, lime, beech, poplar, and elm, when dried, ground and sifted, so as to

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form a powder like coarse flour, are not only capable of affording wholesome nourishment to man or domestic animals, but with a little culinary skill, constitute very palatable articles of food. Cold water being poured on this wood flour, inclosed in a fine linen bag, it becomes quite milky.

The bark of trees, also, has been frequently used, when prepared in a similar way, as a substitute for other food. This is the *barke-brod* of the Norwegians.

We learn from Mr. Fennell, a writer in the *Scottish Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*, that in order to acquire the plumpness which is deemed in the East a beauty, the women of Arabia and Turkey swallow, every morning, three specimens of a grub dug out of the garden and fried in butter. Turkish women cook and eat a certain beetle in butter to fatten themselves. When an English traveller expressed his surprise and disgust at some Arabs eating insects, the men justly retorted, that it was poor affectation in a person who would swallow raw oysters. The first man that ever made the experiment of swallowing a raw oyster, must have been a rare brave fellow; but while we thank him for introducing us to this delicious molluk, we may regret that he did not display his gastronomic courage upon cockchafers, and other small short horns.

There is certainly no accounting for *such* tastes, save on the principle that they are vitiated.

Having thus taken a brief survey of the several edibles of various nations, presenting an amusing assemblage of dishes—enough to flatter the most capricious palate of the veriest epicure, we shall leave their more minute discussion to the respective tastes and appetite of the reader; nothing doubting that John Bull will indulge his predilection for roast beef and plum-pudding and old port,—Monsieur his love for soup meagre, fricassee and vin ordinaire—and Brother Jonathan his preference for everything that is nice.

Samuel Lover's joke of the Irishman in France, will doubtless occur to many: the Hibernian, upon being presented with a dish of the boasted "soup" aforesaid, eagerly surveyed its contents, and being about to throw off his coat, was asked what he was at, replied, "Faith, I'm going to swim for that bit of mate." He was evidently rather for solids than solutions. And even at a recent date, there existed at Manchester a society of verdant bipeds, who rejoiced in the title of vegetarians, from their custom of eating nothing but vegetables. Their members are said to meet for the laudable purpose of masticating mashed potatoes and munching cabbage leaves. At one of these convocations, over 200 sat down to a table garnished with all varieties of garden stuff—such as sage and onions, beet-root, mushrooms and parsley, and such like luxuries—their libation being plain water; and it is no wonder they found themselves in their element, since they must have been a rare collection of "odd fish," to say the best for them. We do not object to the pure beverage, however; it is both alike cheap and healthful, and therefore to be commended, especially since Father Mathew has disclosed the baneful effects of so much prevailing fancy for fermenting and ardent drinks. The faculty insist that every departure from water in its natural state, is an injury to the animal economy. We confess, however, with Parr, Johnson, Robert Hall, and other learned pundits, a decided predilection for a good cup of tea. Leigh Hunt discourseth in a most rapturous strain on this topic, where he asks—

"Did you ever return home from a journey, cold, wet, and weary, and unexpected, after tea was over, and the tea leaves ejected from the silver? Bright eyes glistened with delight at the sight of you; perhaps more than one pair, and a

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silvery voice names the magic word, 'tea.' Out of some dozen of these instances, did it ever happen to you—when the tea had been made for you alone—to partake of a cup whose delicious fragrance had dwelt ever after on your palate, like a vision of paradise, and of which you have sometimes a difficulty in persuading yourself that it was not all a dream? Such an instance once occurred to me, not after a journey, but at a dining-out. I left the animals at their accustomed wine, and followed on the track of the girls, some of whom were so full of charms, that had Hebe fallen sick, they might have supplied her place at the board of Jove, without the fair nectar-bearer being missed. It was winter time; the fire burned brightly, and the rug was so soft and rich, that I would not have exchanged it for the golden fleece which set so many men raving of old. The ottoman on which I reclined might have made an old Roman spurn his supper couch, and the girls gathering around me, might have made old Mohammed sulky in his paradise, and all his houris jealous. By all the immortal gods! that moment might have served as a memorable era in a century of lives; but it was nothing to what followed. The clustering beauties called for a tale of the wilderness, of 'antres vast, and deserts wild,' and one presses more than the others. I see her now, her Greek face, her glossy hair, her speaking eyes, straight, penciled, defined, dark brows, long eye-lashes, and parted lips, 'discoursing eloquent music.'

"'A bargain!' I said, as she sat on the ottoman by my side. 'A cup of tea made after mine own fashion, and I will talk till sunrise!'

"'Agreed!' she replied, and the preparations were made. A hermetically sealed canister was brought, containing a single pound; not a leaden canister, but one of tin; not block tin, either, but the pure metal, thin, white, glittering, and crackling. Talk of the charms of an uncut novel, indeed! Give me the opening of such a virgin case, pure as it left China. It was not green tea, it was not black tea; neither too young nor too old; not unpleasing with astringence, on the one hand, nor with the vapid, half earthly taste of decayed vegetable matter on the other; it was tea in its most perfect state, full charged with aroma, which, when it was opened, diffused its fragrance through the whole apartment, putting all other perfumes to shame. About an ounce was then rubbed to powder by my fair Hebe, and deposited in its broad, shallow, silver receiver, with just *cold* water enough to saturate it. After standing twenty minutes, hot water *off the boil*, as it is technically called, that is, free from ebullition, was poured on it, amounting in quantity to three-quarters of a pint, and the lid was closely shut down on it, while the cylindrical-shaped tea-cup was placed on the spout to catch the aroma thence issuing. At the expiration of a minute, it was poured out, (what a beautiful hand it was!) and the rich globules of essential oil might be seen floating on the surface, a perfect treasure of delight. A small portion of Alderney cream was *instantly* added, to prevent the escape of the essential oil, and just sufficient of the brilliant large-crystaled sugar to neutralise the slight bitter. Oh, heavens! to sip that most exquisite cup of delight, was bliss almost too great for earth; a thousand years of rapture all concentrated into the space of a minute, as if the joys of all the world had been skimmed for my peculiar drinking. I should rather say imbibing, for to have swallowed that liquid like an ordinary beverage, without tasting every drop, would have been sacrilege."

We here close our random remarks on the dietetic habits of various nations. We fear, however, the reader will find the subject very much of a medley—not *dressed* in a very artistic style, or indeed very easy of *digestion;* and truth to say, though the topic be susceptible of a much more spicy and savoury treatment, yet lest we weary the patient reader, who may possibly by this time be suffering from a provoked appetite for his accustomed more substantial repast, we refrain from further delaying its indulgence.

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MINNA VON BARNHELM;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF G. E. LESSING.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

SCENE—*The Apartment of the Fraulein.*

MINNA VON BARNHELM. FRANCISCA.

Fraulein (in *dishabille, looking at her watch.*) Francisca, we have risen very early. The time will seem long to us.

Francisca. Who could sleep in this confounded great town? The coaches, the watchmen, the drummers, the cats, the corporals—which ceased not to rattle, to shout, to drum, to mew, to swear; as if the night were made for anything rather than for rest. A dish of tea, gracious Fraulein?

Fraulein. The tea does not relish.

Francisca. I will make some of our chocolate.

Fraulein. Make it, for yourself.

Francisca. For myself? I would as soon talk alone as drink alone. Really the time will seem so long to us. We must spend some of it in dressing, and in selecting the attire in which we will make the first attack.

Fraulein. Why do you speak of attack, when I came hither merely to demand the fulfilment of a contract?

Francisca. And the officer whom we drove away, and to whom we sent the compliment; he cannot be possessed of the most refined manners, or he would have requested to be allowed the honor of calling on us.

Fraulein. All officers are not Tellheims. To confess the truth, I sent him the compliment merely, that I might have the opportunity of inquiring of him about the latter. Francisca, my heart says to me, that my journey will be fortunate; that I shall find him.

Francisca. The heart, gracious Fraulein? We must not trust too much to the heart. The heart very generally speaks to us according to the lips. If the lips were as much inclined to speak according to the heart, then it would have been the fashion long ago to keep the mouth under lock and key.

Fraulein. Ha! ha! with thy mouth under lock and key! The fashion would be to me very agreeable!

Francisca. Better that the most beautiful teeth should be concealed than that, each moment, the heart be allowed to leap beyond them.

Fraulein. What? Are you so very cautious?

Francisca. No, good Fraulein; but I would willingly be more so. One seldom speaks of the virtue which he possesses; but more frequently of that of which he is destitute.

Fraulein. Look you, Francisca; you have just made a very good observation.

Francisca. Made? We do not make what comes to us at once.

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Fraulein. And do you know why I find this observation so very good? It has so much reference to my Tellheim.

Francisca. And, with you, what has not reference to him?

Fraulein. Friends and enemies both say he is the bravest man in the world; but who ever heard him speak of bravery? He has a most upright, generous heart; yet integrity and generosity are words which are never found upon his lips.

Francisca. Of what virtue does he speak, then?

Fraulein. He speaks of none; for he is destitute of none.

Francisca. I expected to hear this.

Fraulein. Nay, Francisca, I am mistaken. He speaks very often of economy. In confidence, Francisca, I believe the man is a spendthrift.

Francisca. And also, gracious Fraulein, I have heard him as often mention truth and constancy. What if he be as fickle as the wind?

Fraulein. Unkind one!—But do you think so in earnest, Francisca?

Francisca. How long is it since he wrote to you?

Fraulein. Ah! since the peace, he has written to me but once.

Francisca. Thus a sigh again against the peace? Wonderful! Peace should only repair the injury which has been caused by war; and it destroys also the good, which that, its opposite, had, by some means, occasioned. Peace should not be so capricious! And besides, how long have we had peace? The time will be very long, if it gives so little news. In vain, do the posts go again regularly; no one writes—for no one has anything to say.

Fraulein. "It is peace," he writes to me, "and I approach the fulfilment of my wishes." But, that he has written to me only this once—

Francisca. That he compels us to hasten the fulfilment of these wishes ourselves. If we can only find him—he shall atone to us for this! If, in the mean time, however, his wishes are accomplished, and we find here—

Fraulein (*anxiously and earnestly.*) That he is dead?

Francisca. Dead for you, gracious Fraulein; in love with another—

Fraulein. You torment! Wait, Francisca, he shall remind you of this!—But talk on; or else we shall fall asleep again. His regiment was broken up after peace was restored. Who knows, in what complications of accounts and of references he may be engaged thereby? Who knows, into what other regiment—to what distant province, he may have been sent? Who knows what circumstances—Some one knocks.

Francisca. Walk in!

SCENE II.—THE FRAULEIN. FRANCISCA. THE LANDLORD.

Landlord (*putting in his head.*) Is it allowed, my gracious lady?

Francisca. Our landlord? But come in.

Landlord. (*A pen behind his ear, a sheet of paper and an inkstand in his hand.*) I come, gracious Fraulein, to wish you most humbly a good morning.—(*To Francisca.*) And you also, my pretty child.

Francisca. A courteous man!

Fraulein. We thank you.

Francisca. And wish you also a good morning.

Landlord. Might I presume to inquire how your lordship passed the first night under my poor roof?

Francisca. The roof is not so very poor, Herr landlord; but the beds might have been better.

Landlord. What do I hear? You have not rested well? Perhaps that too great fatigue from your journey—

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Fraulein. It may be.

Landlord. Certainly, certainly! for otherwise—however, should anything be wanting for your ladyship's accommodation, then will your ladyship be pleased only to command.

Francisca. Well, Herr landlord, well. We are not bashful; and least of all should one be so at a hotel. We will say at once what we would wish to have.

Landlord. In the next place, I came also—(*taking the pen from behind his ear.*)

Francisca. Now?

Landlord. Doubtless your ladyship is already acquainted with the wise regulations of our police?

Fraulein. Not in the least, Herr landlord.

Landlord. We, landlords, are enjoined to lodge no stranger, whatever may be his rank or station, for four and twenty hours, without delivering in writing, at the proper place, his name, country, character, business here, probable duration of his stay, and so forth.

Fraulein. Very well.

Landlord. Your ladyship will therefore be pleased—(*stepping up to a table, he prepares to write.*)

Fraulein. Very willingly. I am called.

Landlord. A moment's patience!—(*He writes*) "Aug. 22, A. D., arrived here at the King of Spain Hotel." Now your name, gracious Fraulein.

Fraulein. The Fraulein Von Barnhelm.

Landlord (*writes.*) "Von Barnhelm."—Coming from whence, gracious Fraulein?

Fraulein. From my estates in Saxony.

Landlord (*writes.*) "Estates in Saxony"—From Saxony! Ay, ay, from Saxony, gracious Fraulein, from Saxony?

Francisca. Now, why not? Is it a crime then, in this country, to have come from Saxony?

Landlord. A crime?—Save me! This would be quite a new kind of crime! From Saxony, then? Ay, ay! from Saxony! the pleasant Saxony!—But if I am not mistaken, lady, Saxony is not small, and has many—what shall I call them?—Districts, provinces? Our police is very exact, good lady.

Fraulein. I understand you: from my estates at Thuringia.

Landlord. In Thuringia! Yes, that is better lady, that is more explicit. (*Writes and reads over.*) "The Fraulein Von Barnhelm, coming from her estates at Thuringia, accompanied by one waiting-woman and two servants."

Francisca. A waiting-woman? Am I, indeed?

Landlord. Yes, my pretty child.

Francisca. Now, Herr landlord, just put down, instead of waiting-woman, lady's maid.—I understand that the police is very exact; it might cause a misunderstanding, which, upon my summons, at a future time, might produce a difficulty. For I am truly still a maiden, and I am called Francisca, with the surname, Willig; Francisca Willig. I am also from Thuringia. My father was miller upon one of the estates of my good mistress. It is called Little Rannusdorf. My brother has the mill now. I went from home very young, and was educated with the kind Fraulein. We are both of the same age: twenty-one years old, next Candlemas. I have learned

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everything which the Fraulein has learned. I am very desirous that the police should understand me aright,

Landlord. Well, my pretty child, I will note this on farther inquiry. But, now, gracious Fraulein, your business here?

Fraulein. My business?

Landlord. Has your ladyship any request to make to his Majesty the King?

Fraulein. Oh, no!

Landlord. Or of our high court of justice?

Fraulein. Not of that either.

Landlord. Or—

Fraulein. No, no; I am here solely upon my own affairs.

Landlord. Very well, gracious Fraulein; but what are they—those—your own affairs?

Fraulein. They are—Francisca, I believe we must examine.

Francisca. Herr landlord, the police would not surely wish to inquire into the secrets of a young lady?

Landlord. Certainly, my pretty child; the police wish to know all—especially secrets.

Francisca. Now, gracious Fraulein, what is to be done? Well, hear then, Herr landlord; but it must remain between us and the police!

Fraulein. What will the little simpleton say?

Francisca. We come, to capture one of the king's officers—

Landlord. How? What? my child! my child!

Francisca, Or to allow one of the king's officers to capture us. It is all the same.

Fraulein. Francisca, are you mad? Herr landlord, she has plenty of pertness.

Landlord. I will hope not! Truly she may jest with my little self, as much as she please, but with our high police—

Fraulein. Can you advise us, Herr landlord? I know not what to do in this case. I thought you would leave all the writing until the arrival of my uncle. I told you yesterday why he did not accompany me. His carriage broke down, about two miles from here, and he would not allow, by any means, that the accident should detain me all night. Therefore he sent me forward. Twenty-four hours is the longest time that will elapse before his arrival.

Landlord. Then, certainly, lady, we will wait for him.

Fraulein. He will be better able to answer your inquiries. He will know what, and how far to declare concerning himself; how much of his business he must communicate, and what he may conceal.

Landlord. So much the better! Certainly, certainly; one could not expect of a young maiden (*looking significantly at Francisca*) that she should treat a serious business, with serious people, seriously.

Fraulein. And the apartment is in readiness for him, Herr landlord?

Landlord. Perfectly, gracious lady; as soon as a—

Francisca. From which you must first remove an honorable man, perhaps.

Landlord. The ladies' maids from Saxony, gracious Fraulein, are very compassionate.

Fraulein. Yet, Herr landlord, you have not done well in this. You had better not have received us.

Landlord. How so, lady; how so?

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Fraulein. I hear that the officer, who has been sent away on our account--

Landlord. Is only an officer who has been discharged from service, gracious lady.

Fraulein. If, indeed!

Landlord. With whom it is all over.

Fraulein. So much the worse! He may be a very worthy man.

Landlord. I tell you, he has been discharged.

Fraulein. The king cannot know all the most deserving men.

Landlord. Oh, certainly! he knows them—he knows them all.

Fraulein. Still he cannot reward all of them.

Landlord. They would all be sufficiently rewarded if they would live according to their means. But, during the war, the officers live as if war would last forever: as if the "*thine*" and "*mine*" would always be abolished. At present, all the inns and hotels are full of them, and a landlord needs to be on his guard against them. I have come off pretty well with this one. If he has no more money, he has that which is worth money; and I should have allowed him to remain here two or three months longer quite peaceably. But it is all for the best. Apropos, gracious Fraulein, do you understand the value of jewels?

Fraulein. Not very well.

Landlord. Why should not your ladyship? I must show you a ring—a very costly ring. Indeed, lady, you have a very beautiful one upon your finger: and the more I notice it, the more am I struck by its resemblance to mine.—O, look at it, see! (*taking it from the case and showing it to the lady.*) What a lustre? The middle brilliant alone weighs over five carats.

Fraulein (*examining it.*) Where am I? What do I see? This ring—

Landlord. Would be worth, among the jewellers, fifteen hundred thalers.

Fraulein. Francisca,—look at it!—

Landlord. I did not hesitate a moment to lend upon it eighty pistoles?

Fraulein. Do you not recognise it, Francisca?

Francisca. The very same!—Herr landlord, where did you obtain this ring?

Landlord. Now, my child—you have certainly no right to it?

Francisca. We no right to that ring? Within, upon the case, you can see my mistress' name. Show it to him, Fraulein.

Fraulein. It is, it is the same! How come you in possession of this ring, Herr landlord?

Landlord. I! In the most honest manner in the world. Gracious Fraulein, kind lady, you would not bring me into disgrace and misfortune? How should I know where the ring truly belongs? During the war, many a one has changed masters, with or without the knowledge of its former owner. And war must be war. Many rings may have gone over the frontiers to Saxony. Give it to me again, kind Fraulein—give it to me again!

Fraulein. First answer me, from whom did you receive this?

Landlord. From a man, whom I could not trust for a certain amount, but who is, in other respects, a very good man.

Fraulein. From the best man under the sun, if you received it from its owner. Bring me the man quickly! It is he himself, or, at least, it must be some one who knows him.

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Landlord. Whom? whom then, gracious lady?

Francisca. Do you not hear? our Major!

Landlord. Major? True, it was a major, who occupied this room before you came, and from whom I had the ring.

Fraulein. Major Von Tellheim.

Landlord. Von Tellheim—yes! Do you know him?

Fraulein. Do I know him? He is here? Tellheim here? He has occupied this room? He—he has pledged to you this ring? How came the man in this embarrassment? Where is he? Does he owe you? Francisca, bring me the casket! Unlock it! (*Francisca places it on the table and opens it.*) How much does he owe you? Whom else does he owe? Bring hither all his creditors. Here is gold. Here are notes. All is his!

Landlord. What do I hear?

Fraulein. Where is he? where is he?

Landlord. He was here not an hour ago.

Fraulein. Base man! how could you be so unfriendly, so harsh, so cruel to him?

Landlord. Your ladyship will pardon.

Fraulein. Bring him to me quickly, upon the spot.

Landlord. His servant is here yet, perhaps. Does your ladyship wish that he may seek him?

Fraulein. Do I wish it? Hasten, run; for this service only will I forget how badly you have treated him.

Francisca. Quick, Herr landlord! at once, away, away! (*Thrusting him out.*)

Scene III.—The Fraulein. Francisca.

Fraulein. Now, shall I receive him again, Francisca! Do you see, I shall receive him again! I know not where I am for joy! Rejoice with me, good Francisca! But wherefore indeed shouldst thou? Still thou shalt, thou must rejoice with me. Come, love, I will make you a present that you may rejoice with me. Speak, Francisca, what shall I give you? What have I which pleases you? What would you like? Take what you will; but only rejoice. I see plainly, you will take nothing. Wait! (*Taking up the casket,*) there, dearest Francisca, (*giving her gold*) purchase for yourself what you wish. Demand more, if this is not enough. But do rejoice with me. It is so sad to rejoice alone. Now, take it—

Francisca. It would be stealing from you, Fraulein; for you are drunk, drunk with joy.

Fraulein. Maiden, my intoxication is rather quarrelsome; take it, or—(*forcing the gold into her hand.*) And if you would thank me!—Stay! well that I have thought of it. (*Taking more gold from the casket.*) This, dearest Francisca, lay aside for the first poor, wounded soldier that begs of us.

Scene IV.—The Landlord. The Fraulein. Francisca.

Fraulein. Now, will he come?

Landlord. The obstinate, unmannerly clown!

Fraulein. Who?

Landlord. His servant. He refuses to go for him.

Francisca. Bring the fellow here. I know all the Major's servants very well Which of them is this?

Fraulein. Bring him here quickly. If he sees us, he will go at once.

(*Exit Landlord.*

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SCENE V.—THE FRAULEIN. FRANCISCA.

Fraulein. I cannot wait for the moment. But Francisca, are you still as indifferent as ever? Will you not rejoce with me?

Francisca. I would with all my heart, if only—

Fraulein. If only?

Francisca. We have found the man again. But how have we found him? According to all which we hear it must go ill with him. He must be unfortunate. This grieves me.

Fraulein. Grieves thee? Let me embrace thee for this, dearest companion. This will I never forget in thee! I am only in love; and thou art good.

SCENE VI.—THE LANDLORD. JOCELYN. THE FRAULEIN. FRANCISCA.

Landlord. With the greatest difficulty, I have brought him.

Francisca. A strange face. I do not know him.

Fraulein. My friend, are you with the Major Von Tellheim?

Jocelyn. Yes.

Fraulein. Where is your master?

Jocelyn. Not here.

Fraulein. But you know where to find him?

Jocelyn. Yes.

Fraulein. Will you not bring him here directly?

Jocelyn. No.

Fraulein. You will do me a great kindness thereby.

Jocelyn. Aye!

Fraulein. And your master a service.

Jocelyn. Perhaps not.

Fraulein. Why do you think so?

Jocelyn. You are the stranger lady, who sent my master the compliment, this morning?

Fraulein. Yes.

Jocelyn. Then I am right.

Fraulein. Does your master know my name?

Jocelyn. No; but he can endure excessive courtesy in a lady no better than extreme rudeness in a landlord.

Landlord. This much he expressed to you?

Jocelyn. Yes.

Landlord. Do not let the gracious Fraulein suffer for this; but bring him here directly.

Fraulein (to Francisca.) Francisca, give him something.

Francisca, (who would force some gold into the hand of Jocelyn.) We wish not for your services gratis.

Jocelyn. Nor I your gold, without service.

Francisca. One for the other.

Jocelyn. I cannot. My master has ordered me to remove his things. This I am now doing; and, therefore, I pray that you will not hinder me any longer. When I have finished my work, I will say to him, perhaps, that he can come hither. He is near by—at the coffee-house; and when he has nothing better to do, it may be that he will come. (*Will go forth.*)

Francisca. But stay. This gracious Fraulein is the Major's sister.

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Fraulein. Yes, yes—his sister.

Jocelyn. I know better than that, for the Major has no sister. During the last six months, he has sent me twice to his family at Courland. True, there are many kinds of sisters.

Francisca. Impudence!

Jocelyn. Must one not be so, if people will not let him alone? [*Exit.*

Francisca. He is alone!

Landlord. I think so. But let him go! I know now where his master is. I will bring him here myself, at once. Only, kind lady, I request most humbly, that you will, in that case, excuse me to the Major—that I have been so unfortunate, as against my will, a man of his worth—

Fraulein. But go quickly, Herr landlord, I will make this all right again. (*Exit Landlord.*) Francisca, run after him! He must not mention my name to him. (*Francisca follows the Landlord.*)

SCENE VII.—THE FRAULEIN, *and soon after* FRANCISCA.

Fraulein. I shall receive him again!—Am I alone? I will not be alone in vain, (*folding her hands.*) Thus I am not alone! (*looking upwards.*) A grateful thought towards heaven is the most perfect prayer! I have found him! I have found him! (*with outstretched hands.*) I am fortunate and happy! What sight can be more pleasing to the Creator than one of his creatures happy? (*Francisca comes in.*) Are you here again, Francisca? It grieves you? It does not grieve me. Misfortune is also good. Perhaps heaven has deprived him of everything, in order to restore to him all again through me!

Francisca. He may be here soon. You are yet in your dishabille, gracious Fraulein. Had you not better dress now?

Fraulein. Go! I pray you. Henceforth, he will see me oftener thus, than adorned.

Francisca. Oh, you know yourself, my Fraulein,

Fraulein (*after some reflection.*) Truly, maiden, you have hit it again.

Francisca. If we are beautiful, we are most so, when unadorned.

Fraulein. Must we then be beautiful?—But, that we think ourselves so, is perhaps necessary.—No, if to him, if only to him, I am beautiful—Francisca, if all maidens have such emotions as I now have, then are we, singular creatures—tender and proud, virtuous and vain, voluptuous and pious. You do not understand me. I do not quite understand myself. Joy makes me dizzy—giddy.

Francisca. Recover yourself, my Fraulein, I hear them coming.

Fraulein. Recover myself? Should I receive him calmly?

SCENE VIII.—MAJOR VON TELLHEIM. LANDLORD. T FRAULEIN. FRANCISCA.

Major. (*Steps in, and, observing her, hastens towa* ! my Minna!

Fraulein. (*Flying towards him.*) Ah! my Tellh

Major. (*Starts suddenly, and steps back again.*) I Fraulein—to find the Fraulein Von Barnhelm here?

Fraulein. Can it be so very unexpected to you? *wards him, while he continues to retire.*) I will forgi your Minna! Heaven forgive you that I am still th helm.

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Major. Gracious Fraulein! *(Looks earnestly at the Landlord, and shrugs his shoulders.)*

Fraulein (observes the Landlord, and winks to Francisca.) Sir!

Major. Are we not both mistaken?

Francisca. Why, Herr landlord, whom do you bring to us? Quick, come, let us seek the right one.

Landlord. Is it not the right one? Ah! indeed!

Francisca. Ah! no, indeed! Come quickly, I have not bid your young daughter good morning yet.

Landlord. Oh! too much honor! *(but without leaving his place.)*

Francisca, (taking hold of him.) Come, we will make out a bill of fare. Let us see what we will have.

Landlord. You can have—for the first—

Francisca. Hush! be still! If the Fraulein knows beforehand what she is to have for dinner, then is her appetite entirely taken away. Come, you must talk with me, alone, about this. *(Leads him forcibly away.)*

SCENE IX.—MAJOR VON TELLHEIM. THE FRAULEIN.

Fraulein. Now, are we still mistaken?

Major. Would to Heaven it were so! But it bestows but one, and that is you.

Fraulein. What formality! No one can hear what we have to say to each other.

Major. Are you here! What do you seek in this place, gracious Fraulein?

Fraulein. I seek nothing more. *(Approaching him, with open arms.)* All which I seek I have found.

Major (drawing back.) You seek a prosperous man—one worthy of your love; and find—a miserable wretch.

Fraulein. You love me, then, no longer? And you love another?

Major. Ah! he has not loved you, my Fraulein, who could afterwards love another.

Fraulein. You pluck but one thorn from my heart. If I have lost your love, what matters it to me whether indifference or the more powerful charms of another, is the cause of it? You no longer love me, and still you love no other? Unhappy man, if you love nothing at all!—

Major. True, gracious Fraulein; the unhappy must love nothing at all. He deserves his misfortune, if he cannot obtain this victory over himself—if he would be content that she whom he loved should share in his misfortune. How hard is this victory to be won! Since reason and necessity have commanded me to forget Minna Von Barnhelm, what efforts I have made to do so! I had just begun to hope that these efforts would not be entirely in vain; and you appear, my Fraulein!

Fraulein. Do I understand you aright? Stop, my friend, let us see where we are before we are any farther mistaken! Will you answer me one question?

Major. Every one, my Fraulein.

Fraulein. Will you answer me without prevarication, without evasion? with nothing but a simple yes or no?

Major. I will, if I can.

Fraulein. You can. Well, notwithstanding the efforts which you have made to forget me, do you still love me, Tellheim?

Major. My Fraulein, this question—

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Fraulein. You have promised to answer with nothing but yes or no.

Major. But added, if I can.

Fraulein. You can; you must know what is passing in your heart. Do you still love me, Tellheim? Yes or no.

Major. If my heart—

Fraulein. Yes or no!

Major. Yes, then.

Fraulein. Yes?

Major. Yes, yes! Alone—

Fraulein. Patience! You love me still: enough for me. Into what kind of a tone have I fallen with you? An unwilling, melancholy, infectious tone. I shall resume my own again. Now, my beloved unfortunate, you love me still, and still possess your Minna, and are unfortunate? Hear, then, what a conceited, foolish thing your Minna was—is. She allowed herself—she still allows herself to imagine that she is all your fortune. Set forth at once your calamities. ~~You may~~ see how much she outweighs them. Now?

Major. My Fraulein, I am not accustomed to complain.

Fraulein. Very well. I know of nothing, except boasting, which pleases me less in a soldier, than complaints. But it gives rather a cold, careless manner, to speak of his bravery and his misfortunes.

Major. This is, in reality, nothing but boasting and complaining.

Fraulein. Oh, my disputer! you should not, then, by any means, have called yourself unfortunate. You should either be entirely silent, or else communicate the whole. Reason, necessity, command you to forget me? I am a great admirer of reason; I have the highest regard for necessity. But let us hear how reasonable is this reason, how necessary is this necessity.

Major. Well, then, listen, my Fraulein. You call me Tellheim; the name agrees. But you suppose that I am the same Tellheim whom you knew in your own country; the prosperous man, full of claims—full of ambition; whose whole frame—whose whole soul, was strong; to whom the lists of honor and of fortune stood open; who, if he were not already worthy of your heart and hand, yet might hope daily to become more so. This Tellheim I am, even as little as I am my father. Both have been. I am Tellheim, dismissed from service—his honor tarnished—a cripple and a beggar. To the former, my Fraulein, you promised yourself; would you keep your promise to the latter?

Fraulein. This sounds very tragical. However, my friend, until I find again the former, I am so foolish as to be content with this Tellheim. This, indeed, must help me out of the difficulty. Thy hand, beloved beggar? (*taking his hand.*)

Major. (*Putting his hat to his face with the other hand, he turns from her.*) This is too much! Where am I? Let me go, Fraulein; your goodness tortures me! Let me go!

Fraulein. What ails you? whither would you go?

Major. From you?

Fraulein. From me! (*Pressing his hand to her heart.*) Dreamer.

Major. Despair will throw me dead at your feet.

Fraulein. For me?

Major. For you. That I shall never, never see you again. Or, at least to resolve, firmly to resolve—to commit no baseness; to allow you to commit no imprudence. Let me go, Minna! (*Tears himself away, and leaves her.*)

Fraulein (*calling to him.*) Shall Minna let you go? Tellheim! Tellheim.

END OF ACT II.

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NINEVEH.*

Among the many marvels that in this wonder-abounding age have rewarded the enterprise of commerce and the research of the virtuoso, surely those related in the volumes of Mr. Layard are of the most interesting and exciting character. Through more than twenty centuries have vague accounts of the once famous capital of the Assyrian Empire, the abode of kings, the imperial city of Western Asia, been transmitted to the present generation. That the city once existed, tradition and written history, sacred and profane, agree; but in regard to its orgin, progress, and extinction, but little has been known. Herodotus ascribes its foundation to Ninus, son of Belus; but according to the Bible, Genesis, x. xi.: "Asshar (the grandson of Cush) went forth out of the land of Shinar, and builded Nineveh." Its subsequent history is lost in the obscurity of succeeding ages. We have been assured by Aristotle, that Herodotus wrote a history of the Assyrian Empire, but scarcely any trace of such a work has come down to modern times;—and of a city, which the Prophet Jonah described as "an exceeding great city, of three days journey;" which Stabo described as larger even than Babylon, and which, according to Diodorus, was fifty-four miles in circuit—the very site has been problematical. The Prophet Jonah, iv. 11, states that Nineveh "had more than six-score thousand persons that could not distinguish between their right hand and their left." This vague expression has been assumed by history-makers to refer to children of ten years of age; and taking this part of the inhabitants at one-fourth, the population has been assumed to have been 480,000 persons; and, on the same expressions, others, including the learned and valuable work, *L'Art de Verifier les Dates*, have estimated the population as high as 2,400,000. Nevertheless, Nineveh appears to have been regarded as the capital of the Assyrian Empire down to 612 B. C., when she fell into the hands of Ahasuerus; and the Assyrian Empire gave way to that of the Medes and Persians, three centuries after Jonah's prophecy of her destruction. According to Nahum, ii. 9, 10, the city was completely plundered by the Median conqueror, who took "spoil of silver and gold, and none end of the store and glory out of all the pleasant furniture," making her "empty, and void, and waste." It has long been supposed, however, that the city was not entirely destroyed; that the vast commerce which elicited the apostrophe of Nahum, iii. 6, "Thou hast multiplied thy merchants above the stars of heaven," did not entirely cease, but lingered in the lap of a new city, raised on the ruins of the old; and that the ruins which have for centuries attracted the attention of the traveller on the banks of the Tigris, are those of this posthumous city. These ruins, situated on the east bank of the Tigris, opposite the city of Mosul, are about four miles in circuit, presenting at first sight a range of hills, from which stones and pieces of gypsum, with inscriptions in ancient characters, have been constantly dug out. Mosul itself, situated on the

* Nineveh and its Remains: with an Account of a Visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan and Yezidis, or Devil-worshippers; and an Enquiry into the Manners and Arts of the Ancient Assyrians. By Austen Henry Layard, Esq., D. C. L. Two vols. George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway, New-York.

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Tigris, 193 miles north of Bagdad, has a population of some 35,000, having a considerable trade, and is governed by a pasha of two tails. The geological formation of the country consists of solid beds of Marrine, compact and granular calcarious gypsum, arranged in horizontal strata, and extensively quarried as marble, forming the common building-stone of Mosul, as it did also of the ancient Nineveh. The whole surrounding country has for twelve centuries been traversed by roving bands of Arabs, whose amusement was war, and whose trade was plunder. The thought, that beneath the tent pitched for temporary rest, were the remains of a palace, once the residence of the ruler of half the world, appears never to have arisen in the breasts of the inhabitants. A travelling European, some centuries since, first conjectured that the remarkable range of hills on the east bank of the Tigris, might conceal the remains of a great city, and others have since reiterated the "guess." These vague traditions, and illusory surmises, have alone indicated the former existence of a mighty people. About five years since, however, M. Botta, nephew of the celebrated historian of Italy, was appointed Consul of France for Mosul. That gentleman, indulging an antiquarian taste, after some unproductive researches, discovered, near Mosul, in the little village of Khorsabad, what were evidently the remains of a palace, built by one of the monarchs of Nineveh, the glories of whose reign apparently being sculptured in the marble of the neighborhood, used as the material of the building. M. Botta lost no time in laying his discoveries before the *Academie* of France, through M. Mohl. That body, always alive to the importance of scientific progress, at once applied to the government for aid, and the Minister of Public Instruction immediately placed at the disposal of M. Botta ample funds to meet the cost of extensive excavations.

Mr. Layard, the author of the great work before us, was at that time in Mosul, on his way to Constantinople. Several years wanderings had made him familiar with the East, its localities, people, and languages, and the remarkable ruins in the neighborhood of the Tigris had not escaped his notice; but he appears not to have been possessed of means to prosecute his research. The discoveries of M. Botta seem to have given a new impulse to his ambition as a discoverer, and the glory acquired by France in discovering an Assyrian edifice, the first, probably, which had been exposed to the view of man since the fall of the Assyrian Empire, seems to have prompted Sir Stratford Canning to purchase, for himself and England, an identity with the discovery, provided it could be done at small expense. He was probably ambitious of a reputation antithetical to that claimed by the great Canning, who, when alluding to his recognition of the independence of the Spanish American Colonies, exclaimed, "I have called a New World into existence, to maintain the balance of the Old." If France could not be forestalled in the glory of the discovery, the splendor of the achievement might, at least, be shared by the claims of England. He accordingly agreed to furnish, for a limited time, the means to enable Mr. Layard to commence excavations at Nimroud, the largest of the mounds, and that which had particularly fixed his attention. This is situated on the river, about 18 miles below Mosul. Thus provided, Mr. Layard hastened back to the scene of action, and presented his credentials to the Governor of Mosul, the description of whom so well illustrates the people among whom Mr. Layard was thrown, as well as the gay and picturesque style in which his wondrous narrative is given to the reader, that we make the extract.

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"Mohammed Pasha, being a native of Candia, was usually known as Keritli Oglu, (the son of the Cretan,) to distinguish him from his celebrated predecessor of the same name, who was called during his lifetime, 'Injeh Bairakdar,' or the Little Standard-bearer, from the rank he had once held in the irregular cavalry. The appearance of his excellency was not prepossessing, but it matched his temper and conduct. Nature had placed hypocrisy beyond his reach. He had one eye and one ear; he was short and fat, deeply marked by the small-pox, uncouth in gestures and harsh in voice. His fame had reached the seat of his government before him. On the road he had revived many good old customs and impositions, which the reforming spirit of the age had suffered to fall into decay. He particularly insisted on *dish-parassi*, or a compensation in money, levied upon all villages in which a man of such rank is entertained, for the wear and tear of his teeth in masticating the food he condescends to receive from the inhabitants. On entering Mosul, he had induced several of the principal aghas who had fled from the town on his approach, to return to their homes; and having made a formal display of oaths and protestations, cut their throats to show how much his word could be depended upon. At the time of my arrival, the population was in a state of terror and despair. Even the appearance of a casual traveller led to hopes, and reports were whispered about the town of the deposition of the tyrant. Of this the pasha was aware, and hit upon a plan to test the feelings of the people towards him. He was suddenly taken ill one afternoon, and was carried to his harem almost lifeless. On the following morning the palace was closed, and the attendants answered inquiries by mysterious motions, which could only be interpreted in one fashion. The doubts of the Mosuleans gradually gave way to general rejoicings; but at mid-day, his excellency, who had posted his spies all over the town, appeared in perfect health in the market-place. A general trembling seized the inhabitants. His vengeance fell principally upon those who possessed property, and had hitherto escaped his rapacity. They were seized and stripped, on the plea that they had spread reports detrimental to his authority."

This worthy gentleman, like most of the Arabs, could by no means comprehend what the stone-hunting "Frank" would be at; and he was no wiser when Mr. Layard departed to descend the Tigris upon a raft, to Nimroud, where he engaged a poor Arab Sheikh and six workmen to commence operations.

In the course of the first morning, what was evidently the top of a chamber was discovered; and before the close of the second evening, Mr. Layard found himself standing in a room built of alabaster slabs, the centres of which were covered with writing. The Arabs meanwhile were lost in amazement as to the motives that impelled this earth-digging, and could not be persuaded that gold was not the real object in view. This impression caused Mr. Layard infinite trouble, notwithstanding his promise to the Pacha that he should have all the treasure that might be discovered, until a new pacha had been sent to displace the "son of the Cretan." This change appears to have been, not so much "for political opinion" as for "cause," the government at Constantinople being dissatisfied with the state of the province. The last time Mr. Layard saw the ex-office holder, he was sitting in a ruined chamber, through which the rain penetrated, not declaring "the country ruined," and threatening, in the manner of the Van Buren Correspondence, to "build up anew;" but moralizing in this wise: "Thus it is with God's creatures," said he; "yesterday, all those dogs were kissing my feet; to-day, every one and everything falls on me, even the rain!"

It may well be imagined with what intense feelings Mr. Layard might contemplate the bas-reliefs and painted sculptures revealed upon the walls, as the progressive work of the Arabs exposed chamber after chamber, in a

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palace, in which Ezekiel describes Aholibah, thousands of years ago, to have seen "men portrayed upon the walls, the images of the Chaldeans portrayed with vermillion." He saw these walls crowded with gorgeous phantoms of the past, depicted still in the oriental pomp of their richly-embroidered robes, still at their audiences, battles, sieges, and lion-hunts, as when they were mighty hunters, warriors, and statesmen before the Lord. He saw the portly forms of kings and viziers, so life-like, and carved in such fine relief, that he could almost imagine them stepping from the walls to question the rash intruder on their privacy. Mingled with them also were other monstrous shapes, the Assyrian deities of old, with human bodies, long drooping wings, and the heads and beaks of eagles; and he saw, still faithfully guarding the portals of halls deserted and empty for more than three thousand years, the colossal forms of winged lions and bulls, with gigantic human faces. As these wonders were developed, the Arabs became as intensely interested in the discoveries as their employer. On the morning after the first discovery of a full length figure, Mr. Layard being absent on a visit to a neighboring chief, the events occurred as described by himself, as follows:

"On the morning following these discoveries, I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-ur-Rahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped. 'Hasten, O Bey,' exclaimed one of them, 'hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! We have seen him with our eyes. There is no God but God;' and both joining in this pious exclamation, they gallopped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

"On reaching the ruins, I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me, as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsobad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art, scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded, and without ornament at the top.

"I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country, as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and ran off towards Mosul, as fast as his legs could carry him. I learnt this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

"Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth, which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-ur-Rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head, they all cried together, 'There is no God but God, and Mahommed is his Prophet!' It was some time before the sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw

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was of stone. 'This is not the work of men's hands,' exclaimed he, 'but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet. peace be with him! has said, that they were higher than the tallest date tree; this is one of the idols which Noah, peace be with him! cursed before the flood.' In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred.

"I now ordered a trench to be dug due south from the head, in the expectation of finding a corresponding figure, and before nightfall reached the object of my search about twelve feet distant. Engaging two or three men to sleep near the sculptures, I returned to the village and celebrated the day's discovery by a slaughter of sheep, of which all the Arabs near partook. As some wandering musicians chanced to be at Selamiyah, I sent for them, and dances were kept up during the greater part of the night. On the following morning, Arabs from the other side of the Tigris, and the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, congregated on the mound. Even the women could not repress their curiosity, and came in crowds, with their children, from afar. My cawass was stationed during the day in the trench, into which I would not allow the multitude to descend.

"As I had expected, the report of the discovery of the gigantic head, carried by the terrified Arab to Mosul, had thrown the town into commotion. He had scarcely checked his speed before reaching the bridge. Entering breathless into the bazars, he announced to every one he met that Nimrod had appeared. The news soon got to the ears of the cadi, who, anxious for a fresh opportunity to annoy me, called the mufti and the ulema together, to consult upon this unexpected occurrence. Their deliberations ended in a procession to the governor, and a formal protest, on the part of the Mussulmans of the town, against proceedings so directly contrary to the laws of the Koran. The cadi had no distinct idea whether the bones of the mighty hunter had been uncovered, or only his image; nor did Ismail Pasha very clearly remember whether Nimrod was a true believing prophet or an infidel. I consequently received a somewhat unintelligible message from his excellency, to the effect that the remains should be treated with respect, and be by no means further disturbed, and that he wished the excavations to be stopped at once, and desired to confer with me on the subject."

This wonderful discovery was speedily succeeded by others, no less calculated to excite the imagination, not only of simple Arabs, but of civilized Europeans. Mr. Layard offers the following reflections upon these events:

"I ascertained by the end of March, the existence of a second pair of winged human-headed lions, differing from those previously discovered in form, the human shape being continued to the waist and furnished with arms. In one hand each figure carried a goat or stag, and in the other, which hung down by the side, a branch with three flowers. They formed a northern entrance into the chamber of which the lions previously described were the southern portal. I completely uncovered the latter, and found them to be entire. They were about twelve feet in height, and the same number in length. The body and limbs were admirably portrayed; the muscles and bones, although strongly developed to display the strength of the animal, showed at the same time a correct knowledge of its anatomy and form. Expanded wings sprung from the shoulder and spread over the back; a knotted girdle, ending in tassels, encircled the loins. These sculptures, forming an entrance, were partly in full and partly in relief. The head and fore-part, facing the chamber, were in full; but only one side of the rest of the slab was sculptured, the back being placed against the wall of sun-dried bricks. That the spectator might have both a perfect front and side-view of the figures, they were furnished with five legs; two were carved on the end of the slab to face the chamber, and three on the side. The relief of the body and three limbs was high and bold, and the slab was covered, in all parts not occupied by the image, with inscriptions in the cuneiform character. These magnificent specimens of Assyrian art were in perfect preservation; the most minute lines in the details of the wings and in the ornaments had been retained with their original freshness. Not a character was wanting in the inscriptions.

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"I used to contemplate for hours these mysterious emblems, and muse over their intent and history. What more noble forms could have ushered the people into the temple of their gods? What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature, by men who sought, unaided by the light of revealed religion, to embody their conception of the wisdom, power, and ubiquity of a Supreme Being? They could find no better type of intellect and knowledge than the head of the man; of strength, than the body of the lion: of rapidity of motion, than the wings of the bird. These winged human-headed lions were not idle creations, the offspring of mere fancy; their meaning was written upon them. They had awed and instructed races which had flourished 3,000 years ago. Through the portals which they guarded, kings, priests, and warriors, had borne sacrifices to their altars, long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated to Greece, and had furnished its mythology with symbols long recognized by the Assyrian votaries. They may have been buried, and their existence may have been unknown, before the foundation of the eternal city. For twenty-five centuries they had been hidden from the eye of man, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty."

The scanty means at the disposal of Mr. Layard were somewhat augmented by a small grant from the English government, through the British Museum. It proved, however, inadequate to very extensive researches, and was far inferior to the sums which the French government had placed at the disposal of M. Botta, to whom they sent scientific men, and even offered to purchase the whole village. Probably, however, as far as results are yet known, Mr. Layard's operations have been as successful as those of the first discoverer and pioneer, M. Botta. The work gives a list of 82 pieces of sculpture sent forward to England, to be placed in the British Museum, and a good number of which are represented in the illustrations of this valuable edition of Mr. Putnam. Perhaps one of the most important discoveries was that of an obelisk of black marble, 7 feet high, sculptured on the four sides. There were in all 20 small bas-reliefs, and above, below, and beneath, an inscription of 210 lines in length. The king is twice represented followed by attendants, and men leading various animals. Mr. Layard conjectures it was intended to commemorate the conquest of India, or some country far to the east of Assyria, and on the confines of the Indian Peninsula. It may possibly be of that country whence the English arms are now being driven by the determined valor of the oppressed natives.

The work of Mr. Layard has two prominent and distinct characters. Its narration of wonderful discoveries is of high and absorbing interest; but as a book of modern travels, abounding in lively and piquant descriptions of the manners and habits of a people always regarded with intense interest, it is second to none. The magic influence of the "Arabian Nights," calls up the most gorgeous phantoms whenever the east is in question. Who thinks of a visit to Bagdad, without expecting an account of Haroun? Of that people, their ways, ideas, and intellectual and physical condition, Mr. Layard at once makes us agreeably familiar. The following gives an idea of their domestic relations:

"As soon as the workmen saved a few piasters, their thoughts were turned to the purchase of a new wife, a striped cloak, and a spear. To accomplish this their ingenuity was taxed to the utmost extent. The old wife naturally enough raised objections, and picked a quarrel with the intended bride, which generally ended in an appeal to physical force. Then the fathers and brothers were dragged into the affair; from them it extended to the various branches of the tribe, always anxious to fight for their own honor, and for the honor of their women. At other times, a man repented himself of his bargain, and refused to fulfil it; or a father, finding his future son-in-law increasing in wealth, demanded a higher price for his daughter—

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a breach of faith which would naturally lead to violent measures on the part of the disappointed lover. Then a workman who had returned hungry from his work, and found his bread unbaked, or the water-skin still lying empty at the entrance of his tent, or the bundle of faggots for his evening fire yet ungathered, would, in a moment of passion, pronounce three times the awful sentence, and divorce his wife; or, avoiding such extremities, would content himself with inflicting summary punishment with a tent pole. In the first case he probably repented himself of his act an hour or two afterwards, and wished to be remarried; or to prove that, being an ignorant man, he had mispronounced the formula, or omitted some words—both being good grounds to invalidate the divorce, and to obviate the necessity of any fresh ceremonies. But the mullah had to be summoned, witnesses called, and evidence produced. The beating was almost always the most expeditious, and really, to the wife, the most satisfactory way of adjusting the quarrel. I had almost nightly to settle such questions as these. Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, who had obtained an immense influence over the Arabs, and was known amongst all the tribes, was directed to ascertain the merits of the story, and to collect the evidence. When this process had been completed, I summoned the elders, and gave judgment in their presence. The culprit was punished summarily, or, in case of a disputed bargain, was made to pay more, or to refund, as the case required.

"It is singular, considering the number of cases thus brought before me, that only on one occasion did either of the parties refuse to abide by my decision. I was siting one evening in my tent, when a pretty Arab girl rushed into my presence, and throwing herself at my feet, uttered the most dismal lamentations. An old Arab woman, her mother, entered soon after, and a man endeavored to force his way in, but was restrained by the brawny arms of the bairakdar. It was some time before I could learn from either the girl or her mother, who were both equally agitated, the cause of their distress. The father, who was dead, had, during his lifetime, agreed to marry his daughter to the man who had followed them to my tent; and the price, fixed at two sheep, a donkey, and a few measures of wheat, had been partly paid. The Arab, who was a stranger, and did not belong to any of the branches of the Jebour from which I had chosen my workmen, had now come to claim his bride; but the girl had conceived a violent hatred for him, and absolutely refused to marry. The mother, who was poor, did not know how to meet the difficulty; for the donkey had already been received, and had died during his work. She was therefore inclined to give up her daughter, and was about to resign her into the hands of her husband, when the girl fled from their tent, and took refuge with me. Having satisfied myself that the man was of a bad character, and known as a professed thief in a small way, (as discreditable a profession as that of a robber on a large scale is honorable,) and the girl declaring that she would throw herself into the river rather than marry him, I ordered the mother to give back a donkey, with two sheep by way of interest for the deceased animal, and furnish her privately with the means of doing so. They were tendered to the complainant; but he refused to accept them, although the tribe approved of the decision. As the girl appeared to fear the consequences of the steps she had taken, I yielded to her solicitations, and allowed her to remain under my roof. In the night the man went to the tent of the mother, and stabbed her to the heart. He then fled into the desert. I succeeded after some time in catching him, and he was handed over to the authorities at Mosul; but, during the confusion which ensued on the death of Tahyar Pasha, he escaped from prison, and I heard no more of him. The Arabs, on account of this tragical business, were prejudiced against the girl, and there was little chance of her being again betrothed. I married her, therefore, to an inhabitant of Mosul."

A considerable portion of several chapters is devoted to the religious tenets of the mountaineers, particularly of the Chaldeans; and the writer, notwithstanding the strong English feeling that governs his pen, could not, while he sneered at the ostentation of the American buildings, withhold a deserved compliment to the missionaries, particularly to the great worth of the late Dr. Grant.

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Mr. Layard had a sort of official attendant in the person of Ibrahim Agha, a bold, fierce warrior, who had earned a reputation, and made his name dreaded, by repeated daring and successful exploits. Travelling in the mountains on a visit to the Yezidis, or Devil-worshippers, a remarkable set of mountaineers, whose customs and doctrines have never till now been detailed, he encountered many perils which were not without their attraction in the way of amusement.

"More than once we turned back in despair, before the slippery rocks and precipitous ascents. Ibrahim Agha, embarrassed by his capacious boots, which, made after the fashion of the Turks, could have contained the extremities of a whole family, was more beset with difficulties than all the party. When he attempted to ride a mule, unused to a pack-saddle, he invariably slid over the tail of the animal, and lay sprawling on the ground, to the great amusement of Yakoub Rais, with whom his adventures were a never-failing source of anecdote in the village assemblies. If he walked, either his boots became wedged into the crevices of the rocks, or filled with gravel, to his no small discomfort. At length, in attempting to cross a bed of loose stones, he lost all presence of mind, and remained fixed in the middle, fearful to advance or retreat. The rubbish yielded to his grasp, and he looked down into a black abyss, towards which he found himself gradually sinking with the avalanche he had put in motion. There was certainly enough to frighten any Turk, and Ibrahim Agha clung to the face of the declivity —the picture of despair. 'What's the Kurd doing?' cried a Tiyari, with whom all Mussulmans were Kurds, and who was waiting to pass on; 'is there anything here to turn a man's face pale? This is dashta, dashta,' (a plain, a plain.) Ibrihim Agha, who guessed from the words Kurd and dashta, the meaning of which he had learnt, the purport of the Christian's address, almost forgot his danger in his rage and indignation. 'Gehannem with your dashta!' cried he, still clinging to the moving stones, 'and dishonor upon your wife and mother. Oh! that I could only get one way or the other, to show this Infidel what it is to laugh at the beard of an Osmanli, and to call him a Kurd in the bargain!' With the assistance of the mountaineers, he was at length rescued from his perilous position, but not restored to good humor. By main force the mules were dragged over this and similar places; the Tiyari seizing them by the halter and tail, and throwing them on their sides."

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"I was riding home from the ruins one evening with Mr. Longworth. The Arabs, returning from their day's work, were following a flock of sheep belonging to the people of the village, shouting their war-cry, flourishing their swords, and indulging in the most extravagant gesticulations. My friend, less acquainted with the excitable temperament of the children of the desert than myself, was somewhat amazed at these violent proceedings, and desired to learn their cause. I asked one of the most active of the party. 'O Bey,' they exclaimed, almost all together, 'God be praised, we have eaten butter and wheaten bread under your shadow and are content—but an Arab is an Arab. It is not for a man to carry about dirt in baskets, and to use a spade all his life; he should be with his sword and his mare in the desert. We are sad as we think of the days when we plundered the Anayza, and we must have excitement, or our hearts would break. Let us then believe that these are the sheep we have taken for the enemy, and that we are driving them to our tents!' And off they ran, raising their wild cry and flourishing their swords, to the no small alarm of the shepherd, who saw his sheep scampering in all directions, and did not seem inclined to enter into the joke."

The length of these extracts cautions us to commend the volumes themselves to our readers; and in a subsequent number we will recur to the second volume, which is of the nature of a general dissertation upon the whole range of subjects afforded by the discoveries. For the appearance of which, the intense interest excited by the first volume has produced the utmost impatience.

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POPULAR PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

JOHN WENTWORTH, OF ILLINOIS.

We present our readers, this month, with the portrait of Colonel John Wentworth, who has been a member of the past three Congresses, and who in August last was returned to the next Congress. He was born in that part of New-Hampshire known as the Switzerland of America, among those highlands separating those beautiful and picturesque bodies of water, dotted with hundreds of little islands, which are known as Squam and Winnipisseogee Lakes. As the traveller from the capital of the state reaches the first of that extensive range of mountains which he never loses sight of until he arrives at Mount Washington itself, known as the Red Mountain, he beholds a promontory of comparatively low lands, nearly equally divided between hills, vales and little lakes, jutting up among precipitous and rugged mountains, and from which there seems no outlet except in the direction of the entrance. At the extreme end of this peninsular strip of land, bounded almost entirely by mountains, with no house, no road, nor any place beyond save the mountain's craggy side, less than a quarter of a mile to the right of the road that now leads through a hardly passable gorge to Thornton, in the town of Sandwich and county of Carroll, was Col. Wentworth born, March 5th, 1815, in sight of almost perpetual snows. Seldom, indeed, are all those towering peaks that line the town of Sandwich snowless, and few are the fields that miss the frosts for six months in a year. It blights the blossoms in the spring, and the unripe fruit in autumn. Few are the agricultural products adapted to its short and cool summers, and to its winters, vieing almost with those of Franconia, known as the coldest place in the Union. The soil is sterile and rocky; and its original settlers, in 1768, declare that they found it a dense mass of rocks and trees, with no bare spot save its lakes and rivers. Yet, if nothing else, men have grown there. We might say, taking the Illinois congressman as a specimen, who stands six feet and six inches, (and it is said that he is but little beyond the average height for the town,) men have *towered* there; and patriots have grown there; for the town of Sandwich has furnished men for every battle-field in the Revolutionary war, and in the last war, and in the late Mexican war. It is said, that no town of its population in the Union can boast of more surviving soldiers of the revolution. Its sons have emigrated to every state of the Union, and have been pioneers in the settlement of all our territories: Oregon, California and New-Mexico not excepted; and as sailors, they have visited every port in the known world. Wherever they have gone, they have made a hardy race of men, with constitutions of iron, and an industry that knows no fatigue. The revolutionary war had taken away too many of its young and most athletic settlers to have many improvements in the town in June, 1812, when the father of Col. Wentworth, with a few thousand dollars which he had earned by the strictest industry and economy in the mercantile business at Dover, N. H., threaded his way on horseback far beyond where the wheels of any carriage had yet rattled. He gathered what workmen he

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could around him, and commenced felling the trees and kindling fires on the mountain sides and in the valleys. Having cleared and stocked him a farm sufficient to make a beginning, he proceeded to Dover in 1814, and married him a wife; then commenced the dairy business; and in doors and out human exertion was stretched to its utmost tension. There were no stores, no hotels, and no places of recreation, where one could while away a leisure hour, or which could entice one from the paths of industry. Work was the only recreation, and sleep the only rest. The evening shade was the signal for general retirement, and the day dawn found all breakfasted and the oxen yoked at the door. Amid such habits, and upon such a theatre, was the subject of this sketch born and reared. At the age of seven, he was alone and on foot, carrying the dinners, for miles, to the gangs of men on the mountain, or in the log swamps, amid every severity of weather. At ten, he accompanied the workmen from morning until night, and was celebrated far and near for the vast amount of work performed by him at such an age. The success of the sons of New-Hampshire, after their emigration to other states, is often wondered at by those who know not the sterility of the soil and the severity of the climate peculiar to their birth-place, and the untiring industry, rigid economy and close calculation to which stern necessity has inured them from their youth. The surest preventive of bad habits is industry. Young men kept closely at work have no time to be vicious. Let the money they expend be the product of their own industry, and they never will be prodigals; especially, if that sweat has moistened the spots of sterile soil that lay scattered among the rocks and mountains of New-Hampshire. Col. Wentworth is celebrated as one of the most industrious and untiring men in the state of Illinois. And why so? He has carried habits contracted among the rocks and mountains of New-Hampshire to the prairies of the West, which the God of nature has already cleared, and which almost spontaneously supply the wants of man. These habits, forced upon him by an early conviction of their necessity, he did not leave behind him when he entered the halls of Congress. Look at the journals, that indisputable testimony against every state or national legislator! No name at any one of the last six sessions of Congress will be found oftener recorded by the yeas and nays. He has voted for the earliest hour of daily meeting, and the latest of daily adjournment. He makes no speeches for "Buncombe," and never addresses the House but upon the matter immediately pending. He has favored "Previous Questions," "the Hour Rule," and every other measure that would facilitate public business. One of his standing rules has been, never to vote for an adjournment whilst there was business of any kind to be transacted.

With a majority of such men as Col. Wentworth in Congress, we should "return to the earlier days of the Republic," when congressmen made brief and pointed speeches, and then only for the immediate benefit of those to whom they were spoken;—we should see independent, practical, industrious, straight-forward and common-sense men take the place of the man who obtains his livelihood by trafficking in politics, and whose sole ambition is, to make speeches by the hour, and to trade away his vote and his influence for that source of infinite corruption—Executive patronage.

Wheeler, in his "Biographical and Political History of Congress,"* vol. II., to which we are indebted for many particulars respecting Col. Wentworth and his family, says:

"We mark him down a man of untiring energy, whose mind, once fixed upon

* Biographical and Political History of Congress. Harper Brothers.

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a project, is not apt to be diverted from it, but will make every consideration secondary to its accomplishment. Possessing a good knowledge of parlimentary tactics, and conversant generally with the means of success in any movement he may make, he calculates coolly and afar off, and turns every little circumstance to good account. We have seen him stand up in the face of denunciation and excommunication fierce enough to awe into submission any mind accustomed to acknowledge the obligations of that austere discipline which is characteristic of the Democratic party. If he has winced we never saw him. As a good local representative, he has few superiors—perhaps none."

Col. Wentworth was thirty-four years of age on the day of Gen. Taylor's inauguration. Then he had served six, and had been elected to Congress eight years before he was thirty-four years of age; and, as we shall hereafter show, before he had been a citizen of Illinois twelve years—a compliment of which few men can boast, and which speaks in higher commendation of his congressional career than we can write. Fidelity on the part of a representative to the wishes and interests of his constituents, with democrats, is the highest of recommendations. Of that fidelity none are so well qualified to judge as the constituents themselves; and, in Col. Wentworth's case, their verdict has already been pronounced. Four times in succession has the democracy of the fourth Congressional District, in its regular convention assembled, proclaimed him its standard-bearer, and as often has he been sustained by the people.

He sprung, on both sides of his family, not only from revolutionary, but from strictly democratic stock. He has never yet deviated in any case from the regular nominees of the democratic party, nor has his father, nor did the only one of his grandfathers, who lived beyond the original division of Hamiltonian and Jeffersonian, or federal and republican, or whig and democratic parties. His mother, still living, was Lydia, the youngest daughter of Col. Amos Cogswell, who lived at Dover, and died there, January 28th, 1826. Having heard of the battle of Lexington, at Haverhill, Mass., where he was born Oct. 2d, 1752, he joined the American army as 2d lieutenant in Col. Gerrish's regiment of the Massachusetts line, May 10th, 1775, and afterwards was in Col. Baldwin's regiment in New-York. He was in two small actions with the enemy at Sewall's Point; again in action with the enemy when it landed at Throg's Neck and at White Plains. At Trenton he waded across the river and took two Hessian prisoners under the bridge. In performing this act, he took a cold which afflicted him with rheumatism through life. In 1777, he was appointed captain in Col. Wasson's regiment, went up the Mohawk river, took Ensign Butler, with fourteen Canada rangers and three Indians, as prisoners; was at the raising of the siege of Fort Schuyler; marched from Albany to Ballston with one hundred men, and took forty refugee prisoners, that were going to Canada; was at the taking of Burgoyne; marched into the British encampment with a hundred men—after they marched out, collected together all their arms and made a report to the adjutant-general that same night. He joined Gen. Washington at Whitemarsh; was in the battle at Monmouth; was in a small action near King's Bridge, when the French troops joined the American army. He continued in service until the disbanding of the army in 1783, when he, with two of his brothers, assisted in forming the Society of Cincinnati. During the war, there were no less than six of his brothers in their country's service, sons of Nathaniel Cogswell, of Haverhill, Mass., and his father was John Cogswell, of Ipswich, Mass. He was a firm supporter of the administration of Jefferson and Madison; was a pre-

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sidential elector at the election of Monroe, in 1816; was a State Senator in 1817, '18 and '19, after having been ten years a member of the House of Representatives. As colonel of the "Light Horse" regiment of New-Hampshire, he was called upon in 1786 to take command of the forces ordered out to quell the insurrection at Exeter, N. H.; and he commanded this same regiment, with the father of the late democratic candidate for President, (Gen. Cass,) for his major, when Gen. Washington visited New-Hampshire, in 1789. He married, Nov. 20, 1785, the daughter of Col. Otis Baker, of Dover, N. H., who had previously, in 1775, married Captain Samuel Wallingford, son of Col. Thomas Wallingford, of Somersworth, N. H., who left soon after for the war, and served with great distinction as lieutenant of the marines, under the celebrated John Paul Jones. He aided in the capture of the brig "George," and was killed on board the ship "Ranger," in her successful engagement with the "Drake," on the British coast, April 24, 1778, leaving an infant son, (the late George W. Wallingford, of Kennebunk, Maine.)

The father of Col. Wentworth was the Hon. Paul Wentworth, who has been, for many years, a prominent politician upon the democratic side, and has held many public stations. He was, for a great number of years, in the legislature. He now resides at Concord, N. H., having retired in competence from his agricultural, and more recently mercantile pursuits at Sandwich. When he was but five years of age, his father left his mother with seven small children, he being the youngest, without the means of support. He is the only son who lived to be married; and his advantages for education were only those derived at Exeter Academy, where he was the school-mate of the present senator from Michigan, Gen. Lewis Cass. His father was John Wentworth, Jr., a distinguished lawyer at Dover, who graduated at Harvard in 1768, and who, after acquiring his profession, devoted almost his whole life to his country with very inadequate compensation. He was a member of the Committee of Safety which sat in the recesses of the legislature from January, 1777, to May, 1778, which performed all the duties of government, legislative, executive and judicial. He was one of a committee to prosecute state prisoners in the absence of the Attorney-General (Mr. Livermore,) at Congress, and also, in 1777, was one of the committee to draw up and bring in a bill for the trial and punishment of persons who should, by any misbehavior, in word or deed, be adjudged inimical to the liberties and freedom of the States of America. On the 10th of May, 1778, he was elected a member of Congress, in company with Mr. Whipple; and, before the 14th of the same month, he was chosen for another term, with Josiah Bartlett, with whom he signed the "ORIGINAL ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION." In May following, they proceeded to Yorktown, where Congress was then sitting; but, being taken sick, he was obliged to return home in August. His health improving, he soon returned, and remained until the following spring, when he and his colleague resigned their seats, to impress more fully upon the people at home, and upon the state legislature (to which he was elected as long as he would not decline, whether present or absent,) the actual wants of the country in its struggles with Great Britain. He was Councillor of the State in 1782 and '83. He was Senator in '84 and '85; and was re-elected in 1786, but his health would not permit him to take his seat. He died of consumption, January 10th, 1787, in the 42d year of his age, the most popular man in the state. He had held a very large number of state and county offices, and almost every station of responsibility during the struggle for independence. He was elected to the Legislature from Dover, N. H., in 1776–7–8–9 and '80.

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When he entered the legislature, his father, Judge John Wentworth, Sr., of Somersworth, was speaker, and had been from the year 1771. He was Judge of Probate under the Provincial Government, and afterwards Judge of the Superior Court. He was Councillor under the Revolutionary Government for six years, and held that office when he died, May 17th, 1781, aged sixty-two years. Among his children was Paul Wentworth, of Somersworth, who died the same year, aged thirty-seven years, who was one of the agents of the colonies in Great Britain in 1774, and also one of the provincial councillors. John Wentworth, Sr., was Speaker of the Provincial House of Representatives when Governor John Wentworth dissolved the general assembly, sitting at Portsmouth, because it chose a committee to confer with the other colonies on matters of general importance; and, through his influence, the members were soon assembled at another place, and he was made chairman, and also empowered to draft a circular to the people, requesting them to assemble by delegates to appoint delegates to the general Congress, and appointing a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer. The result of this controversy is a matter of history. His relative and name-sake soon fled to Nova Scotia. The relationship of these two men of the same name, and yet of such opposite sentiments at the beginning of the American revolution, is often misrepresented. Judge John was the son of Captain Benjamin, who died at Dover, 1731, and he was the son of Ezekiel; whilst Gov. John was the son of Mark Hunking, who was the son of the first Governor John, and he was the son of Samuel. Both Ezekiel and Samuel were sons of elder William Wentworth, one of the first settlers of New-Hampshire, who emigrated from Yorkshire, in England, in the year 1628, and who is, in all probability, the ancestor of every man by the name of Wentworth in America, and who died at Dover, 1696, aged ninety years, the father of a large family of children, of whom eight sons lived to have families. Burke, in his "Peerage," connects him with the family of the Earl of Strafford, and the Wentworths who have been more or less conspicuous in England since the days of William the Conqueror. The name is of Saxon origin, and is derived from the words "Guen," signifying white, and "Werth," signifying a plain or a farm, probably referring to some peculiarity of the ancient seat of the family in the county of York, England.

After this digression, in gratification of a geneological taste, which is becoming so fashionable as to give rise to periodicals devoted solely to it, and which ought to be cultivated to such an extent as to link all those who now enjoy the fruits with those who crossed the ocean to clear the ground and plant the tree of liberty, we will proceed with our sketch.

In the winter of 1826–7, whilst in his twelfth year, he was removed with difficulty from the scenes of his laborious agricultural pursuits, and placed at Gilmanton Academy for three months, and again, for six months, at Wolfborough Academy in '27, which he left with a full determination to be a farmer. But, in the spring of 1828, his father again forced his reluctant son from the plough-fields and placed him at New-Hampton Academy. This was the year of the severe political struggle between the friends of President Adams and Gen. Jackson; and in which Col. Wentworth bebecame interested in the promulgation of those sentiments of democracy which he has ever since advocated. At that time, the talent, as well as the wealth of New-England, was upon the federal side: and it will be remembered that such were the odds against the democratic party, that Gen. Jackson obtained but a single electoral vote in the six New-England states. It

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was amid the angry discussions of this day that the importance of a liberal education was demonstrated to him; and thereafter he pursued his studies as a pleasure rather than a task.

He remained at this place, with occasional intervals of hard labor at home, which his father thought the proper developement of his physical strength required, until the spring of 1832. In the winter of '31 and '32, at sixteen years of age, he taught school at New-Hampton, at ten dollars a month, with the average age of his scholars, of both sexes, beyond his, and with several who were legal voters. In the summer of 1832, which was a year of the most intense excitement, growing out of that ever memorable struggle between the people and a national bank, he was at the academy at South Berwick, in Maine, where he contributed articles to democratic newspapers, which leading democrats were proud to have attributed to themselves. He entered Dartmouth College in the autumn of 1832, and graduated, among the first in his class, in 1836. All who knew him there knew him as an active and determined democrat. And it is proverbial, that he who passes through Dartmouth College an avowed democrat, can ever after be trusted to battle against the corporations, associated wealth, and exclusive privileges that are the aliment of the whig party. With the trustees, the faculty, the most of the citizens about the college, and nine-tenths of the students, of opposite politics, he was ever ready for a battle upon political topics. The lyceums, debating societies and neighboring newspapers, as well as his college compositions, all bore testimony to his zeal for radical democracy. As the students held the balance of power in the town of Hanover, where the college was located, there was a very animated contest as to the right to vote, in which young Wentworth took the negative. But the inhabitants in the region of the college contending that the students should be recognized as citizens, he was determined to enjoy all the functions of a citizen. So, on the occasion of the meeting of the citizens of the common school district, to which he, as a citizen, belonged, he rallied what few of the students he could trust, and with the consent of the democratic actual citizens, he took the old managers of the school district by surprise, and had it placed entirely under the control of the students. He himself was made chairman, and opened the meeting with an address, setting forth the deep sense of responsibility which he felt for the manner in which he discharged his duty as a citizen; expressed, in behalf of himself, a willingness to have *his property* taxed as high as that of any other citizen for school purposes, and called upon his fellow-citizen students to vote a tax upon all property in the district, in order to raise the highest sum of money necessary to build a new and splendid school-house, and employ the ablest of school teachers the year round, for the children of themselves and other citizens. This keen satire upon the idea of making citizens of men without families, or property, or a home, caused a great deal of mirth among the democrats, and indignation among the whigs at the time. Mr. Wentworth left that year, after having voted for the first time in his life, and supported, as he has ever done since, the entire regularly nominated democratic ticket.

During his four years in college he taught school three winters, and generally pursued the once very common practice in New-Hampshire, of boarding around among the different families of the district, in proportion to the number of their scholars. This familiarized him with the habits of people in various conditions, and gave him his first lessons in human nature, upon which he has not failed to improve, until he has become celebrated for possessing as perfect a knowledge of the various motives by which

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men in all the different circumstances of life are controlled, as any man of his age in the country. In the winter of 1835 and 1836, whilst he was teaching school at Lebanon, N. H., not yet having reached 21 years of age, he was honored by the democrats of that place with being appointed a delegate to the Senatorial Convention, where he was made Chairman of the Committee, to draft resolutions; and he presented those which were highly complimented by the press, at the time, as being worthy the ablest and most experienced democrats.

It was on the 3d of October, 1836, that he left his father's home in Sandwich, N. H., with about one hundred dollars in his pocket, with no definite plan in view, led by the star of "inevitable destiny."

He made no stop until he arrived at Detroit, where, after repeated trials, he failed to obtain a school to teach. After travelling on foot to various towns within a distance of fifty miles of that place, without success, and his funds growing short, he returned and shipped his trunk for Chicago, and then footed it across the peninsula to that place, where he arrived on the 25th, with his feet covered with blisters, and his whole system so generally debilitated, that a severe fit of sickness followed; and his recovery found his liabilities considerably beyond his means; and from that day to this, which finds him in circumstances inferior to but few men in the state, he has received pecuniary aid from no one. His own untiring industry and great sagacity, have secured him all he has, as well in fortune as in fame.

After regaining his health, he procured a situation in a law office, where he had a good chance to earn money by writing, as well as to acquire a knowledge of that profession But scarcely had he entered upon this situation, when a friend of his from the east purchased the "Chicago Democrat" newspaper establishment, the only democratic paper then in the north part of the state, one which had been started in 1834, before any other paper, and was the only one in Chicago until 1835. This friend invited him to take charge of the editorial department until his return in the spring; and such was the independence and ability with which he managed it, that when the new proprietor failed to meet his payments and the paper reverted to its original owners, they offered the paper to young Wentworth, and he was to own it as fast as he could pay off the amount of their respective shares. Here was a fine field for his native industry, economy and perseverance. In less than three years the entire establishment, costing $2,800, was his, without a copper's aid from any quarter. He had earned it by continuous daily and nightly toil, by denying himself every thing that the most pressing necessity did not demand, and by abstaining from all intercourse with his fellow citizens, save what occurred at his own office upon the business of the office. Whilst he struggled hard to redeem his press, the history of the times shows that he met every question with boldness, and never hesitated to rebuke that spirit of conservatism and expediency that was for temporising with the banks He set out amid those exceedingly good times which banks are always sure to produce, when they are preparing to break and to swindle the agricultural, mechanical and operative classes, for whose benefit corrupt legislators and heartless Shylocks falsely pretend they are established. The ever memorable speculating mania of 1836 was at its height; and he, taking no part in the speculations, was about the only poor man in town. But soon the bubble bursted. Gen. Jackson had ordered that the constitutional currency of the country only should be received for the public lands, in anticipation of the full determination of the banks to suspend the

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moment that their enormous issues should awaken public suspicion, so far as to cause the least demand for the payment of their honest debts. This circular was denounced by whigs, conservatives or bank democrats, and by speculators of every description. The Chicago Democrat was, for a while, the only paper of the state, and one of the very few in the north-west, that justified the circular. Many of the leading democrats remonstrated with him, and often threatened to establish a paper in opposition. But all their remonstrances and threats only nerved him to greater exertion. The banks had got the funds of the government. They had used them as banking capital, when they knew that government might be called upon at any moment to use them in the discharge of its own debts. Not content with this, they wanted the government to circulate their notes for them.

Government refusing so to do, they attempted to play the game of the old national bank, and compel it to rescind the order by distressing the people. By their excessive issues they had prepared themselves to make money by failing, and thought their own iniquity would be hidden amid the general indignation which they strove to excite against the democratic administration. The collapse came. The gold of which so many western speculators dreamed, became dross.

Lots valued at thousands would not pay the taxes upon them, and whole towns would not pay the expense of mapping. Millionaires, without losing one particle of property they ever had, found themselves beggars. There was a general crash all around him; but yet his paper kept up one continual fire upon the banks, though men of more experience in the party predicted that his radicalism would never be sustained.

The whig Governor called an extra session to authorize the banks of that state to do what they had already done without law. His paper advocated the winding up of the banks, as they had violated their charters, and called upon the democracy to stand firm. But there were too many conservatives in the legislature to withstand the pressure of the banks. Mr. Van Buren, in order to secure the public funds in them, was forced to call an extra session, at which the entire democratic delegation of Illinois, in the House of Representatives, left, for a while, the democratic party. The Chicago Democrat assailed them at once, as it also did all their friends at home (and they were many) who followed their example. The excitement throughout the whole state was unprecedented: the whigs received large accessions, and the democrats barely preserved their ascendency. But the war of the "Democrat" upon the banks of that state and upon the men of all parties who sustained them never ceased, until they all rotted to the ground, verifying in their utter insolvency all the articles it had published respecting them. Corrupt and temporizing legislation prolonged their existence a few years; yet the result proved that they were all in too deep water to ever wade ashore before Gen. Jackson issued his circular, and the strife for their existence was more to enable their managers to pocket the dues to the banks, than, as was hypocritically pretended, to relieve the people. About the time of this contest, it was the fortune of Col. Wentworth to differ with many of the leading men of the state and some of his party in another respect.

Great efforts were made to have the legislature suspend the people's debts as well as those of the banks. "Stay laws" under various names were passed, and finally one known as the "two thirds law" was passed. He met this in the same spirit of opposition and denunciation that he did the suspension of the banks. He unremittingly urged its repeal, until, soon

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after the prostration of the banks, the Supreme Court laid it by their side, to await a common resurrection whenever the whigs shall dare renew the connection between the funds of the government and irresponsible corporations.

Another of the effects of the expansion of the currency consequent upon allowing the banks the funds of the general government, was the rage for internal improvements among the states. Many of the legislators of Illinois, believing the rise of land in that state a natural one, favored that system, which was not long in bankrupting it. The Chicago Democrat remonstrated against this system at every step, and urged the state to devote all its energies to the completion of the Illinois and Michigan canal until it was finished. Yet such was the rage for the other works, that even the canal itself was threatened unless they were commenced. Many of the best friends of the canal begged Col. Wentworth to cease his opposition to the other works, in fear that their fate would be its fate. The system, in spite of his opposition, was begun and carried on, until it stopped with the ruined credit of the state. On several occasions since Col. Wentworth has been in Congress, he has avowed himself in favor of taxation, sufficient to enable Illinois to meet her annual interest at once.

During his first winter at Chicago, a city charter was granted, and many of its citizens favored a property qualification for voters. This his paper earnestly resisted; and he so far succeeded, that the qualification was modified to a tax of two dollars. This he battled until the legislature modified the charter by striking it out; and, in the great monetary revolutions of the west, he has lived to see many of the wealthy advocates of this qualification so unfortunate as to have been disfranchised, had the charter been as they originally desired it.

We mention these things as showing the responsibilities that devolved upon a young man fresh from the walls of college, transferred to a land of strangers over a thousand miles from home, and the manner in which he met them. Just of age, without means, without experience and without friends, and at an unexampled crisis in both the monetary and political affairs of the nation, he was placed upon a theatre demanding the greatest degree of moral courage, independence, labor, care and caution. He had his profession to acquire, his press to pay for, and his party to protect, against one of the foulest conspiracies ever formed against it. He discharged his duty as few could have done, even had they the physical constitution capable of his application and endurance.

As his connection with the press was purely accidental, so it was his original intention that it should be merely temporary. He continued, as circumstances would permit, his legal studies by himself, until after the year 1840, when the democracy was overthrown. And, while the Whig party was developing its policy in 1841, he thought he could safely leave his press to pass a year in the law school at Cambridge, Mass. But he had not been there many months before it was intimated to him by many friends in whom he had confidence, that his absence alone would prevent his being the next Congressman from the Chicago District, and that his return was desirable. Soon after his return he was admitted to the bar of Illinois, but his election to Congress and his continued re-elections have allowed him only the name of a lawyer.

Unlike too many men upon entering Congress, Col. Wentworth knew he could never distinguish himself by making speeches to define his position upon the exciting topics of the day, in a Congress composed of the ablest and most experienced statesmen of the country. He only marked

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out for himself a career of usefulness to his own constituents, who had wants, and in his opinion, actual and unrequited deserts. He sought and obtained an extension of the maritime laws over the upper lakes. He sought and obtained a collection district, and a marine hospital, at Chicago. He more than doubled both the mail routes and the post-offices in his district. It has been an invariable custom of his to watch the quarterly returns of the post-offices on each route in his district, and when he found they more than paid for the service, to ask for an increase. He secured a term of United States Courts at Chicago. To enable Illinois the sooner to pay her debts, he was instrumental in the repeal of the law exempting lands from taxation five years after they were sold. Many veterans of the revolutionary and late war with Great Britain can bear testimony to his successful efforts for special laws in their behalf. Before his election his constituents were at great expense for agents in the transaction of their business with the various departments of government; but he has considered himself everybody's gratuitous agent, and is never better pleased than when he can do any one of his constituents a favor, in this or any other respect. If the men engaged in commerce on the upper lakes ever had a friend, they have found him in John Wentworth. Not a lighthouse, beacon or buoy have they ever asked for since he took his seat in Congress, that he has not been instrumental in procuring for them. As to the harbors, his position is as prominent among their supporters as that of any man in the country. He was chairman of the committee to draft the address to the people of the United States, calling the Chicago convention, and was the author of it. He was the master-spirit of the convention from beginning to end, and was alive to every movement that looked like committing that body to doctrines more latitudinarian than those endorsed by Gen. Jackson in the various bills he had signed. Gen. Jackson, be it remembered, never vetoed a bill providing for the improvement of a Lake Harbor; nor has Gen Cass, the much vilified candidate of the democratic party at the last election, ever voted against one. Col. Wentworth has been the strong supporter of all projects for the graduation and the reduction of the price of public lands; for the granting of lands to the states to aid them in their works of internal improvement, and to the soldiers of all wars, and also to all persons who will take an oath that they are landless, providing they will cultivate the same. He has also labored assiduously to extend the time for acquiring a farm under the various pre-emption laws, and to cede to the states the lands lying within them. After what has been written respecting his course prior to 1840, we need not tell our readers that he is a warm friend of the Independent Treasury system; and, when we have said that he is the especial friend of the agricultural and commercial interest, we need not add, that he is a devoted free trade man, and willing to support a repeal of the present tariff law only when one shall be sure to supplant it, that shall conform still more to free trade principles. He introduced a bill, early in his congressional course, in favor of the Warehousing system, and supported the law that subsequently passed.

Opposed to repudiation in any shape at home, he has carried his principles to Congress, and, unlike too many members, he has never thrown any obstacles in the way of those honest claimants upon the government, who are forced to go to Congress for relief. Instead of objecting to a claim because he knows nothing about it, he feels that it is his own fault that he does not, after the case has been reported upon by a committee of Congress; and, when he has not had time to examine a case for himself, he does

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not, as many do, oppose it in consequence, but he takes the report of the committee for his guide.

Col. Wentworth was a strong opponent of any compromise upon the Oregon question that would involve a surrender of a single inch of territory; and Wheeler sets him down (Vol. i., p. 114,) as one of the "Immortal ten" who voted for Mr. Ramsey's resolution, requesting the President to inform Great Britain that the Oregon Question was no longer a subject of negotiation or compromise. He was the strong supporter of the annexation of Texas, and, as in the case of Oregon, he was for the whole of it. He was a strong supporter of the war in all its stages, differing, however, with the administration on the proposition to raise revenue by a tax on tea and coffee. Fearing that, what the administration designed as a temporary tax might be a permanent one, in the desire of the whig party to raise revenue from those articles that did not come in competition with the products of our own country, so as to place a prohibitory, and thereby a "*revenueless*," duty upon those that did; believing that such a tax would fall disproportionably upon the wages-classes, and confident, as has since become evident, that the government could do without it, he successfully resisted it. And, be it right or wrong, to him more than any other man is the credit due of its defeat.

Although a firm supporter of inserting the "Proviso" making the principles oft he ordinance of 1787, applicable to all new territories, into any bill looking to their governmental organization, ever since it was first offered in the 28th Congress, by Mr. Winthrop, he has never favored any independent political organization upon that question, nor in any degree countenanced the infamy of those who make the "proviso" a pretext for treason. He has declared the contest respecting the proviso a temporary one, whilst the contest between the two great existing parties must continue as long as there shall be an aristocratic few, who, through concentrated wealth and irresponsible monopolies, shall remain true to their instincts, and seek to lord it over the democratic masses.

Colonel Wentworth's political career has been marked by untiring industry and perseverance; by independence of thought, expression and action; by a thorough knowledge of human nature; by a moral courage equal to any crisis; by a self-possession that enables him to avail himself of any chance of success, when on the very threshhold of defeat; and by a steady devotion to what he believes the wishes and interests of those whose representative he is. But, though uncompromising in his opinions, he has ever yielded his individual preferences to the regular conventions of his party; and no one has invariably worked harder in support of all the nominees of the democracy. Few men of his age, under so many adverse circumstances, have attained to equal success; and still fewer are less indebted to accidental circumstances. So many obstacles have already been overcome by him, he is never daunted by the hopelessness of any enterprise that it may seem desirable to undertake. With the invariable opposition of the abolition and whig parties, and with that of the more conservative and less progressive of his own, the popular mass have demonstrated, in his support, that they never desert those who have dared to be independent and active in their behalf.

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FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

The extraordinary prosperity of the country at large, as indicated in almost every branch of business, as well as in the activity of the public works, and the magnitude of the dividends of corporate companies, manifests itself also in a rise in the value of money during the first months of the present year. In a country like this, where all the inhabitants are active, and the field for enterprize always open, the magnitude of the operations of the business men is restrained only by the want of capital; and when that, as at a season like the present, is in active demand, it is indicative of high hopes and prevailing confidence in the future. The pressure, which, for more than eighteen months, has borne upon the foreign markets under the influence of commercial revulsion and political revolutions, seems now to have passed away, and the rate of money in London continues to indicate a redundancy of capital, while business is rapidly improving in almost every branch, causing a renewed and active demand for raw produce at improving prices, while American securities meet with growing favor. As a consequence, exchanges continue to fall in New-York under a supply of the best signatures, and sterling bills have been done as low as 5½ a 6¾ a 7 per cent., or nearly 4 a 4½ per cent., under the point at which specie can be shipped abroad to advantage. This favorable state of the exchanges has been aided by the considerable investments of European capitalists in American stocks; but this disposition has been checked by returning confidence in the stability of the French government; on the other hand, an operation for paying a portion of the Mexican indemnity due under the treaty in July next, has tended to support the market. The receipts of customs have been as mentioned in our last, so considerable as to induce the Secretary to postpone further payments under the new loan to April 1st, and also to permit a considerable accumulation of coin in the vaults of the New-York Assistant Treasury. This accumulation was alleged by politicians and stock-jobbers to be one cause of the tightness of the money market, although the pressure was less severe in New-York than in Boston, and some other cities. This state of the market presented a favorable opportunity for a financial operation. Thus much of the $4,500,000 due the government on the 1st of April, on the new loan, was coming from London houses, and to pay it directly in would require so much specie. The Messrs. Barings have, however, connections in Mexico, where the United States are to pay $3,700,000 in July. Now sterling bills can be had at 7 per cent., and less, in New-York, and can be sold at 16 per cent. in Mexico—a difference of nine per cent. The Messrs. Barings, therefore, could pay a premium for the privilege of receiving the money here for Mexico, and paying it over there. Accordingly, in the first week of March, $1,000,000 was paid out of the New-York Assistant Treasury in behalf of the London house, and this amount was expended in bills and went into bank vaults. For the remainder of the Mexican indemnity, it is understood $2,700,000 of the stock will issue, and this is worth 107 per cent. in London. By this operation, the specie will be paid Mexico without one dollar leaving New-York, and the persons who transact the business, pay the government for the privilege. When we

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contrast this fact with the large sums paid formerly by the United States to Biddle's Bank for the agency of that concern in government business, we are struck with the difference between Bank and Independent Treasury. The release of $1,000,000 in specie from the Independent Treasury, did not, as it was expected by some would be the case, relieve the money market in New-York, because its payment into the treasury was not, as alledged, the cause of the stringency. The general demand for capital, to the extent of hundreds of millions over the whole country, is the cause of a tight money market, and not the payment of a few hundred thousands into the Custom House of one city. The steadiness of the currency of the United States produced by the action of the sound principle on which the treasury system is based, has been the safeguard of our markets during the past year. The year of 1847 was one of extraordinary pressure in Europe, by reason of commercial revolutions; and that pressure was heightened and prolonged in 1848 by political difficulties. Such a state of affairs diminished the production of goods, and promoted an earnest desire to realize cash for property of all kinds. It became impossible to sell real estate in France, and government 3 per cents. fell from 75 to 33 in Paris, and all descriptions of moveable goods were sent out of the country at very low rates. A large proportion came to this country, where they encountered far lower duties than had been in operation in the previous year. The importations of the United States took place, therefore, under diminished duties here, with an earnest desire to sell abroad. It is evident, that under such circumstances, had the old credit machinery been in operation, as in 1836 and 1837, when, by the operation of bank facilities, foreign goods could be sold into the remotest towns of the Union for long dated paper, discounted at the banks, and the proceeds in specie carried abroad, there could scarcely have been any limit to the quantities of goods forced upon our markets at high prices to consumers. Fortunately, this was not the case. The rigid front presented by the treasury system, required importers to pay specie for duties. This, of itself, was a great check upon the sending of goods here to realize money. The activity thus imparted to specie by the constant demands of the government, prevented excessive expansion of the banks, and limitless amounts of long dated paper could not be discounted for foreign account as formerly; hence, the foreign goods sent here, were compelled to be sold at specie prices, and the result was, that United States consumers got unusually large quantities of goods for moderate sums of money, and the markets could not be forced beyond a healthy point; that is, more goods could not well be sold in the country, than the exports taken out of it would readily pay for.

The supplies of goods from abroad, thus far in March, indicate an increase over those for the same period last year. For the whole period, however, from January 1 to the close of the week, there is no apparent increase in the value of the goods imported, as follows:

IMPORTS AND DUTIES, PORT OF NEW-YORK, FROM JANUARY 1ST TO MARCH 10TH.

	Specie.	Free Goods.	Dutiable.	Duties.
January	$57,700	$525,534	$7,833,710	$1,911,485
February	21,323	285,117	8,257,786	2,070,447
March 16	58,563	335,439	4,932,771	1,256,761
Total	$127,586	$1,146,090	$21,024,267	$5,238,673
1848	$115,476	$1,723,621	$21,999,023	$5,415,757

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The non-increase in the importation, notwithstanding the favorable export of the markets, is to be ascribed almost altogether to the improved state of the foreign markets, for which the supplies are less than usual, by reason of the interruption which attended production during the political panics of the past year. Notwithstanding that prices are now higher here than when considerable quantities of goods were sold last fall on foreign account, there is less disposition to continue to send hither. It is, doubtless to be ascribed entirely to the operation of the financial system of the United States, that larger quantities of goods, at higher prices, were not forced off in our markets during the anxiety which everywhere abroad manifested itself to realize coin for goods. All the goods sent here were obliged to find sale in a steady specie currency; hence the United States consumers obtained them at rates far less than would have been the case had the old expansive credit system enabled the foreigner to sell freely for notes, to be converted by bank discount into cash for remittance. The moment that their home markets revive, and they are no longer compelled to sacrifice goods, the quantity sent is diminished. As an indication of the high prosperity of the United States, we take from parliamentary tables the quantities of cotton fabrics exported from Great Britain for a series of years. distinguishing those sent to the United States for the current year ending December 31st.

YARDS OF COTTON GOODS EXPORTED FROM GREAT BRITAIN.

	Plain Cotton—yards—		Printed and dyed—yards—			Total export,
	To U. States.	Total.	To U. States.	Total.	Total to U. S.	yards.
1844	9,661,820	569,677,792	12,008,635	313,161,455	21,670,455	879,789,247
1845	12,412,981	613,138,645	13,097,851	310,850,697	25,510,832	923,989,342
1846	10,640,215	618,839,181	13,556,509	267,084,797	24,196,724	885,923,978
1847	41,519,244	488,044,682	44,425,017	287,384,903	86,944,261	775,429,585
1848	16,968,637	556,199,528	39,600,996	301,515,780	56,569,633	857,715,318

The year 1847 was one of severe revulsion in England, and the first of the low tariff here. The combined effect of these two causes was, it appears, to increase the export of cotton goods to the United States by 61,000,000 yards—equal to about 45,000 bales of cotton. In the last year, this amount diminished about 30,000,000 yards—equal to perhaps 26,000 bales of cotton.

The exports from Great Britain to the United States of Twist, Manufactured Cottons, &c., as compared with the two previous years, were as follows:

		1846.	1847.	1848.
Calicoes printed and dyed,	yards	13,556,509	44,425,017	39,600,996
Shawls and handkerchiefs	doz	38,941	157,247	148,847
Hosiery	doz	73,242	70,988	56,414
Cotton yarn	lbs	81,663	58,743	81 523
Cambrics and muslin	yards	587,059	1,635,713	1,717,189
Cottons and linens, mixed,	yards	212,006	730,387	1,225,468
Cords and velveteens	yards	305,112	505,194	383,283
Calicoes, plain		10,640,215	41,519,244	16,968,637
Lace		4,052,498	8,721,838	8,968,911
Cotton thread	lbs	432,462	842,457	1,309,217
Counterpanes		16,622	17,141	18,057
Tapes	doz	—	—	1,080
Quiltings and ribs		19,798	12,887	8,504

The total value of Twist and Manufactured Goods exported to all countries, as compared with same years, was:

1846.	1847.	1848.
£23,475,941	£20,472,936	£18,791,413

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This decrease of £1,681,523 in the value of exports is attributable solely to the lower prices at which the fabrics have been sold, as the declared number of pounds and yards of goods exported to every country except the United States shows an increase.

Now, it is evident that the cotton interest had to sustain a severe competition, not only from the lower rate of duty, but from the desire to get money for goods at any price. Notwithstanding this competition, however, they have bought *more raw material than ever before.* The number of bales of cotton taken by the manufacturers of the United States from the quantities delivered on the sea-board, is as follows:

BALES COTTON TAKEN BY THE UNITED STATES MANUFACTURERS ANNUALLY.

	1845.	1846.	1847.	1848.	1849.
1st six months	275,296	314,313	235,956	248,812	307,303
2d six months	113,710	108,284	192,011	282.960	—
Total	389,006	422,597	427,967	531,772	307,303

The cotton year commences September 1, and the early part of the season, when the bulk of the article is pressing upon the market, is usually the most favorable time for the large corporate companies with overshadowing capitals to lay in stocks; and this is an immense advantage that they enjoy over the individual who attempts to manufacture, like a freeman, on his own account, and who can have no protection against the crushing weight of chartered competition. It is, therefore, the case, as seen in the figures, that the bulk of the purchases is made in the first six months of the cotton year. The cotton year, 1848, however, commenced with extraordinary high prices, and they continued to fall throughout the year.

e prices of cotton in New-York, indicate the change for two years.

	Ordinary to good ord.	Mid. to good middling.	Mid. fair to fair.	Fully fair to good fair.
September, 1847	11 a 11½	11¾ a 12¼	12⅜ a 13½	13½ a 14¼
March, 1848	7 a 7½	8¼ a 8⅝	8¾ a 9½	none.
September, 1848	5¾ a 6½	6⅜ a 6⅞	6¾ a 7⅞	7½ a 8½
March, 1849	6¾ a 7	7¼ a 7⅞	7½ a 8	8½ a 9

For the first six months of 1848 manufacturers bought lightly. They did not take hold freely until prices had fallen in the second six months of the year. They bought in the second six months of that year nearly 175 per cent. more than in the same period of 1846, and 50 per cent. more than in the same period of 1848, and their purchases for the cotton year amounted to 25 per cent., or 106,000 bales more than for 1847. Now, as compared with 1846, there was an increase of 32,000,000 yards of English cottons, and of 130,800,000 yards of American cottons —the product of the increased number of bales bought by the manufacturers. This gives an increase of 162,800,000 yards of cotton goods sold in the United States for 1848; and on the top of that large supply the manufacturers have bought more cotton than ever for the first six months of 1849, and cotton goods are in active demand at prices much higher than last year, and still advancing. Thus, in September last, the sheetings, 2.78 yards to the pound, 37 inches, made at the great corporation owned by the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, sold in New-York at 7 cents: the same article sells now at 7¾ cents, an advance of 10 per cent. That is to say, 10 pounds of fair cotton could be bought in September for 67½ cents, and would make, allowing for waste in spinning, 30 yards of cloth, worth $2 10. The same

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cotton can be bought now for 75 cents, and it will make 30 yards of cloth, worth $2 32. Thus the profit is now 25 cents in 30 yards more than in September, notwithstanding the rise in the raw material, which, however, was purchased at the then prices. Nothing more clearly indicates the general prosperity of the whole country, as manifest in the demand for the comforts of life, than these rising prices for increasing quantities of goods; nor can anything equal the purblind stupidity of those who wish to check that prosperity by legislative interferences.

The news from Europe down to the 10th of March, is positively of a gloomy character, inasmuch as the tottering condition of English power in India, and the dark spectre of Russian ambition in the back ground of Europe, threaten again to interrupt the course of trade. Commercially, however, the actual abundance of money, and the improving prices for raw materials and produce, as well as stocks, supported by the gratifying course taken by the government in relation to its financial and commercial affairs, promise well. Thus, on the 1st of February, the corn laws, that for one hundred and fifty years have oppressed the people, expired in accordance with the act of 1845; and trade in breadstuffs is now virtually free, the fixed tax of 1s. per quarter, or 2¾ cents per bushel, being nominal. On the day that those laws ceased to operate, the Queen opened Parliament in a speech which contained the following paragraph:

"I again commend to your attention the restrictions imposed on commerce by the navigation laws. If you shall find that these laws are, in whole or in part, unnecessary for the maintenance of our maritime power, while they *fetter trade and industry*, you will, no doubt, deem it right to repeal or modify their provisions."

These laws are the last remnant of England's protective system, and the same great movement of the people which put an end to the corn laws, and emancipated trade, will sustain the government against the monopoly of ship-owners. This interest raises the same hue and cry against the total repeal of the navigation laws that they did, in 1825, against their modification through the operation of commercial treaties. The effect of those modifications were to improve trade generally; and now, with free trade, as proposed in timber and other materials, for the building of cheap ships, together with the enhanced trade that the removal-taxes will create, those interests will be further promoted.

The first infraction of the navigation laws was through treaty with the United States; and, ultimately, almost all the nations of Europe, except France, have obtained similar dispensations in favor of their vessels. In 1847, the want of food compelled the suspension of the corn laws, and the necessity of means of transportation involved a suspension of the navigation laws, and the operation of free trade was fatal to the chimeras of the protectionists. More particularly, that the luminous reports of the American Secretary shed a volume of light upon the practical effect of freedom of intercourse. It will be remembered, that in May, 1843, the Hon. Daniel Webster made a speech to the merchants of Baltimore, advocating the reciprocity principle of permitting the admission of English goods in English vessels at low duties, in exchange for similar concessions on the part of Great Britain. After specifying cotton and rice as articles on which it was desirable to have the English duty reduced, he remarked:

"Here, again, then, is that great staple agricultural product of ours—the maize, or, as it is called, the Indian corn. I have not heard it suggested from any quarter that England would modify her corn laws; but it has been suggested—I know

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not with what degree of plausibility, and I pray you to receive what I have to say only as suggestions—that, in regard to this cheap and wholesome article of food, Indian corn, *it is possible that England may be disposed to stipulate for its introduction into her ports at a low and fixed rate of duty.* Now, if there be any probability of that—I may say even a slight probability—it is at least worthy of inquiry. It is true that this is a great wheat-producing country, but it is much more a great corn-producing country. Our maize is the great grain product of the United States. Statistical tables show that there are five bushels of Indian corn produced to one bushel of wheat. Now, however small the part may be which would probably be exported—if only five or ten per cent.—every body can see that its introduction into the English market would be highly advantageous to the producers."

Since the enunciation of that speech, England has abolished the duty on cotton, modified it on rice, and abolished not only the tax on corn, but on all kinds of grain; and has also modified the tax on provisions, and now proposes to abandon it on butter and cheese; and, also, to abandon the navigation laws, in order that, by general competition, food and raw materials may be brought to her people on the cheapest possible terms, and that the products of their industry may be carried abroad on the lowest terms—thus multiplying in almost a limitless degree the freights offered to the competition of the shipping of the world. If the introduction of corn on favorable terms was "highly advantageous to the producers," how much more so are the large concessions which England has made in all other respects, not to treaty stipulations, but in deference to sound principle? The following table shows the quantity of breadstuffs sent to England in the last fiscal year:

EXPORT OF BREADSTUFFS TO GREAT BRITAIN FOR THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1848.

	To Great Britain.	Elsewhere.	Total—1848.	Total—1847.
Wheat, bushels	1,539,989	502,715	2,034,704	4,399,951
Flour, barrels	958,744	160,649	2,119,393	4,382.496
Corn, bushels	5,060,220	757,414	5.817,634	16,326,050
Meal, barrels	226,600	355,829	582,429	948.060
Rye meal, barrels	444	41,140	41,584	48,892
Rye, Oats, &c., bushels	101,304	277,265	376,572	1,606,762
Ship-bread, kegs	15,220	152,561	167,790	31,082
" barrels	16,234	21,887	38,121	160,980
Total value			$22,678,601	$53,262,437

The year 1848 was one of good harvests in England. This year, as announced from the throne, the potato crop has again failed, and the quantities sent forward, although subject to duty until the 1st instant, will be far in excess of last year. While England thus stands forward in the advocacy of great free-trade principles, the truth of which she has at last discovered through the difficulties and follies of one hundred and fifty years of protective policy, with what contempt must the public regard those narrow-minded and selfish men among us, who go fumbling about in the murky mists of protective theories, seeking to prevent English goods from coming here in payment of those unlimited quantities of our farm produce which she invites us to send in the ships of our own or of any other nation.

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NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

1.— Essay on the Union of Church and State. By Baptist Wriothesley Noel, M. A. New-York: Harper Brothers.

The American polity has solved many a problem in ecclesiastical as well as in civil economy. Thanks to our successful experiment, it is no longer an open question, whether a nation can maintain a standing as a Christion nation, without also maintaining a legal form of worship, an "Establishment," as the word goes. We can hardly be expected therefore to sympathize in a very lively manner with the struggles of other communities against an evil which is unknown amongst ourselves. Nevertheless the question of the union of church and state is interesting enough in itself to encourage inquiry, even without the dread of a visit from the tythe-gatherer.

The author of the work before us gave irrecusable of candor in abandoning a rich living in the established church of England, merely because his conscience would not permit him to retain a position under a government of which he disapproved. We believe as he does, that "the union of the churches with the state is doomed." But we believe a great deal more. We consider that those who advocate a dissolution of the union of those powers, and yet fail to recommend a thorough civil reform, are mere time-servers, or, to say the least, are beginning at the wrong end. To uphold the rotten fabric of the British state, and yet deprive it of the support of its Church, is inconsistent. The British church establishment is an integral part of the British constitution. The great revolution which marked and defined the rights of the nation and the rights of the government, was in a great measure the work of the Church. The Church made the State as it now stands; with and by the Church must the State stand or fall. They are like the timbers which support the roof of a house: leaning against each other, they support each other. To separate them, and yet strive to uphold either, is a hopeless task.

The device of prescribing by law a certain form of worship, is no modern invention. It has found favor with all rulers from time immemorial. A well paid priesthood is as formidable an engine of power as a well disciplined army. From Nebuchadnezzar to Nero we find the civil weapons displayed to strengthen the religious interest, and the religious interest in return pledged to strengthen the civil arm. The support of the clergy being necessary to uphold arbitrary power, it became the obvious aim and constant endeavors of arbitrary power to organize and elevate the clergy. This compact between Church and State is finely illustrated by a few concise words addressed by Queen Elizabeth to the Bishop of Ely: "Proud prelate, you know what you were before I made you what you are. If you do not immediately comply with my request, by God, I will unfrock you."

A national worship was an inseparable element of the polity of ancient nations. This was the case even in the Greek republics, more especially after the aristocracy had usurped a large share of the administration. Plato and Aristotle, who disagreed in so many things, agreed in making an established religion a necessity of a well governed society. Socrates, who was put to death as a non-conformist, yet with his last breath willed a fowl to be sacrificed to Esculapius, inculcating by his example, the doctrine which he was accused of having attacked. The earlier Christian churches kept aloof from the State for the simple reason, that their very existence was in opposition to the supreme law of the State. But as soon as their numbers and importance had increased, it was the first care of their great deliverer to organize them upon as catholic a principle as possible. The barbarian invaders of Europe, in founding a new system of government, took good care to avail themselves of an institution which tended so powerfully to consolidate that system. During the middle ages most faithfully did Church and State wage battle for each other. The union of Church and state, of pulpit and stake, of religious instruction and torture, was kept up with persevering tenacity and mutual advantage. The reformation scarcely interfered with this giant conspiracy against liberty. The reformers only shifted the *ne plus ultra* columns of investigation. They adopted a new, perhaps a more liberal standard, but even this standard was to be imposed as an obligation. In England, the Church, throughout all her ridiculous summer-saults of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, remained true to the cause of Power, as long as Power vouchsafed to support the Church. The Puritans, during their short sway, never dreamed of extending the liberty of conscience beyond the Puritanic rule; and when exiled from their homes, their first care upon reaching another shore, was to persecute other sects. James II. obtained the

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support of the church for his most unconstitutional measures, until he attempted to encroach upon the privileges of the church. In France, after the great battle of the Reformation was over, the secular arm was exerted most zealously by the Bourbons, to defend the unity of the Church as well as the Gallican liberties. And in gratitude the Church gave her aid to uproot from the constitution of France what few traces of ancient freedom had outlived the domination of the Valois. And under the different governments which have ruled over France during the present century, the clergy has been found untiringly working for the consolidation of a strong government; because under such a government alone can the clergy hope for what is so precious in their eyes—exclusive rule. Now, since all history demonstrates that an established religion is necessary for the maintenance of arbitrary power, even as arbitrary power is necessary for the maintenance of an established religion, why weakly cling to the one horn of a dilemma? Why submit to arbitrary power, yet assert the unlawfulness of a hierarchy? Why denounce the monopolies of livings; yet cringe to the monopoly of legislation? Why appear in the double character of a dissenter and a loyalist? The partial experiments of the Swiss and Scottish churches, but more especially the successful working of our own liberal system, prove that the utmost latitude of conscience can only be obtained through the utmost latitude of civil liberty, and that a government based upon the will of the governed is the only one that reqires no support from an established Church. It may be that under such a system, new and fanciful sects will constantly arise, and that the catholicity of the Church will be somewhat impaired. But those who deplore such a state of things must reflect, that it furnishes the strongest argument against the union of Church and State, because if the Church left to herself fail to secure universal assent, it is evident that individual liberty must be violated when the power of the State interposes to compel that assent.

2.—A Residence of Twenty-one years in the Sandwich Islands; or the Civil, Religious and Political History of those Islands, &c. By Hiram Bingham, A. M. Hartford: Hazekiah Huntingdon.

Although it is about one hundred years since these islands were first visited by Christian navigators—although some eighty years have elapsed since their first British explorer paid with his blood for the reputed honor of their discovery, it is but a short time since they have assumed a place, however inconsiderable, among the powers of the earth. The history of their redemption from the savage state is interesting, so far as it is interesting to watch experiments of a religious or political character. For many years after the death of Captain Cook, these islands derived but little benefit from their intercourse with the whites, although that intercourse became daily more frequent. The famed beauty of their climate; the laxity of their morals, the advantageous location of their mid-ocean paradise, as well as the sandal wood of their forests, attracted to their shores ship after ship that sailed away with precious freights, and left behind only new diseases and new wants—the bane of civilization without its redeeming advantages. Meanwhile their interior polity was singularly unpropitious to the development of their resources. The priests and warlike chieftains claimed and exercised a precarious authority, which had no basis but the fickle affection of their followers. As a natural consequence, the frequent recurrence of petty domestic wars distracted the country and retarded its growth. At last a native chief, more enlightened and more enterprising than the rest, succeeded in overpowering his rivals and in uniting the whole group under his rule. Thus he laid the foundation of the Hawaiian empire and commenced a dynasty The shrewd Kamehameha was not slow in devising measures to reap benefit from the visits of foreign vessels to his ports. The Christian institutions for increasing the revenue found favor in his eyes, and he hastened to imitate them. At last, the arrival in the United States of several natives of those "sunny isles," awakened the attention of the benevolent. A large mission, well appointed and provided with the engines of education, was sent to explore this virgin field. Their success was greatly aided by circumstances. The founder of the Hawaiian empire had lately died, and an infant king, who rejoiced in the euphonious appellation of Liholiho, reigned under the guardianship of a dowager. This youth, who had imbibed a thorough disgust for the strict ceremonial of the religion of his ancestors and the influence of its priests, both of which in a measure opposed the gratification of his licentious appetites, resolved to abolish the existing religious system. In this he was partly seconded by the Queen Regent, who was an ambitious woman, and whose pride ill brooked the mortifying *tabus* and inconvenient restrictions which the popular worship imposed upon her sex. At the time therefore of the arrival of the mission (1820,) philosophical indifference in matters of religion, very much resembling atheism, was gradually extending throughout the island, although a numerous party still professed respect for their time-honored idols and ceremonies, and caused considerable anxiety to the rulers. These naturally felt disposed to favor the exertions of the missionaries, who, in preaching a new system, would surely discredit the old. Every assistance was therefore tendered to the American teachers, and

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in a short time the land was covered with schools where the Christian religion was taught in the Hawaiian language, from books printed at the Mission. The facilities tendered to the missionaries became still greater when, the king having died abroad, Queen Kaahumanu became sole ruler, and felt the necessity of securing the support of the Christian neophytes against her rebellious subjects, and the advice of the learned strangers in her intercourse with foreign vessels and foreign residents. The influence of the missionaries now overstepped all bounds, so that they, or rather one of their number, may be fairly considered responsible for the acts of the Queen and of her successors. Missionaries, after all, are only men. They are fond of the good things of this world, and they are particularly fond of power. Whoever loves power must naturally hate those who attempt to prevent him from retaining it. Now it so happened that many such attempts were made, and many causes therefore combined to kindle hatred in the evangelical bosoms of the missionaries. Foreign residents became restless under the virtual domination of a priest. Masters of vessels were indignant to find this Polynesian oasis turned into a psalm-singing conventicle. Merchants who had invested their capitals in the Hawaiian trade, complained that this trade was subverted to suit religious prejudices. Foreign officers disdained to treat with an irresponsible minister of foreign affairs, who, while directing the politics of the Sovereign of Hawaii, claimed the protection of the United States. Indeed, some of the acts of the government of the Sandwich Islands, passed under the influence of the missionaries, exhibit bigoted intolerance, not unmingled with Jesuitical craft. Several Catholic priests, having established themselves at the islands, began making converts and celebrating mass. Messrs. Bingham & Co. were highly indignant at this intrusion. The Catholic priests were ordered to leave the country, and as they failed to do so with sufficient expedition, were hurried off with indecent haste on board of a frail Hawaiian nutshell and conveyed to the coast of California. Their converts were persecuted, for the sake of consistency, through a very ingenious contrivance. A law was passed, making it felony to worship idols. Under this law, which purported to aim a blow at the ancient superstition of the islands, several Catholics were indicted, tried, and sentenced to hard labor on the public works. Shortly afterwards the missionaries began a crusade against every immoral practice. Stringent enactments were passed against licentiousness, drunkenness, and even, we believe, against Sabbath-breaking. But the well meaning bigots soon learned that the human passions are not to be restrained by enactments. Women continued to repair on board of the ships in the harbor; only they had to *swim* thither instead of going in canoes. Liquor continued to be sold—only it had to be sold secretly, until a French frigate sprung its broadside upon the town of Honolulu, and demanded tolerance for Frenchmen and French goods—Cognac and Catholicity. At last, after having exercised nearly absolute sway over the Hawaiian empire for many years, and having succeeded in embroiling its rulers with powerful nations, H. Bingham was recalled by the Board of Missions, and hastened to publish his vindication in an octavo volume, which we have perused with an interest, arising merely from the nature of the subject, and not at all from the manner in which he has treated it.

The Kanaka race is disappearing, as every race must disappear that comes in contact with the whites. Since these islanders greeted with the friendly *aloha* the first European that visited their shores, their numbers have constantly diminished, their breed has deteriorated. In spite of the civilized wares and missionaries we have sent them, and the new wants we have awakened in their midst, they have little to thank us for. If it be objected that their morals have been improved, we are obliged to deny the statement. From our own knowledge of these unfortunate people, we may venture to assert that the only progress they have made towards rivalling the moral character of their Christian instructors consists in this, that whereas heretofore they sinned in ignorance, they now sin with the knowledge of evil. Acts which they formerly committed believing them to be right, they now commit knowing them to be wrong. What they in other times did in the broad face of day, they now do in the silent hours of night. They have added hypocrisy to their other vices. Meanwhile their history still remains to be written. Let us hope that Mr. A. Teneyck, who, as American commissioner, has resided for several years at Honolulu, and who has enjoyed rare opportunities for observation of the Hawaiian character, will soon fill this vacant space in literature.

3.—Irving's Works.—Tales of a Traveller. By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent., author of the "Sketch Book," &c. Author's revised edition. George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

The present volume is number seven of the admirable edition in process of publication by Mr. Putnam. It is not only the standard edition of the author, but, in point of typography and style, is certainly the most desirable that has appeared. These are qualities that we are pleased to hear are so well appreciated by the public, that the appearance of successive volumes has been delayed by the necessity of repeating editions of the previous ones, exhausted as soon as delivered from the press, without satisfying the demand.

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4.—California: A Tour of Duty in California; including a description of the Gold Region, and an account of the Voyage round Cape Horn, &c. &c. By Joseph Warren Revere, Lieut. U. States Navy, lately in command of the Military District of Sonora. Edited by Joseph N. Balestier, of New-York. C. S. Francis & Co., 252 Broadway, New-York.

Of all the many books to which the California excitement has given being, this of Lieut. Revere is probably the most concise and comprehensive, as well as being of a lively and attractive style, abounding in anecdote and graphic scenery. His official capacity, and the favorable circumstances of his approach to the "El Dorado," together with an apparent accurate understanding of the matter, make his book exceedingly valuable to those who wish as it were a personal introduction to men and things in that remarkable region. In conclusion, the author addresses a few brief and earnest words to those going thither. After showing the utter impossibility of the existence of African slavery in California, the author remarks:—

"And yet it is said to be on account of this slavery question that California is denied a civil government, excluded from the Union, and thus exposed to a frightful state of anarchy and confusion. If it be conceded that California is entitled to come into the Union, and that, on becoming a sovereign state, she will have, like other states, exclusive jurisdiction over the subject of slavery within her borders, it seems very strange that a controversy which must be settled, and soon settled, by the people of California, should induce Congress to leave her without a government, and without laws."

Most passing strange it is, indeed; but what is the sacrifice of twenty Californias, and myriads of human beings, bond and free, to the great question of Van Buren vengeance?

5.—The California and Oregon Trail; Being Sketches of Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life. By Francis Parkman, jr. George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

This volume comprises a series of sketches that had been previously published in a magazine in 1847. The journey of which they are descriptive, as set forth in the advertisement, was undertaken with the view of studying the Indian character "from life," and the author expresses regret that the high standard of an Uncas or Outalissa is far above the claim of the genuine savage. As descriptive of a race fast passing away, and of the wild and wonderful country from which they are perishing, and through which the march of civilization is forcing its way, to the dazzling treasures of the Pacific borders, the work is attractive, and is got up in the style and character of most of the publications of Mr. Putnam. The cuts are very admirable specimens of the high perfection to which engravings, in wood have arrived.

6.—Notes of Travel in California. From the official reports of Col. Fremont and Maj. Emory. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

The official report of Col. Fremont is an exceedingly valuable document, accompanied by the great map, being an accurate and faithful description of that country, which has so suddenly attracted the attention of the world, after so long a time having been almost the most neglected spot on earth's surface.

7.—Book of the World.

Mr. Colton, No. 86 Cedar-street, New-York, is about to issue a work under the title of "*Book of the World*," or a geographical, statistical and historical account of all nations. It will be illustrated with maps and other engravings, and contain a large number of statistical tables, referring to almost every department of life. It will be in two volumes, royal octavo, and contain altogether about 1500 closely printed pages. It cannot but prove highly useful to the mercantile public, and, indeed, to all who wish to extend their sphere of knowledge to other countries. It is a work replete, so far as we have seen the proofs, with highly interesting and valuable matter, and as such we bespeak for it a rapid sale. It is one of the best got up works we have ever seen, and as a specimen of typography, creditable to the printers.

8.—The Philosophy of Religion. By J. D. Morrell, A. M., author of the "History of Modern Philosophy." D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway, New-York.

This work, we are told by Dr. Morrell, in his preface, grew out of the manner in which his former work "On the Speculative Philosophy of Europe in the nineteenth century," had been received by the reviewers. It became apparent, he thinks, that popular writers had no clear philosophical views whatever to guide them upon that great subject, and this work, therefore, is devoted to the relation between philosophy and religion, a point only alluded to in the former work. We are sure that this matter will meet with general attention.

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9.—Abbott's Histories.—History of Queen Elizabeth, and Hannibal. By Jacob Abbott. With Illuminated Title-page and numerous Engravings. 12mo., muslin gilt, 75 cents; muslin, 60 cents each. Harper Brothers, New-York.

Already there are five of these attractive histories of Mr. Abbott. The style of matter and manner of its production are eminently calculated to excite youthful attention, and to implant historical truths without the semblance of a task.

10.—The Midnight Sun. By Miss Bremer. Translated from the original unpublished manuscript by Mary Howitt. Harper Brothers, New-York.

The works of Miss Bremer are deservedly popular, and this fully sustains her reputation.

11.—The Catons: a Family Picture. By Sir E. Lytton Bulwer. Harper Brothers, New-York.

This work of Mr. Bulwer has made its appearance under circumstances that have brought it extensively before the public, and has well sustained the high reputation of the author as an agreeable writer and philosophic observer.

12.—An Universal History of the most remarkable events of all nations, from the earliest period to the present time. Forming a complete history of the world. By G. C. Hebbe, L.L. D. Dewitt & Davenport, New-York.

This title is, without doubt, exceedingly comprehensive. The promise contained in it is, however, so far, well redeemed. The publication is in numbers, and has reached the fourth of the 2d volume, and the history is brought down to the reign of Solomon, about 975 years before Christ. As a philosophic inquirer, Dr. Hebbe has high claims, and the industry and assiduity with which he has collated, from sacred and profane sources, the materials of the history of that remote age of the world, entitle his work to great consideration.

13.—Hints on Public Architecture. Containing, among other illustrations, Views and Plans of the Smithsonian Institution, &c., &c. Prepared on behalf of the Building Committee of the Smithsonian Institution. By Robert Dale Owen, Chairman of Committee. George P. Putnam, New-York.

This is a specimen number of rare merit in regard to the cuts it presents. The adoption of some general style of architecture suited to the wants of the age and habits of the American people is a want to which we had frequently adverted. In a country like this, where thousands of buildings, of all sizes, dimensions and uses, are annually being built, the nationality of some style of architecture is surely a matter of some importance. In New-York alone 2000 houses are built annually; neither in churches, dwellings nor stores is there anything like appropriateness of style, refinement of taste, or a reasonable display of judgment manifest. The "shabby-genteel" seems to pervade every class of building. The desire to make a great show with a little money vitiates every attempt at construction, and this view has even been pushed so far as to place embattled towers upon Quaker meeting-houses. We trust that the dissemination of such works as those of the Building Committee of the Institute will go far to correct public taste in this matter.

14.—Raphael. By A. D. Lamartine. New York: Harper Brothers.

In some respects, two of the greatest writers of modern France, Lamartine and Chateaubriand, resemble each other. Both have shed great lustre upon their native country; both were poets of the highest order; both have received high political preferments; both gained immortality by their first attempts at literature, and both have ended by writing very indifferent books. Chateaubriand wrote *Les Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*, and Lamartine, who had already published *Les Recueillements*, now gives us *Raphael*. This work purports to be an autobiography, edited by the author from a manuscript bequeathed by a friend. This flimsy fiction, which has been already employed by this author in his introduction of *Jocelyn*, is adapted merely as a pretext for indulging that egotism of dreamy vanity which seems a necessary ingredient and competent part of the talent of some writers. It is a tale of Platonic love carried to a Platonic conclusion, through a series of every day incidents, which it does not suit our present purpose to follow. Were it not that the story nowhere trespasses over certain latitudinarian bounds of modesty and propriety which French taste lays out for itself, we would refer it to the George Sand class of novels. As it is, we would consider it as a pale imitation of *La Nouvelle Heloise*. And we do not know but we ought to say of Lamartine's last and least creditable production, what Rosseau said of his immortal piece of sentimentalism: *Toute fille qui lira ce livre est une fille perdue.*

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THE

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AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

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THE

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NAVIGATION LAWS.

Among the most remarkable evidences of the progress of liberal principles in commercial and industrial legislation, may be considered the fact, that on the day on which, according to the limitations of previous enactments, the corn laws of England expired, and the tax on food was finally removed, the sovereign of the British empire opened Parliament in a speech, which contained the following clause:

"I again commend to your attention the restrictions imposed on commerce by the navigation laws.

"If you shall find that these laws are, in whole or in part, unnecessary for the maintenance of our maritime power, while they fetter trade and industry, you will, no doubt, deem it right to repeal or modify their provisions."

This pregnant announcement of the English statesmen through their royal mouth-piece, is indicative, not of any particular desire upon their part to abrogate statutes which, for nearly one hundred and eighty-five years, have operated upon the principle that England's ship-owners should monopolize the transportation of England's merchandize, but it proceeds from the unmistakable manifestations of the conviction on the public mind, that the prosperity of England will be improved by allowing her merchants to charter such ships to transport their goods, as will deliver them most safely, speedily, and at the lowest charge, let who will be the owners. Many of them, doubtless, have firm faith in the skill and ability of English ship-builders and seamen to compete with the same occupations among any other people on the face of the earth; and in order that they may compete with them, and carry Manchester goods to foreign markets, and bring home food to Lancashire operators on as low terms as the ships of any other nation, they propose, that the timber imported into England to build English ships, shall be untaxed; that hemp, canvass and cordage from untaxed materials, shall be placed at the command

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of the ship-wright and rigger, on terms as low as they can be had in any other nation. That the food and necessary articles consumed by those employed in the construction of ships shall also be untaxed, in order that a low money price for labor, while it diminishes the cost of the ship, shall not really diminish the wages of the artisan. This cheaply-built ship, they contend, shall no longer be restricted in its navigation by laws such as those that require that it shall retain a certain number of apprentices, whether it wants their services or not, for the avowed object of increasing the number of seamen, who, in time of wars undertaken by the patrician order for the aggrandisement of dynasties, may be pressed into line-of-battle ships. By the removal of all the disabilities under which ship-building and sailing now labor, it is confidently assumed that a great saving to England's industry will be effected, through the lessened cost of the transportation of its products; and that under such circumstances, however free may be the competition they may encounter, English ships and seamen will be sure to attain at least as large a share of the general commerce as they now enjoy under reciprocity treaties, by which they are exposed to the severest competition from abroad, while laboring under disadvantages at home. The manner in which navigation laws or enactments, granting the monopoly of transportation, operate to the injury of all concerned, may be aptly illustrated in what is now actually the case in relation to the respective trades of the St. Lawrence and Hudson rivers. The former is the great natural outlet of the lakes to the ocean, but its navigation is governed entirely by British colonial laws, which give a close monopoly of its whole transportation to British vessels. The Hudson is a stream of nearly equal magnitude, draining a vast section of country, and its navigation is governed by the reciprocity treaty with England, which permits the produce that reaches its waters to be transported with perfect freedom either in English or American vessels, or in those of any other nation with which we have treaties, or to which the favored nation-clause of the reciprocity treaties apply. England has expended nearly $10,000,000 in public works, to facilitate the conveyance of the produce of the great West delivered on the lakes, down the St. Lawrence to the ocean. New-York has expended nearly an equal sum with the same object; and the result is, that the produce of the upper lakes may reach New-York somewhat cheaper than it can reach Quebec. It was not the object, however, of either nation to deliver produce on the sea-board in order to accumulate it in decaying masses on the wharves. The object is to sell it, and to do so there must be vessels to transport it at cheap rates of freight. Under the reciprocity treaties of the United States, most vessels of Europe compete for freight; but the American ships, by their superior qualities of safety and cheapness, obtain nearly the whole. At Quebec nearly the reverse is the case: the produce carried thither accumulates upon the dock, awaiting the slow arrival of the ill-contrived monopoly-built ships, which, secure in their trade, come at their leisure, and charge exorbitant rates for transportation. It is frequently the case that it costs 7*s.* sterling to transport a barrel of flour from Quebec to Liverpool, at the same time that 2*s.* only is charged from New-York to Liverpool. It might be supposed that such exorbitant rates would induce the multiplication of vessels, and by increasing the supply reduce the charge. The timber-taxed and restricted ships cannot, however, afford to sail for less, and the whole trade of the province is stran-

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gled by this singular monopoly granted to a few ship-owners This intolerable grievance has been among the chief incentives that are driving the Canadas into the circle of the Union. The whole agricultural and forwarding interests were held in check, because the facilities for conveying the produce to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, were entirely neutralized by the artificial barriers raised to its proceeding beyond that point.

This case of the provinces was, in 1847, brought home to the people of England. In that year of famine they required immense quantities of foreign grain, far more than the whole capacity of the British mercantile marine would suffice to transport. It was moved in Parliament that government frigates should have their guns taken out to make room for the grain that they should be required to load with. The obvious wisdom of cheapening the transportation of food by suspending the navigation laws, and allowing the vessels of all nations to compete for the freights, was acted upon. It could not escape the attention of a "nation of shopkeepers," whose business is to buy and sell, that if a free competition in freights saved their money in time of famine, they could not lose much by continuing it in time of plenty. Hence the conclusion to which the nation arrived as expressed in the speech from the throne.

The United States are also a selling and buying nation, and cheapness of transportation is the great desideratum as well with the farming as with the plantation interests. It is to the advantage of these, that as large quantities of their productions as possible should be sold abroad. For this purpose immense sums are expended in the construction of canals and the building of railroads. Every facility is given to competition in internal transportation; and all the great works of the country point to the seaboard, where not only the "home markets" are considerable, but the foreign demand is most effective. When arrived at the seaboard, it is obvious, that unless some degree of facility to its export is granted, all the efforts made to cheapen transportation from the interior are neutralized; and from time to time the difficulties that stood in the way of export have been removed. Thus the navigation act of England, passed in the time of Charles II., provided that no merchandize should be imported into Great Britain, from Asia, Africa, or America, in any but British-built ships, navigated by an English commander, and having at least three-fourths of the crew English; and as the commercial greatness of Holland was the especial envy of British statesmen at that time, the law provided that no Dutch ship should enter England with cargo; and this provision remained in force until 1822. This law was nearly in operative, as respects the United States, down to the period of their independence, at which time Congress passed a law embracing the principles of the English Navigation Act. The consequences of these conflicting laws, forbidding the sale of American produce to England except it should be carried in British vessels, and also of the sale of British goods to the United States except they should be carried in American vessels, by causing the vessels of both nations to make the voyage one way in ballast, forced concessions from a government strenuously opposed to all relaxation; and, by the treaty of 1815, British and American vessels are placed upon the same footing with respect to the direct international trade. The consequence has been, that American ships, under this free competition, have attained the largest share of the international freights. From the moment the navigation laws were once invaded, further con-

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cessions became inevitable and rapid. In 1822, five bills were past by Parliament, making large inroads upon the old navigation principle, and permitting the colonies to import from, and export to other countries in British ships. In the years following these acts, Prussia entered into a reciprocity treaty with England on the principles laid down in that of the United States, and successively most nations entered into similar stipulations, thus enlarging the circle of free competition with which British vessels had to contend. *Pari passu* with these concessions, customs duties were modified,* and through extended intercourse, continued peace and improving science, most of the materials of which ships were built, fell in price, and it came to be true, that vessels of improved models could be built much cheaper than formerly, and being preferred to the old ones, these latter were compelled to take less freight. Overlooking this obvious cause of declining prosperity, and seeing that they were underbid, not only by owners of new British ships, but by foreign ship owners, the old "shipping interest" forgot the altered circumstances of the commerce of nations, and ascribed their losses to the new treaties. Impressed with this feeling, a deputation of *wealthy shipowners* had an interview with Mr. Huskisson at the Board of Trade. They loudly complained of dear timber, dear ropes, dear victualling, &c., &c., and begged for protection to secure high freights. Mr. Huskisson listened, and admitted the evil of the timber duties, of the hemp duties, of the restrictions on provisions, and proposed to allow a drawback on all those materials, to place British ships on a similar footing with foreign ships. Oh, no, that would not suit them; their ships were already built, and if these duties were removed, every little ship-builder could build cheap ships to compete with them, and destroy their monopoly!! Huskisson saw that these men thought not of the "*shipping interest*," but of their own particular ships. He said no more, but bowed them out.

It is obvious, that if the shipowners had been right in the assertion that the treaties were operating injuriously on British shipping at large, and not upon their particular ships, that a constantly diminishing quantity of British tonnage would annually have been returned until the interest should have become extinct. A few figures give the actual result. At the date of the application of that deputation, the British tonnage cleared from England, was, 1,549,503 tons, being 9,666 ships; and this has annually and steadily increased to 15,783 ships, and 3,553,777 tons in 1848, showing an increase of 2,004,274 tons; in the same time, the foreign tonnage cleared increased 750,753. It is hardly necessary to remark, that this result destroys that political objection to liberal laws sometimes urged, viz., that it is necessary to encourage seamen as a means of na-

* The British duties on articles that enter into ship building, have been modified, as follows:

	1819.	1831.	1848.	U. S. duties. 1842.
Flax, ton	$2,96	36	free	free.
Hemp "	45,93	20,74	free	$40,00
Iron "	35,18	6,66	free	40,00
Sail Cloth; yards	17	14	15 per cent	15 per cent.
Sails, per cent	1,04	30	free	15 per cent.

The timber duties in England continue very high, but it has been proposed by the present government of Canada to tax the export 7s per load, or 2d. per foot, as a fund to meet the guarantee of the Imperial government, on the expenditure proposed for the new rail-road.

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tional defence. If the number of vessels has multiplied two-fold under liberal laws, the number of seamen must have progressed in a similar ratio; and, consequently, the basis of a navy has become as much more reliable. Politicians would have ships regarded not in their actual light as the tools with which commerce is conducted, but as the object and end of commerce. That is, that merchants and ship-owners are allowed to conduct their business merely because in so doing they are training and educating men to fight such battles as the aristocracy may, for any purpose, undertake. When people at large recognize in ships only one means for the promotion of the general welfare in the disposal of the products of industry, they will also come to consider the right of making war as one that belongs only to the people whose business is interrupted by hostilities, and who have to pay the expense. Instead of driving a commerce merely to educate seamen for the navy, they will no longer permit the navy to draw industrious men from the productive employment of the mercantile marine.

While the shipping interests of England have thus increased in magnitude, as compared with the aggregate amount that comes to her ports from all nations with which she deals, the shipping of the United States has always taken precedence of that of England whenever they met on equal terms.

The manner in which the Navigation Laws continue to operate on the indirect trade, may be gathered from a few facts elicited before a parliamentary committee to examine into the operation of the Navigation Laws, in respect to the indirect trade. A short quotation from the evidence of Mr. Berger, a London merchant in the United States trade, will show the tendency of this investigation. In answer to the question, "Have you experienced any inconvenience or loss from the operation of the Navigation Laws?" Mr. Berger gives a reply at once comprehensive and specific:—

"The principal inconvenience that we experience is from that clause in the Navigation Law, which enacts that goods, not the produce of the United States shall only be brought from the United States in an English vessel. There is a large trade carried on, principally from the northern ports of the United States, viz., Boston and New-York, with Africa, the East Indies, and other parts; there is a large market there for the produce of those countries, and very frequent opportunities occur, when the markets in this country are bare of those articles, and when it would be most important that they should be brought over here. I speak of such articles as palm oil, ivory, African hides, East India hides, Manilla hemp, East India gums, and African gums, and dye-woods of all kinds; a considerable quantity of East and West India drugs, Cuba tobacco, annatto, and other articles: all those articles are very valuable, though not much in bulk.

"Are those articles that you have a great trade in? Yes, a considerable trade both in London and Liverpool, and those articles can only be imported into this country in British vessels.

"Have you experienced any difficulty in procuring British ships in the northern ports of the United States, Boston and New-York? Frequently there has been a difficulty and a delay in getting forward those goods, from the difficulty of getting British ships."

Not that there is any absolute deficiency of British shipping in these northern ports. But the British ships that frequent New-York and Boston are mainly an inferior class of colonial craft, from Nova Scotia or

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New-Brunswick, not adapted to carry the more valuable descriptions of American produce, and not always "in a position to come across the Atlantic." "Generally speaking," adds the witness, "they are the worst which we get, and the consequence is an increased rate of premium on the insurance, an increased length of voyage, and an increased loss of interest; and what affects us more than anything else, the risk of the loss of the market, which the delay and the length of the voyage entail upon us."

"Can you give any particular instance of the difficulty of getting British ships, in which to import those particular goods that you have referred to into this country? Yes; one of our friends writes us here in November last, from Salem, Massachusetts: 'The favorable state of your market would induce me to send about 150 casks of palm oil lately received, was there any British vessel here at this time; and also another parcel of 150 hogsheads, which I daily expect.' And afterwards he wrote us, 'The 150 casks which are mentioned in my last I have sold, there not being a British vessel;' so that not only a British ship lost the freight, but we lost the commission."

"The favorable state of the British market" is simply a short way of saying that Great Britain very particularly wanted palm oil, at that particular moment, and would have been only too happy to pay the American merchant a handsome price for it; but the Navigation Laws stopped the way. The examination proceeds:—

"Can you give another instance?. I can give another instance which affected us. The goods were sent by a ship which bears a good name, but which was a wretched craft—the Duke of Wellington; she was a St. John's ship, loading at Boston. There were 100 bales of Cuba tobacco which had to be sent round from New-York to Boston; the ship made a very long passage, and that tobacco, if it could have been shipped by an American vessel, would have been here six weeks before, and would have been sold for 3s. 3d. a pound; but before the time this ship got here, the market declined 2s., and the tobacco is still on hand now, and is not worth more than 1s. 3d. a pound. Upon that single transaction there was a loss to the parties interested of £500, or £600. There was another instance in October last. Our correspondent wrote to us in these terms:—There are at present 1,000 bales of Manilla hemp here, which would go forward were there any British ship. We had to send out a ship from this country; she got into distress, and had to put back to Cork, and those 1,000 bales, not having come forward, being equal to 250 tons, have since been sold abroad."

The colonial policy of Great Britain, as well as that of other nations of Europe, has, however, always had in view the maintenance of a close monopoly, until recently, when great modifications have been made in it. The monopoly was, moreover, of a very comprehensive character. It was a monopoly of supply of colonial produce and manufacture. The colonies were allowed to draw their supplies only from the mother-country; they were constrained to carry all their produce to her markets only; and were prohibited from manufacturing themselves, being required to send their raw material to England to be wrought up.

The treaty of 1815, which opened the direct trade between Great Britain and the United States to the vessels of each nation on mutual terms, did not embrace the colonial trade. The government of England taking advantage of the protective system, which was then in operation in the United States, saw, with satisfaction, the imposition by Congress of a series of restrictive regulations meant to be retaliatory by the acts of 1818, 1820, and 1823. While British goods were subjected to enormous duties imported into the United States directly, they were sent to the

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Canadas, and thence smuggled into the northern states. Thus, while the United States' duties on wollens, cottons, silks, teas, &c., ranged from 30 to 168 per cent., the colonial duties were only 2½ per cent. This enormous premium on smuggling over the northern border, tended directly to encourage the British shipping in the St. Lawrence River; and to promote an interest which the singular policy of the United States was fostering; the Imperial Parliament in 1825 and 1826, by two acts, granted to the Canadas, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, all the commercial privileges of independent nations, modifying duties, and placing the revenues at the control of the local legislature. At length, Congress awoke to the adverse operation of its restrictive policy, and by act of May, 1830, authorized the President, whenever he should receive evidence that the government of Great Britain had opened its ports to the vessels of the United States, to admit, by proclamation, upon the same terms, the vessels of the colonies. The conditions being fulfilled, the proclamation issued October 30, 1830, and British vessels and their cargoes were admitted to entry in the ports of the United States from the northern and West India colonies.

It has been freely objected to this arrangement, that under it the British vessels have great advantages over those of the United States: 1st, that while only selected ports of the colonies are open to the United States' vessels, all the American ports were open to British vessels. 2d. That by the selection of these few ports, advantages are given to the British vessels over those of the United States, and, as an instance, gypsum, an article of export from the provinces, is taken by British vessels directly from the quarries, while American vessels can only get it at the nearest port, Windsor. 3d. That colonial duties have been levied on exports in American vessels, and not upon the same articles shipped in British vessels. 4th. That United States produce may be naturalized in the colonies and sent thence to England without duties. As an instance—flour may be taken in by a British vessel at an American port, and the vessel touching at a colonial port obtain a certificate of naturalization, which will exempt the flour from duty in England. 5th. That British vessels may proceed from England to the colonies, thence to the United States, and thence home, making three freights, while American vessels can neither go from England to her colonies, nor from the colonies to England. These are among the leading advantages that British ships were said to enjoy over those of the United States in international trade. If we admit that they were all substantial advantages, a table from official documents* will show that the American vessels have,

* AMERICAN AND BRITISH TONNAGE ENTERED THE UNITED STATES FROM BRITAIN AND HER DEPENDENCIES, WITH THE VALUE OF IMPORTS IN THE RESPECTIVE SHIPS.

	1829.		1833.		1840.		1847.	
	Br.	Am.	Br.	Am.	Br.	Am.	Br.	Am.
G. Britain	77,104	177,595	143,282	203,582	152,788	378,466	445,890	487,278
Gibraltar,	.....	5,718	403	4,206	.....	2,155	1,045	2,851
E. Indies,	676	3,173	.....	5,955	.....	9,715	.....	10,683
W. Indies,	317	32.777	26,638	53,537	29,294	54,899	36,792	76,981
Guiana	.....	.....	.....	.....	5,288	1,298	4,484	4,675
Honduras	.....	.....	96	2,176	1,353	2,943	786	5,736
N. A. Cols.	4,409	88,492	208.054	209,958	387,947	373,149	500.941	670,015
Total,	82,506	307,755	378,473	479,416	576,670	823,625	989,938	1,258,219
Value of Imp'ts,	3,115.906	24,458,389	4,682,131	38,334,390	5,581,224	33,411,801	4,438,859	13,558 ,053

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notwithstanding these disadvantages, obtained by far the largest proportion of the increased trade between the United States and colonies, as well as the imperial islands.

The tonnage entered from the British West Indies, in which trade the English vessels were supposed to have such superior advantages, increased from a total of 33,094 tons in the year following the opening of the ports, to 113,773 tons in 1847; and of this increase of 80,679 tons, the United States vessels had 44,214 tons, and the amount of freights brought in British vessels remained nearly stationary. These results show conclusively, that under alledged disadvantages the triumph of American seamanship has been complete. The general result of opening the trade with the colonies is seen in greatly extended sales of American farm produce. The removal of restriction upon navigation has the same effect upon sales to the colonies, as the opening of a railroad through a naturally seclu led district has, viz.—to enable its settlers to reach a market. Take, for instance, the objection mentioned above in relation to gypsum, and which was urged by petitioners to Congress strenuously, as a reason for retaliation. Certain parties in New-Brunswick owned plaster of paris quarries, and were desirous of selling the product. The citizens of Maine were desirous of buying it. The English government said, "You quarrymen can sell only to British vessels:" but finally they modified the restriction, so as to permit American vessels to buy at a neighboring port. The object of this was to encourage British shipping. The result was, to deprive the quarrymen of the sale of their plaster, because the restriction made it come too high. In 1838 the colonies sold $205,698 worth to the U. States, of which $188,937 was in British vessels. In 1847 they sold but $22,260, of which $21,236 was in British vessels. Had they permitted the citizens of Maine to come to their quarries and buy plaster on the best terms, they would have continued to sell well; but their restriction lost them both market and transportation, while Maine was better accommodated elsewhere. This absurd mode of encouraging shipping works out its own stultification. England has become wiser. Thus, a congressional committee, in 1842, declaimed vigorously against the existing arrangement, because United States flour could be naturalized in the provinces, and so conveyed to England without duty, "in which way our own vessels are excluded from the transportation of our own produce." The corn-laws were then in operation in England, and if our western farmers could find, through the colonies, a mode of selling their flour by evading the duties, it is difficult to see why the shipping interest should complain. As it is, however, England, by abolishing the corn-laws, has given the trade to American vessels, and colonial vessels have no longer that advantage. The late proposition of the English ministry to throw open the coasting trade of the two countries to the shipping reciprocally—a proposition which was withdrawn for the unsound reason that the difficulties of preventing smuggling would, under such an arrangement, become insuperable, and the revenue suffer—was strongly objected to by Mr. Webster in the American Senate, for reasons as expressed by himself, as follows:

"Another thing to be considered is, how inconsiderably small is the coasting trade of England proper, and her European dominions, in contrast with the vast extent of the coasting trade of the United States. Our coasting trade hereafter holds out to us the greatest prospects. *It will embrace the longest voyages on the globe, running from the extreme north, around Cape Horn, to*

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California and Oregon. If this proposition of reciprocity is adopted, who should then leave the produce and manufactures of the United States free to British or other foreign vessels, not only to New-Orleans, *but around Cape Horn*, to our territories on the Pacific; and in this foreign ships can be navigated cheaper than our own vessels."

The idea embraced in this objection is, that the "length" of the voyage round Cape Horn is of great advantage. Now commercial shrewdness looks rather to rich freights on *short* voyages, than to length of time occupied. It requires high prices and large profits to remunerate the ship-owner for the outlay of capital and accumulation of expense, in maintaing a ship and crew for a year for one freight. The interests of our colonies or new states on the Pacific require to have supplies of all kinds brought to them in the cheapest possible manner. Their situation is analogous to that of the people of England last year, when the government was compelled to suspend the navigation laws, in order that grain might be brought by those who would bring it cheapest. The voyage to California is not a tempting one, and the people of that region require that it should be interdicted to none. How different is this policy of Mr. Webster from that which actuated the Earl of Dalhousie, governor-general of India, last year. Formerly it was the policy of the Indian government to confine the trade exclusively to company ships. Ultimately foreign vessels were allowed to engage in it, but they were charged double duties. These duties are now abolished, and American vessels are allowed, not only to enter on the same terms as British vessels, but to stop at Bombay and other ports, and take a load of cotton or other produce to China.

In the official report of the commissioners appointed by the government of Bombay, to inquire into the causes of the decline of the cultivation of cotton in India, the commissioners object to the admission of foreign flags to the advantages of the carrying trade in cotton between the ports of India and China, on the same terms as the British flag. They say it will affect the interest of the country shipping of India, and that the system of the Americans will make it advantageous for them to call at Bombay on their way to China, and carry cotton forward at a rate of freight that would soon leave that branch of the carrying trade almost entirely in their hands. The commissioners estimate the double duties then imposed upon the Americans as equivalent to 20s. or 22s. per ton, and this disadvantage is sufficient to secure the carrying trade to the Indian shipping. Now this disadvantage is done away; and to counteract the expected effect of the United States competition, it has become incumbent on all concerned to remove any restrictions on the country shipping, which may make the competition disadvantageous. Hitherto there appears to have been no distinction made between goods brought from Indian ports and goods brought from abroad. They were subject, whatever their nature, to like duties, whether they came from Bombay to Calcutta, or from London. The whole sea-board trade was treated as a foreign trade; the change now treats it as a coasting trade. From the general cheapness of labor in India, we might expect that the country shipping should be sailed much cheaper on its own waters than that of the United States coming from a distance; and now that the advantages are conceded of freely importing commodities from one port to another, which must contribute to the general convenience and cheapness, and be of great advantage to the ship-owners, it is expected that this anticipated decline, from the competition of United States shipping, will not arise.

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The importance of selling cotton to good advantage has been considered paramount to the protection of the Indian shipping; but in order to compensate them for the loss of the monopoly, they will probably be allowed to partake with the English shipping in the trade west of the Cape of Good Hope. The English Navigation Laws, about to be modified, are a complete bar to the employment of native shipping to the westward of the Cape of Good Hope, and are a great injury to all the interests connected with the shipping of India. To foster the shipping of England, those laws check the growth of that of Bombay. The owners of both are English subjects; and thus the laws injure one class for the benefit of another. The advantages said by the advocates of these laws to be conferred on English shipping, are clearly, in the case of the Indian trade, at the expense of the Indian shipping, both being British.

By the change produced by Earl Dalhousie, the Indian ports are now consolidated under one custom system, in the manner that the American ports were united by the confederation; and a corresponding impulse may be expected to be given to all interests.

One great cause of the admitted superiority of American vessels vero those of all other countries, may be ascribed to a cause generally overlooked, mainly, in the competition excited by the complete free trade established, between rival colonies by their union into states; while English vessels have ever been doing a monopoly trade, those of the United States have excelled them upon the Atlantic, almost entirely driven them from the whaling business, and are now sharply competing with them in the Indian Seas. Some of the causes of the superiority of the Americans is thus expressed in the letter of an English merchant to his correspondent:—

"The success of the American ships is owing to causes of which the principal ones are—good ships, built at a *high cost*, equal to that of the first-class *river* built vessels; comfortable and *splendid* accommodations for passengers; regularity in sailing; responsible consignees on each side; *captains owning generally one-eighth of the ship;* good seamen obtained by *good wages* and *comfortable* quarters; most excessive pains in neatness, scraping and painting every passage; and lastly, perhaps, the great attention of the press in puffing and praising, chronicling short passages, and stimulating to the most honorable rivalry. In these they were assisted by their competitors, partly by the absurd old measurement laws, inducing false models; by the stupidity of the English, refusing to ornament their cabins, or render them comfortable; by their vessels being nearly all transient; and lastly, by the *well-known inferiority of captains and officers of English ships.* The instances are not only numerous—they are *universal*—that our customers *order their goods sent by American ships only*, unless a cargo is all coal or iron, or something which must be a total loss or none at all.

"The stupidity of adhering to antediluvian notions is not yet abandoned. Instead of blue and gold, and couches and sofas, and painted glass, and 12 feet square state rooms, like the American, show a traveller into a narrow, ill-furnished, oak-painted, English cabin, and he will judge of the ship (and pretty correctly too) by these minor details, at which Messrs. W. and G., of B., might scoff. I am told that their vessels are the best in the world; but their *cabins are plain, and will only do for a monopoly trade;* and, if the Navigation Laws are repealed, those who sit still will soon be in the mire, and those who manfully set about asserting their superiority, need fear neither Yankee, Norwegian, nor Russian.

"In one *little* matter English ships generally contrast unfavorably. I have seen men at the wheel on the open deck, standing still, steering in all weathers, blinded by snow, scorched by sun, or frozen on the winter passage; while the

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American steersman, protected by a little house with windows, warmed by the cabin below, drove the ship in the worst weather in perfect comfort, and corresponding attention to duty, and freedom from sickness. Sailors brought up in the former course may laugh at the effiminacy of such a remark; but I say, in all stations comfort, when consistent with duty, does not render a man less fit to endure needful severity of exposure."

This is true of American shipping in general; there is, however, one branch which has from the formation of the government been cursed with protection, in the shape of bounties, viz., the fishery interest. That interest has always enjoyed a bounty supposed equivalent to the duty on the salt used in curing the fish. All other interests, the farming particularly, pay the same duty as do the whaling and freighting vessels, not only on salt, but on iron, hemp, cordage, and on articles of outfit; yet the fishers were the only ones that were allowed the bounty. The result has been precisely what might have been expected, viz.:—That this is the only interest that has not flourished. While all other branches of navigation have increased immensely, that protected cod and mackerel fishery has alone remained stationary.* The condition of this interest, after a direct application of some $3,000,000 in bounties paid to it by the federal government, is thus described by one of the strongest advocates for the continuance of the bounty:

"It is enough to say, that *with* the help of the bounty, and *with* a protecting duty uniformly the same, we believe, in every tariff since that of 1816, no *hard-working, hard faring men in New-England, are, as a class, so poor* as our fishermen. The temperance pledge has done wonders of late years to improve their condition and to create in them habits of thrift and saving; but yet, as a whole, they are hardly in comfortable circumstances. 'They are too poor to stay, too poor to go,' said Fisher Ames of them in his day—and it is thus that we may speak of them yet."

It is somewhat difficult to reconcile with the alledged *benefits* of protection, the fact, that this business, which alone, of all others in the Union, has received the special support of the federal government, should be, according to the admission of its warmest friends, the poorest and most miserable in the Union. Is there not some affinity between this pauper dependence on federal bounty and their thriftless condition? It has always been observed in the countries of Europe that the best protected trades are the most thriftless and miserable, as, for instance, the Spitalfields silk weavers in England were to that government what fishermen have been to ours, and the result is the same. These weavers were the most miserable of all classes of English artizans until the trade was thrown open in 1825, when they immediately began to thrive.

The dependence which a protected class feels upon the protecting power is always fatal to that spirit of enterprise and exertion, without which success is impossible; and the necessity of having untrammeled, cheap, and speedy means of transportation upon the ocean, is felt to be as great as to have uninterrupted avenues of trade to the ocean. The progress which has in the last quarter of a century been made towards modifying the restrictions imposed in a semi-barbarous age, will soon be carried to a successful issue.

*TONNAGE OF THE UNITED STATES EMPLOYED IN

	Foreign Trade.			Coasting.		
	Freight.	Steam.	Whale.	Freight.	Steam.	Fishing.
1829	592,818	—	57,284	454,922	54,036	101,796
1839	702,392	—	131,844	963,673	186,874	108,682
1847	1,047,456	5,631	193,858	1,053,491	399,210	109,131
1848	1,152,640	16,067	192,179	1,280,454	411,873	106,633

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THE LOVER'S MONUMENT.

There is a natural sympathy existing between mankind; a connecting link binding us to each other, by the influence of which we are forced to feel the situation of all. This inherent principle may act feebly at times, yet it exists and does exert an influence. We feel the sorrow of our unfortunate neighbor, mourn when he mourns, and make his grief partly our own. If he is prosperous and happy, we are, or should be, prepared to rejoice with him. The heart that remains unmoved by the situation of others—that feels no sympathy with them, is strangely, wonderfully, and dangerously perverted, and needs the correcting influence of a higher civilization, to quicken its impulses and enlarge the circle of its affections. Thus it is in the ordinary occurrences of life; but occasionally we meet with cases of a peculiar character—cases, that rising above the daily objects of joy and sorrow, draw largely upon our feelings, and ere we are aware of it, find their way to the fountain of tears. The case of Miss Curran, the affianced bride of the patriot Emmet, so beautifully described by Irving, in his "Broken Heart," is one of that description. History records but few instances, in which the affections have been stronger than the desire of life; and this fact may account for the cold indifference such most generally receive. We are not disposed to magnify the virtues of others, especially when they excel our own, however much sympathy we cultivate for the unfortunate or sorrow-stricken of our species.

There is a depth of feeling—a power of sentiment, which but few are permitted to realize. It may be the result of education; but to me, it appears more like the natural refinement of the soul, untouched by the depreciating influences of a selfish world. To mock its effects upon those who are distinguished by such ennobling traits of character, is evidence of our ignorance of the striking contrast between their refinement and our own coarseness; as well as a want of respect for those distinctive qualities, which make us most like God.

During my stay in ———, I visited the cemetery; not so interesting in its appearance as many others in our country, but not less sacred as the resting place of the dead—not less solemn, as the common theatre for the sighs and tears of the living over the departed. I passed from monument to monument, until I stood before one that arose above all its companions in this office of silent, but pathetic eloquence. It was an Italian marble monument of the purest white. Two hands joined together, constituted the front and principal design; they project from the surface, and are highly finished. A few lines—"We part to meet again, &c.," are engraven directly under them, and further illustrate the object of the design. On the other side of the monument, a most beautiful wreath of flowers stands out from the surface, in the same style. "The flowers, at morn her bridal flowers, formed ere the eve her funeral wreath." The appearance of the monument is plain, yet there is a richness and elegance in its simplicity, perfectly beautiful. It is called "The Lover's Monument." In 1839, a marriage engagement was entered into between Miss ——— and Mr. ———, of ———. A few days before the time

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appointed for their union, the young lady became the victim of a disease, which terminated in her death. During her illness, the young gentleman watched by her bed-side, with a constancy and devotion which put to blush the ordinary fidelity of man; and in the most mournful and trying moment, when in her last convulsive struggles she threw her arms around his neck, and with a smile of unfaltering faith and love, pressed her farewell on his lips; he exhibited a firmness unnatural—a resignation superhuman. The struggle with her was over; she sank back upon her pillow, calm and beautiful; but it was the calm of death—the beauty, that not unfrequently, lights the features of the pure in heart after the soul has departed. She passed away, peaceful and quiet, "as fades the morning star amidst the light of heaven." To earth the heriot clay was given, but "joyously her youthful soul ascended to claim its heritage." Unlike the martyr, whose blood, unavenged, still smokes upon the scaffold of his oppressed and deeply injured country, the death of my friend was marked by no political outrage—was not required by *regal* executioners to perpetuate laws of oppression, injustice, and inhumanity. In answer to one of those mysterious and imperative calls of Providence, wholly beyond the understanding of human wisdom, she parted with a numerous circle of loved and loving relatives, at the very moment she became the object of their deepest interest, and the centre of their hopes. Without that circle her death was perhaps but little felt. Society missed one of its brightest ornaments, but the festivities stopped not; a sigh, perhaps a tear of sympathy was shed, and a few "commiserations" sent in, when another took the place of the departed, and the tide moved onwards. But who can tell of the unnumbered heart-throbs, and burning tears, around the desolate hearth? Who can describe those dreary hours of unutterable longings, enlivened only by the half imaginary lights religion bears us from eternity? "Let those answer who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed." 'Tis sad, indeed, to witness the desolation, even of those upon whom time has written its lines of decay, and it matters but little, how well we are prepared for the solemn event. But the death of the young and beautiful, from whom so much is expected—around whom so many hopes and affections cling, makes a deeper impression. If the realities and beauties of earth are sufficient to inspire an attachment—if its joys and hopes can fill the dimensions of a pure and impassioned soul—both are realized in the strong and mutual affections of kindred and youthful spirits. And if its bereavements and sorrows can dry up the sources of enjoyment and happiness, and render life a cold and cheerless probation, the destruction of those fine wrought fibres of the human heart, caused by the death of the few noble creatures whom God has distinguished by the most liberal gifts of everything that contributes to perfect female loveliness, is a completion of the work. Such was its effects upon the lonely survivor. The sympathy of relatives and friends, contributed but little to the relief of his distress. Their efforts were unavailing, and he sunk under the afflicting dispensation of Providence, into settled melancholy. What availed the smiles of friends? They were but mockery of his past happiness, and of his present desolation. What availed the beauties of the world? He had seen the grave inclose the perfection of all beauties. Like the forest oak,

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stripped of its foliage, he stood amidst his prosperous companions, the more sad and dreary, when compared with their cheerful appearance—in all but breath already dead. The monument described was the labor of his love—a noble but inadequate expression of his attachment. The flowers of nine summers have shed their fragrance around that monument, and the frosts of ten winters have whitened her grave; but no change has yet been observed in the mind and affections of him, to whom flowers and frosts perform the same office; alike, witnesses of the seasons that must pass away, before he is permitted to enjoy a happy re-union beyond.

Society has had but little influence upon him. Time has not been the healing physician in his case. Whether he yields to the blighting effects of this bereavement, and sinks, prematurely, as did the noble lady, referred to by Irving, into the grave, or lingers out his brief span, the result is the same; in his affliction, all that made his life pleasant or desirable, was lost. Every Sabbath evening, an appropriate time for spirits to hold communion with each other, he visits this little world of his, in which, all he prized on earth, save the immortal soul, lies buried.

> "Oh, is not this love?
> That one pure, wild feeling, all others above,
> Vow'd to the living, and kept to the tomb,
> The same in its blight as it was in its bloom."

TRANSLATIONS FROM HORACE—ODE XIV.

TO THE REPUBLIC.

Thou bark, and must thou, seaward bent again,
New billows ride? Take heed, remain, remain,
Where safety abides:
Oh look! no rowers man thy naked sides;

Africa's winged gales have riv'n thy mast;
How thy yards moan! If not rope-bound and fast,
Vessels can scarce sustain
The growing fury of the angry main.

Thy sails in fragments flutter in the air;
No God will list thy supplicating prayer.
Though pine of Pontic fame
Thy parent forest yielded for thy frame,

Vainly thou'lt boast thy name and noble race.
In pictur'd sterns the trembling sailor's place
No faith. If not decreed
To be the sport of winds, be warn'd, take heed!

Once weary partner of thy dangers, I
Now gaze on thee with sad and anxious eye.
Mayst thou avoid those seas,
Whose waves divide the shining Cyclades.

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DANTON.

Few public characters who have left behind them so world-wide a reputation and a name so renowned, have been less understood or more misrepresented than Danton. The English historians, especially those who, like Alison, belong to that school of Tory politics, which inculcates a holy horror of everything savoring of democracy and popular institutions, have invariably classed him with the worst characters of the age in which he lived—with the men of terror and bloodshed and crime. Sir Walter Scott seems to regard him as a kind of half-civilized, half-savage monster—"a grander Ras Michael than he of Tigre,"—with a character such only as the pen of Shakspeare or Schiller could attempt to draw; and most of the historians and reviewers of the mother-country, with one or two notable exceptions, have followed in the same beaten path, scarcely advancing a step beyond the high-toned, though somewhat antiquated notions of Mr. Pitt and Edmund Burke upon the men and events of the French Revolution. In America the true position and character of Danton seem to have been heretofore as little appreciated as in England. This may be explained by the fact, that until within a few years past, all our ideas of the political and social revolutions of the last century have been derived from the works of the very class of authors referred to. The French historians, since the Revolution of 1830, without attempting directly to vindicate the reputation of Danton, have done something toward removing the load of obloquy which rested upon his name; but it is not, perhaps, too much to say, that his true history remains to be written.

In order correctly to judge of the past, we must study it in something of the spirit of the present age, no matter what favorite theory may be unsettled, or what venerable prejudice overthrown. The writers we have alluded to have not always done so. It is not from them, therefore, that we can obtain a clear insight into the true Danton of history, as he must hereafter appear to the posterity that shall be separated from him by as many centuries as separate us from Cromwell. But if we would rightly comprehend the character of this stern product of the revolution—this champion of popular liberty and its avenger—we must ourselves enter upon the scene, and strive to catch something of the spirit of the times in which he lived. Was not this Danton, with all his wild revolutionary passions, a true man—true to his country—to the light that was in him? Did he not do battle manfully for France, and stand firm for the rights of the people when weaker hearts shrank from the contest? Did he do nothing for the revolution—for the cause of popular liberty—for the advancement of free principles in the world? and has posterity dealt justly by him in heaping unmingled execrations upon his memory?

George Jaques Danton was born at Arcis-Sur-Aube. His father, a farmer in moderate circumstances, died when Danton was young; and his mother subsequently married M. Ricordin, a cotton manufacturer,

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who educated his step-son with great care.* Danton's character in his youth was precisely what one would be led to infer from that of his man hood—resolute, daring, and impetuous, yet affectionate, and at times ful of gentleness. He was endowed with an indomitable will, and a wild and turbulent disposition, which could be controlled only by kindness; addicted to every irregularity, idle, and rebellious against discipline; yet withal possessing a generous nature, and a frank and joyous heart. Notwithstanding the attention paid to his education, Danton is spoken of in his more mature years as ignorant and illiterate; but whatever may have been his want of acquirements, certain it is that he was possessed of a great and powerful intellect—perhaps unequalled by any of the revolutionary leaders—and of a judgment at once rapid, sagacious, and profound.

He chose for his profession the law, and came to Paris to practice it; but he met with little success; it opened to him neither the road to distinction nor wealth. At the beginning of the revolution he was a penniless advocate, "more burdened with debts than causes," says Madame Roland. The same lady describes the countenance of Danton, strongly expressive, she writes, of "the violence of brutal passions, and the most astonishing audacity, half-disguised by a jovial air, an affectation of frankness and a sort of simplicity" Some allowance, we apprehend, must be made for the personal and party predilections of Madame Roland, in her criticism upon Danton's good looks. He was never a favorite of her, even in the heyday of his popularity, and while upon the best terms with the Girondins; and though he had been, it is not at all probable that she could have seen in his harsh, ill-favored features, the "head of an Antinous," like that of Barbaroux. Danton's countenance, like Mirabeau's, though striking and expressive, was excessively ugly; but like Mirabeau's, there was something sublime in its ugliness. His whole appearance denoted strength, force and manhood. His stature was gigantic, almost colossal. Says one, in speaking of him, "He was taller by the head than all the other members of the Convention." His voice, suited to such a frame, was sonorous and of wonderful power. His large, harsh, and somewhat flat features, though upon a near view, unsightly and repulsive, when seen from a distance in an assembly, had something in them grand and imposing. In moments of excitement he had a peculiar vehemence of manner, and a tremendous energy of expression, and he was endowed with an imagination that could clothe his thoughts in the grandest imagery. Nature had gifted him with every attribute of person and of mind necessary to make him pre-eminently a tribune of the people.

Danton commenced his career in the revolution by haranguing the people at the clubs, and in the public places of Paris. Crowds flocked to hear him, captivated by the striking appearance and impassioned earnestness of the orator, and he was soon noted as amongst the most unquiet and turbulent spirits of the metropolis. He became intimate with Mirabeau, Petion, Robespierre, and the leaders of the popular party during the session of the Constituent Assembly; was a constant attendant at the clubs and other public places where political topics were discussed, and in these discussions took a prominent and active part.

The two great parties into which France, in the earlier period of the

* "There is still to be seen near the river, without the city in a pleasant spot, the house, half-rustic, half-town built, and the garden, on the banks of the Aube, where Danton's infancy was passed."—*Lamartine's Hist. Girondins.*

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revolution was divided, were the royalist and the national party. The former was the party of the privileged classes and the court; the latter of the people, and embraced all who were in favor of substantial though limited reform, as well as the more ultra of the democratic leaders. A common purpose united together for a time men of the most opposite opinions, and afterwards the most irreconcilable enemies. Danton enrolled himself with the national or popular party—co-worker there with Petion and Robespierre, with Lameth and Barnave, even with Lafayette and Mirabeau, in setting the ball of the revolution in motion. As yet the future republic was but a day-dream, and the declamations of the "Mirabeau of the populace," as Danton is sometimes called, were as far from having a republican government for their avowed object as those of the real Mirabeau himself in the Assembly. Between these two men there existed a striking similarity of character. Both were men of great intellect—of vehement passions, of overpowering energy; both were ardent in temper, fond of pleasure, dissolute in conduct, extravagant and overwhelmed in debt. Mirabeau is known to have been accessible to money, and Danton is suspected of it. "Their vices," says Mignet, "were the same, only Mirabeau's were those of a patrician, and Danton's those of a democrat."

Though Danton did not, in the earlier period of the revolution, openly advocate a republic, yet his views were from the beginning thoroughly republican. He was always in the van of the popular movement—firm and decided in his course, and a bold and formidable agitator. Several times were warrants issued from the Chatelet to arrest him for sedition, but he contrived to elude, and at length openly defied the authorities. The process of the courts fell impotent at the feet of the President of the Cordeliers section; and the arch-agitator, strong in his popularity, soon arose superior to the law.

The famous club of the Jacobins, of which Danton was a member, was founded by Lafayette, Bailly, Duport, and some of the best and purest men of the revolution. Under their lead it soon became apparent that the club afforded a theatre too narrow for the popular patriotism. A new society was organized, composed of more radical elements, and designed to give greater energy to the revolution. It met in the church of the Cordeliers, from which was derived its name of the "Cordeliers' Club." Its founder and president was Danton; Camille Desmoulins was its secretary. Under such an administration the Cordeliers would soon have outstripped its rival, and become the favorite of the people, had not the Jacobins rapidly popularized and constantly ejected such of its members as were suspected of moderate opinions. The Constitutionalists deserted it; the Girondins were "purged" after the death of the king; the bust of Mirabeau was torn down, and the society at length fell under the influence of Robespierre and his compeers. These two clubs were the most formidable engines of popular violence. Here were forged the revolutionary thunderbolts which struck the monarchy lifeless; here were discussed and matured those plans of insurrection which crushed the constitution and established the dictatorship of the populace. The clubs soon acquired a tremendous power over the Assembly, and Danton was omnipotent at the clubs.

Meanwhile the ball of the revolution rolled steadily onward. Before the spring of 1791, the political, civil, and municipal institutions of the

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kingdom were almost entirely remodelled. The Assembly, in one night's legislation, had overthrown the whole fabric of feudalism; the freedom of the press had been established, and religious toleration proclaimed in France; the immense landed property of the church had been confiscated to the use of the state, and ultimately of the people, in itself a vast revolution; titles of nobility had been abrogated, as well as the absurd law of primogeniture; the jury had been established, the old punishments of the monarchy superseded, and *lettres de cachet*, those formidable weapons of tyrants, abolished. Such were some of the stupendous works of that enlightened Assembly, whose labors have been fraught with inestimable blessings to the people of France, and glorious results to the cause of universal freedom. That body, however, did not always take the lead in these great measures. It often followed in the wake of the popular movement. Without—in the metropolis—the most extreme notions began to prevail. The Jacobins and Cordeliers were busy, and often took the initiative step in a reform, which the Assembly followed. The thunder of Mirabeau in the tribune was answered by the thunder of Danton in the clubs; and the deliberations of the National Assembly were not wholly uninfluenced by that mighty voice which rolled up from the section of the Cordeliers. Of that section Danton was the president; and he had availed himself of his position to increase his power with the people, and to give a new impetus to the revolution. He had been elected, too, a member of the municipal council, where he sat side by side with Mirabeau—the one about to make his exit from the political arena, the other just entering upon it.

The power of feudalism, of the church, of the aristocracy, had thus fallen; but royalty yet existed. The throne still stood, though shorn of its power—*magni nominis umbra*—but it stood upon a volcano. The Republic was no longer a dim vision of the future; it had become the bright hope of the present, about to be speedily realized. The king's flight to Varennes, and recapture by Lafayette, brought the subject of the deposition before the Assembly. But the movement had already been anticipated by Danton at the clubs, who demanded the dethronement and trial of the king, and advocated the necessity of the Republic. The Assembly, however, was firm; it decreed the inviolability of the king, and refused to proceed against him.

This feeble policy of the Assembly, one of the most obvious and fatal mistakes of Lafayette and the Constitutionalists, it is well-known provoked the insurrection in the Champ-de-Mars, on the 17th of July, 1791. Danton was a leading spirit in that movement, and assisted in drawing up the petition. The night before the insurrection he appeared in the tribune at the Jacobins, before an assembly of four thousand people, urging with all the fervor of his fiery and impetuous eloquence the adoption of Laclos' proposition, that petitions should be circulated all over France, and covered with ten millions of signatures for the deposition of the king. "I, too, love peace," he said, "but not the peace of slavery! Let those who do not feel the courage to rise and beard tyranny, refrain from signing our petition. We want no better proof by which to understand each other: here it is to our hands." Notwithstanding this energetic language, Danton was absent on the following day, when the massacre in the Champ-de-Mars occurred. His friend Camille justifies his absence by saying, that he was obliged to fly from arrest the previous

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night to the house of his father-in-law at Fontenay, and that Lafayette's patrols were upon his track. This is by no means improbable, as Danton subsequently, when he saw himself marked out for proscription as one of the chief agitators in the affair of the Champ-de-Mars, found it convenient to retire for a time to his native village; nor did he appear again until the public ferment attending the insurrection had subsided.

The immense popularity of Danton from this time rapidly increased; he became one of the most powerful men in Paris. During the year 1792, the court, sensible of the danger to be apprehended from so formidable an enemy, sought to gain him over, or at least neutralise his influence. Some writers assert that he sold himself to the royalists, but proved unfaithful to the bargain. This charge of corruption is the worst that attaches to the character of Danton as a statesman, (with one terrible exception, which we shall presently notice;) and it may not be improper here to examine the grounds of it. It seems quite certain that Danton, as well as some others of the popular leaders, received money from the court, but not as has been charged by his enemies as a direct bribe, or under an engagement to betray the popular or serve the royal party. He had occupied the place of king's advocate to the Council, which the court purchased of him for 100,000 livres—a sum considerably more than its worth—under the expectation, doubtless, of attaching him to the royal interests. Danton took the money without scruple, as he would have taken the spoils of a vanquished enemy, but not as the price of his betrayal of the people. It is stated in Lafayette's Memoirs, that 50,000 crowns of this sum were given him only a few days before the 10th of August, and yet on that day Danton headed the popular movement against the king. Lafayette, it appears, was previously apprised of the negotiation, and once spoke to Danton about it at the Hotel de Ville, who remarked—"General, I am a greater monarchist than you yourself." This remark must have been intended as badinage, and Lafayette himself probably so understood it, as he could not have been ignorant of the republicanism of the founder of the Cordeliers' Club, and the orator who had excited the people to insurrection on the Champ-de-Mars. The large sum paid Danton for his place of advocate is proof of the formidable power he wielded at that time in Paris. The same sum had been offered at the opening of the revolution as a direct bribe to Mirabeau, and refused, though subsequently he did not hesitate to enter into a pecuniary *treaty* with the court, and to abandon the popular cause. Danton, fond of luxury and pleasure like Mirabeau, but poor and overwhelmed with debt, received without scruple the money which, perhaps, he knew was intended to purchase him rather than the miserable office he held, but never for a moment relaxed his republican zeal. With more truth than Mirabeau he could say—*je suis payé mais non vendu.* The patrician Mirabeau, who could utter this by way of boast, and without a blush, has met the encomiums of the very historians who have covered the republican Danton with obloquy; the reason is apparent—the one betrayed, the other proved faithful to the revolution.

The reader will find, in the March number of this Review, for 1844, a curious paper by Nicholas Hentz, a member of the National Convention of France, and a devoted adherent of Robespierre, for whose memory, as the purest and most virtuous patriot of the Republic, he manifests the deepest reverence. The observations of a contemporary

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upon the characters of Danton, Robespierre and Marat, would at this day be valuable, were they entirely free from that bias of party spirit, which unfortunately is apparent upon the very face of M. Hentz's communication. The old Jacobin of 1794 breathes in every line of it; and the half century which has intervened since that day seems neither to have enlightened the judgment nor cooled the party spirit of the writer. He speaks with the same bitterness against the enemies of Robespierre, the Girondists, the Feuillans, the Dantonists, the Thermidorians, as he did on the day of his chief's downfall. He makes Danton the most treacherous, as well as the most vicious and corrupt man in the revolution, and charges upon him as true those absurd accusations which Fouquier Tinville brought forward against him at the revolutionary tribunal. "The king," says M. Hentz, on the authority of M. le Maire, a Bourbon writer, and Bertrand de Molleville, a royalist, (neither of whom was very likely to speak of Danton without the strongest prejudice,) "gave Danton 300,000 francs to betray the revolution by leading it in a false direction: this he accepted. Afterwards he intrigued to defeat the republican armies in La Vendee, by sending incompetent generals; and finally, on the fall of the Girondins, he was in the pay of the English ministry." Such (without pretending to quote the exact language) is the substance of the charge of corruption and treason brought against Danton by this colleague in the Convention. If it rested on no better authority it might be easily answered. The accusation in this case evidently springs from strong party prejudice and personal feeling; and besides, M. Hentz finds it necessary, in order to sustain his theory of the self-sacrificing patriotism and incorruptible virtue of his idol Robespierre, whom he entirely acquits of all improper motives, and indeed almost of any agency in bringing Danton to the guillotine. This contemporary, indeed, speaks of all Robespierre's enemies in the same manner. He classes Petion and Roland with Hebert as corrupt men and the enemies of the Republic. He charges the Girondins with being in the employ of the English government, and in the receipt of the gold of Pitt, and even accuses Carnôt with treachery or cowardice in one of his military manœuvres on the frontier! Perhaps all this may be true; but if so, M. Hentz, deputy to the National Convention from the Moselle, has the rare merit of being the first to establish it since the doors of the revolutionary tribunal were closed. Danton in the pay of the English ministry! the Girondins bribed by the gold of Pitt! Lafayette and Carnôt traitors to their country! Such stories are too improbable, not to say absurd, for serious consideration.

Danton has also been charged with intriguing to save the king with the English government. M. Hentz hints at this in the paper just alluded to; but the charge is more definitely made by M. Bonnet, a royalist, and is given in a note by the editer to the work of M. Thiers. A confidential emissary of Danton, it is said, went to England to negotiate the terms, which were, that a sum of money large enough to secure he necessary number of votes should be deposited in London, payable when the king should be set at liberty. Danton would, of course, have been obliged to leave France, and his compensation was to be sufficient to remunerate him for so great a sacrifice. The plan, it is said, failed for want of means. This story, on its face, is not very probable, to say nothing of its want of confirmation by better authority. Could money have

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saved Louis it would have been obtained. Nor is it at all consistent with Danton's character to suppose, that from mere mercenary motives, he would consent to exile himself from his country. At a later period he refused to do so, even to save his life. "Does a man," he exclaimed, "carry away his country on the sole of his shoe?"

The charge of corruption is easily made, and with diffculty disproved. Some of the best and most eminent of the republicans were slandered in this respect. Petion was accused of bribery; so was Brissot; yet the authrity of Bertrand de Molleville, an attaché of the court, on which the accusation rests, is scarcely sufficient to fasten such a charge upon a man who remained in poverty till the day of his death. We do not mean to say, however, that the character of Danton is entirely free from suspicion in matters of this description. His exactions and peculations in Belgium, during his mission to the army of Dumouriez, are related on better authority than M. Bonnet or M. de Molleville. All we mean to say is, that these accounts of the vast sums that Danton received as a bribe to betray the republic and the popular cause, rest mainly on the authority of his personal enemies, and if not wholly false, are doubtless much exaggerated.

Danton was not an actor in the *emeuté* of the 20th of June, 1792. It terminated without results. The insurgents had merely defiled before the Assembly, and swarmed through the place of the Tuilleries, insulting by their presence and with their violence, both the legislature and the king, and then peaceably dispersed. It was one of those spontaneous and unorganized movements, without any definite purpose, which so often occurred at that period; but it served to show the fiery volcano which slumbered beneath the throne, ready in a moment to burst forth and overwhelm it in ruins. Danton's energies were reserved for the decisive moment. That moment at length came. The tempest burst forth at the bidding of the popular enchanter, and the throne of the Capets went down, amid the shouts of an infuriated populace, on the 10th of August, 1792—a date which marks the era of the second revolution.

The preliminaries of the proposed insurrection were arranged by the secret directory of the Jacobins. The celebrated Marsellais' battalion, five hundred strong, lay encamped in the Champs Elysées, ready to march against the enemies of liberty, whether enrolled under the banners of Brunswick, on the frontiers, or conspiring in the Tuilleries, with the "perjured king." All glowing with the fiery enthusiasm of the south—with martial step the strangers had entered the capital, singing that magnificent hymn, whose strains have risen above the tumult of so many a victorious battle field. Everything was ready. A leader was wanted. The timid Robespierre shrunk from the storm he had aided to raise. Marat could speculate better than act—could strike with the dagger better than the sword. All eyes were turned upon Danton, and Danton in the hour of danger did not shrink from the post assigned him. He selected Westermann, to direct the military operations of the day—a day as he declared that was not to be like the 20th of June, a mere civic promenade—and with an audacity and energy which he had never before displayed, set about perfecting his measures. Another crisis of the revolution had arrived; the burden of Atlas rested upon his shoulders; but his was the master spirit that having conjured up was able to direct the tempest. On the night preceding the insurrection Danton harangued the insurgents at the Cordeliers, in his own style of vehement and impassioned

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oratory. The scene was a striking one. It was midnight, and the fitful moonlight gleamed full upon the athletic form which towered in the consciousness of strength, among the people—full upon that multitude of eager and anxious faces, which thronged around him. The Marsellais battalion, that band of patriots with hearts of steel, who had come up from their native city, by the blue waters of the Mediterranean, to "die for freedom," were there, standing to their arms, grim and silent as marble statues. Presently the alarm cannon was heard; the tocsin resounded through the capitol; the drums beat to arms; peaceful citizens were startled from their night slumbers by the noise of the tumult, the rumbling of artillery wagons over the pavements, and the measured tramp of armed columns hastening to their quarters.

We shall not now attempt a description of the combat which followed on the memorable 10th of August, between the people and the Swiss guards at the palace. It is doubtful from which side the first shot came; it is immaterial; the Swiss were not the agressors; far less was poor Louis, who had sought shelter in the Assembly; and of all the charges urged against him on his trial, none was more unjust than that of causing the blood of the people to be shed on the 10th of August. For a moment the Swiss seemed about to conquer; a murderous discharge from their muskets strewed the vestibule of the palace with dead. The assailants terrified, recoiled and retreated in disorder; even the men of Marseiles, who "knew how to die for their country," staggered beneath the fiery shower, and fell back upon the disordered and flying crowd.* The news was brought to Danton (who was at the Hotel de Ville) that the federates were driven back, and the people dispersed. He had been engaged, amid the thunder of cannon and the noise of the battle, in organizing the new municipality, and in directing all the great movements of the day. "Citizens!"—shouted that stentorian voice—"our brethren call for aid; let us go and give it to them!" Placing himself at the head of a resolute and determined body of men, he forced his way into the throng; rallied the flying crowds, and led them again to the attack. The poor Swiss were soon overpowered, massacred, and cut off in detail; the Chateau was carried and given up to pillage. It was the hand of Danton that rang the knell of the monarchy!

The new ministry, which was formed after the 10th of August, was composed of Girondins, with one exception; and he, the minister of justice and keeper of the seals of state, was Danton. That man of mighty passions and profound intellect had now become the recognized master-spirit of the revolution. He had identified himself with its progress, and was bearing it onward in triumph over its enemies. Either from a sincere enthusiasm for republican equality, or from that love of wild excitement which characterizes a nature like his, he had plunged into it heart and soul. Once within the vortex he was hurried onward. The revolution had became with him an intense passion—a game full of a strange interest, in which the stake played for was his life. He had now attained the summit of his greatness. From an obscure advocate he had become, in an exceedingly brief time, the most powerful man in France. In the executive council his was the master mind.

* "One strangest patriot onlooker thinks the Swiss, had they a *commander*, would beat. He is a man not incompetent to judge—the name of him NAPOLEON BONAPARTE!—*Carlyle.*

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Roland, the minister of the interior, alone dared oppose him; but Danton bore Roland no ill-will on this account, nor cherished against him the least feeling of malice. He regarded him as an inefficient man, too much under the influence of his wife, but well-meaning and patriotic.

The September massacres occurred while Danton was minister of justice. It is the suspicion of being connected with this gigantic crime, either as an accomplice or accessory, which has left upon his memory its darkest stain. We say the *suspicion*, for his connection with the massacres, though often asserted, has never been satisfactorily proved, or even explained. Were his memory, like that of Vergniaud, like that of his colleague Roland, entirely free from all suspicion of the blood of September, history could never have ventured to brand Danton as the monster of cruelty and crime which he has been represented. But there it stands, just or unjust, *the suspicion*, dark and unexplained, that Danton excused, if he did not actually promote, the crime. The "damned spot" is on his right hand. He bitterly repented it when the fierce excitement of the moment and the danger had passed away, and his heart returned to its natural instinct of clemency and generosity. But there it was, deeply-marked—ineffaceable—and Danton, as he contemplated it, could give utterance only to unavailing regret, like the guilty wife of Macbeth, as she looked upon her blood-stained hand:—

"Here's the smell of blood still, and all the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten this little hand."

We attempt not to extenuate the conduct of Danton in this affair, or to mete out to him the exact measure of his guilt or innocence. One thing, however, we do not hesitate to assert, and we think the facts sustain the assertion, that he was neither the active agent in accomplishing these murders, nor the ruthless assassin who, in cold blood, premeditated them, as has been charged upon him. His guilt was passive in its nature; it consisted in his inactivity and culpable neglect. All that can be said of him, with anything like certainty, is, that he was apprised of the slaughter, and, as minister of justice, made no effort to arrest it; the rest is mere conjecture, suspicion, or calumny. A brief review of the circumstances which led to the September massacres will best show how far Danton was implicated in the crime.

The Duke of Brunswick, with his victorious army, 80,000 strong, was rapidly marching upon Paris. Only 23,000 men, under Dumouriez, and the fortress of Verdun, lay between the enemy and the capital. Paris was in a blaze of excitement; thousands of royalists were almost openly exulting in the streets at the prospect of the arrival of the Prussians, and the restoration of the monarchy, and were preparing to join with the enemy; nothing but the energy of despair at that moment could save France. Danton, who alone of all the popular leaders seemed full of resources as well as courage, had recommended, as minister of justice, the arrest and disarming of the malcontents. "*We must strike terror into the royalists*," said he. By his authority the barriers of the city were closed for forty-eight hours. The suspected royalists were arrested at midnight, disarmed, packed within the walls of the prisons of Paris—the innocent with the guilty. An awful stillness, like that which accompanies a pestilence, reigned over the capital for two days; and the royalists, as Danton had said, were struck with terror! On the 1st of

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September a courier announced the fall of Verdun—the last barrier that stood between the enemy and Paris. The news fell upon the doomed city like the shock of an earthquake; the recklessness of despair laid hold of the minds of men, and the boldest shrank back in dismay—all save Danton, whose lion heart rose superior to the peril which surrounded him. He went to the Commune, and there proposed those energetic measures which saved France and the revolution. "To-morrow," said he, "let the alarm-gun be fired; let the tocsin be rung: let every citizen capable of bearing arms repair to the Champ-de-Mars, and set out on the following day to meet the enemy. If we are to perish, let it be beneath the ruins of the capital; but our enemies shall perish before us!"

On the following morning Danton repaired to the Assembly, and succeeded the orator Vergniaud in the tribune. "Citizens!" he exclaimed, "we must send couriers into every part of France, that the whole country may imitate Paris. Pass a decree that every citizen shall serve his country in arms. The sound of the cannon, which you will presently hear, is not the alarm-gun; it is the charge against the enemies of the country. What need we,"—he continued, raising his mighty voice that rang out like the signal for battle, and with gestures as impressive and striking—"what need we, to conquer—to annihilate our enemies? Courage, more courage! and always courage!"*

At that moment the report of the alarm-gun was heard. It was the signal for the rendezvous in the Champ-de-Mars, and not for the massacre, as one is led to infer from those distorted accounts which make Danton its author. Neither did the massacre follow immediately the firing of the alarm-cannon, and the assembling of the armed citizens in the Champ-de-Mars. It was not until late in the afternoon of the same day that it was commenced, by the murder of the priests at the Abbaye. These priests, closely confined in carriages, had been taken under arrest from the Hotel-de-Ville, and were followed to the Abbaye by a mob—a wanton, irregular, unorganized mob—assembled together, without any other apparent design than to cover the prisoners with abuse and execrations. One of the priests, becoming exasperated at the insults of the mob, struck one of the assailants with his cane—and the work of death commenced. It continued several days; the prisons of Paris were broken open by a mob, and their inmates ruthlessly slaughtered to the number of more than a thousand.†

That the massacre was not premeditated, at least not by Danton, we think may be safely asserted. His words in the Assembly, on the morning of the day the massacre commenced, had no more connexion with the event, that we can perceive, than those of Vergniaud, who had preceded him in the tribune. On the Commune of Paris, over which Marat presided, doubtless rests a large share of the odium and guilt of these horrid murders; but we cannot believe that even the Commune premeditated them—they were too lawless, too terrific, too rashly and thoughtlessly executed, to have been anything else but the spontaneous impulse

* "Right so thou brawny Titan; there is nothing left thee but that. Old men who heard it will tell how the reverberating voice made all hearts swell in that moment, and braced them to the sticking place, and thrilled abroad over France like electric virtue, as a word spoken in season."—*Carlyle's French Rev.*

† Some estimates are as high as five or six thousand.

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of the worst part of a frenzied and terrified populace. Besides, as we have seen, the circumstances atttending the massacre show, that it sprang out of a popular riot rather than from a premeditated plan. But the Commune, when it might have put a stop to the massacres, encouraged the murderers, and paid them the wages of blood. Marat and his associates even published a proclamation to the people of France, boasting of the commission of these "acts of justice," as he styled them, and urging the departments to imitate Paris! The opinion that Danton was not directly accessory to, or at least the cause of the September massacres, is further confirmed by the views of his contemporaries, the Girondins, respecting that occurrence. They never ceased to denounce the Septembrisers, and yet Danton does not appear to have been implicated by them, or openly accused. When Louvet delivered his celebrated philippic against Ropespierre, upon whom he charged a connexion with the massacres, he did not venture to accuse Danton; but then, says Louvet, "when all the authorities, the assembly, the ministers, the mayor, spoke in vain to stop the massacres, the minister of justice *did not speak!* And can'st thou, O Danton! clear thyself in the eyes of posterity from his dishonoring exception?" Here in reality lay the guilt of Danton. He adopted that wretched, Machiavelian policy—the policy of a false, a criminal expediency; he deemed the terror *necessary* to the salvation of France from the armies of Brunswick; he made no effort to arrest the Septembrisers in reaping their haavest of death; and he threw over the crime the sanction of his silence.

We are free to confess, however, our own want of reliance upon any opinion we have as yet been able to form as to the real guilt or innocence of Danton, in respect to this bloody tragedy. To our mind, the September massacre, as an historical fact, is inexplicable; and more inexplicable still, if such a man as he actually devised the plan as a means of giving energy to that despair through which alone the salvation of his country could be wrought out. True, he was unrelenting and stern as a statesman; but as a man he was munificently generous, and knew no vindictive cruelties. During the arrests, he released from prison many of the victims—indeed, nearly all who came to him—his enemiesas well as his friends. Among those whom he set free were Barnave, Duport, and Lameth, his old opponents, all of whom would have met with certain death. "No personal enemy of Danton perished in those days." Such is the testimony left of him, alike honorable to his humanity and his generous manhood.

(To be continued.)

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CALIFORNIA*—ITS POSITION AND PROSPECTS.

It is not a little remarkable, that the portion of the North American continent which has last attracted the attention of the American race, should suddenly have been found, not only to be of more value than other sections of the continent, but superior in attraction to any other known regions of the world. Scarcely a year has elapsed since the whole region, vaguely known as California and New Mexico, was denounced in the American Senate by a leading statesman, as "not worth a dollar." It was ridiculed as an "indemnity" by partisans at home, and sneered at as "a territorial acquisition" by the organs of the English government abroad. To-day it is the cynosure of civilization. Its geographical position, its commercial resources, its agricultural wealth and mineral treasures, have suddenly burst upon an astonished world—startling statesmen, confounding politicians, dazzling the industrious, stimulating the enterprising, and attracting the adventurous in all portions of the known world. The talisman that has wrought this wonderful change has been a few grains of gold, but it will prove but a symbol emblematic of the real wealth which human industry will create upon the soil, and extract from the shores of Asia.

The state of Upper California is divided into two grand divisions by the "Sierra Navada," a continuation of the rocky mountain chain, running parallel to the Pacific coast, and at a distance from it, varying from 100 to 200 miles. This strip extends from the peninsula of California, in latitude 32°, to Oregon, in latitude 42° on the north, consequently the tract embraces some 100,000 square miles, or equal to two and a half of such states as New-York, or as England. This tract is watered by two principal streams that run in contrary directions, longitudinally through its whole extent. Thus, the Sacramento, rising in the mountains of Oregon, in latitude 43°, after entering California, runs due south, parallel with the coast on the one hand, and the mountain on the other, and equi-distant from both, until it reaches 38°, where it meets the San Joaquin coming from the extreme south of the tract. These streams are fed by innumerable affluents, that, flowing down from the mountain, enter them at right angles. Of these lateral waters, Feather River is the

*A Tour of Duty in California; including a description of the Gold Region, &c. By Joseph Warren Revere, Lieut. U. S. N., and Commander of Sonora. C. S. Francis & Co.

Oregon and California, in 1848. By J. Q. Thornton, late Judge of the Supreme Court, Oregon. Harper Brothers.

The California and Oregon Trail. By B. Francis Parkman, Jr. George P. Putnam.

What I Saw in California. By E. Bryant.

Notes of Travel in California; Official report of Col. J. C. Fremont. D. Appleton & Co.

Life in California. By an American Citizen. Wiley & Putnam.

Oregon Missions and Travels over the Rocky Mountains. By Father P. J. De Smet of the Society of Jesus. E. Dunigan, New-York.

History of Oregon and California, and other territories on the North-West Coast. By Robert Greenhowe. D. Appleton & Co.

Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains. By George F. Ruxton, Esq. Harper Brothers.

History of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islands. By James Jackson Jarvis. C. E. Hitchcock, Honolulu.

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largest, and it drains an extensive valley as remarkable for its fertility as for its mineral wealth. The Sacramento itself is represented as a beautiful stream, running through level plains, interspersed with groves of oak, and of a soil exceedingly productive. The river is heavily timbered on both banks, and navigable for 100 miles at all seasons of the year. The tributaries of the Sacramento, as of the San Joaquin, rising in the Sierras on either hand, amongst large timber, descend to the main streams in clear and cool currents, affording numberless sites for mill seats in their courses. The united waters of all these streams, impeded by the narrowness of the passage, through the highlands, spread into a sheet called Suisan Bay. This passage is known as the Straits of Karquin, and through it, at ebb-tide, the waters rush in a strong and dangerous current, again spreading, after passing Mare Island, into the Bay of St. Paul. The outlet of this bay is through a narrow strait formed by the opposing promotories of San Peter and San Paul. Clear of this obstacle, the waters flow into the broad bay of San Francisco, some 60 miles in length, and of irregular breadth. From this bay a narrow passage, between a divided mountain, opens upon the Pacific. The region in the neighborhood of these land-locked waters, is thus described in the graphic pages of Lieutenant Revere :—

"These rivers have a common delta, which actually bears some resemblance to that much-abused Greek letter inverted, the apex of the triangle being at their mouths, and their main streams forming the two sides. The intervening district is composed of low, alluvial soil, covered with a thick growth of *tulé*, a species of gigantic bulrush, the stem of which is tender and filled with air cavities. It grows sometimes fifteen feet high, and has a semi-bulbous root, fresh and pleasant to the taste, and is the food of some of the smaller amphibious animals. This district is traversed by an interminable net-work of "slues," or sheets of shallow water, (Bunyan would have said *sloughs*,) nearly all of which open broadly and invitingly; but the unwary voyager who trusts to their seeming resemblance to the mouth of either river he wishes to ascend, is sure to become involved in labyrinthine mazes, and is not extricated without the exercise of some tact and judgment, the expenditure of a large stock of patience, and peradventure the consumption of all his provisions. The mouths of the two rivers, however, when once discovered, are afterwards easily recognized, and the sand-bars and slight impediments to navigation are easily avoided. The whole of the *tule* lands bordering on these rivers will doubtless be valuable at some day for the culture of rice, which will become a prominent product of California, and probably be exported to the accessible and ready markets of the East Indies. Indeed, I was struck by the resemblance which this immense tract of *tulé* land bears to the often laboriously prepared 'paddy fields' of China, Hindostan, Sumatra, and the Dutch and Malayan Archipelago. In the *tulé* region of California, bounteous nature has herself prepared these fields for the industry of any who may choose to cultivate them, the quantity of land being vast and the quality unsurpassable. These lands are indeed of immense extent, comprising not only the delta of the principal rivers of California, but extending at intervals, in tracts of various areas, far up towards their sources. They are periodically submerged during the rainy season, and, as the head waters of the San Joaquim communicate at that season with the *Tulé* Lakes, transportation from above may be easily effected."

Thus the whole region bears evidence in its formation of deposits of fresh-water shells, and in other indications, to the truth of the Indian tradition, that the bay of San Francisco was once a lake, covering a con-

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siderable portion of the land now drained in its neighborhood; and that at no remote period an earthquake rent the mountain asunder, forming a passage for the waters to the ocean.

The surface of California is for the most part level plains of great fertility. The largest of these lying on the peninsular between the bay of San Francisco and the ocean, is described by the author just quoted, as follows:

"Passing near the mission of Dolores, along the Porto Suelo of San Bruno, which is a steep chain of lofty and precipitous hills, extending from the point of that name on the bay across the Peninsula to the sea, and converting the northern end of it into a natural fortification, we saw the sea and bay at once on either hand, and both so near that a thirty-two pounder could have carried to either beach. Hence the road lies across a level prairie with the bay to the east, and a chain of lofty hills called the Santa Clara Mountains, on the west or ocean side. This plain, which is more than sixty miles in length, and averages nearly thirty in width, is said to be the largest single body of good agricultural land in all California. With the exception, however, of the little 'milpas,' near the different ranchos, it is not cultivated, although it affords grazing to vast herds of cattle and sheep, and numerous 'manadas' of brood mares and colts, and 'caballadas' of tame horses, of which we saw great numbers on both sides of our road. This extensive plain is divided into ranchos of four and eight square leagues in extent, and the soil is a black loam many feet deep, as any one can see in passing the dry beds of what, in the wet season, are running streams, emptying into the bay. This great prairie is sprinkled here and there with points or islands of timber, and reminded me very strongly of similar land which I have seen in the State of Illinois."

This description answers for a considerable portion of the land of Upper California, and the valleys of the rivers are represented as of unrivalled beauty and value, as well for the growth of timber as the productiveness of the soil, and the work just referred to contains the following enthusiastic description of them:

"The scene now before me was one of surpassing beauty. The infinitely varied outlines of the lofty mountains lying beyond the valley; the grotesque appearance of the broken and rugged crags of basaltic rocks; the quiet river winding through the level plain at our feet, its banks distinctly defined by a long line of willows and other trees of larger growth; the gracefully undulating outlines of the smaller hills,* which, like the far-spreading plain itself, waved with a golden harvest of ripe grasses, made more golden by the 'living light' of the setting sun; the scattered clumps of the dark green oaks, and the miniature herds of grazing cattle—all combined to paint a landscape worthy of a country whose natural opulence is matched only by its natural grandeur.

"The season had now advanced so far that the wild oats, 'alfileria' (pin-grass,) and burr clover, which chiefly compose the unequalled and fattening pasture of California, had dried up to straw, the spires still standing, while the seed had fallen to the earth. These seeds are very large and nutritious, and serve for food both for the cattle and the Indians. At this season the cattle grope along the ground for the seed, and are fatter than at any other time of the year.

"Napa Valley is said to be the finest portion of this part of California. It is about thirty-six miles in length, and extends nearly north and south, the lower part lying on the Bay of St Paul, from which a navigable estuary sets up and receives the waters of the Napa river, which traverses the whole length of the valley. It is bounded on each side by lofty Sierras, broken into every variety of Alpine scenery, the ravines of which are filled with the finest timber, and

* Lomas.

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very probably contain gold. At the lower end of the valley the Sierras are six or seven miles apart, but the ranges gradually approaching each other, meet at the upper end, a bold, well-timbered, serrated mountain lying directly across it, and terminating the prospect in that direction. In the plain, at the foot of this mountain, are the '*Aguas Calientes*,' the most famous of the many hot springs in California, which possess powerful medicinal properties. The soil is of almost incredible fertility, the yield of wheat being as high as a hundred fold, while corn and vegetables of all kinds, including the finest potatoes I ever saw, flourish most luxuriantly. The fruits of the temperate zone thrive here side by side with those of the tropics. Peaches, pears, apples, melons of all kinds, and rich luscious grapes, may be seen growing in the same garden with sugar cane, dates, figs, and bananas, leaving no room for doubt that all the other productions of tropical climates would, if introduced, flourish equally well. There is reason to believe that California will hereafter be dependent on no other country for the necessaries of life. She can grow her own tea, coffee, rice, vegetables and breadstuffs; and not only grow, but manufacture, her own wool, cotton, hemp, and flax. Her supplies of animal food are boundless, and the salt is at hand to preserve them. Indeed, it is difficult to name any product of the earth, whether it be to eat, drink, or wear, which California cannot yield, while her mineral wealth excites the astonishment of the world. The Napa Valley early attracted the notice of the first settlers on the north side of the bay, and was among the first grants made by the Mexican governors. The best lands, uniting *every* advantage, such as grazing, fertility, easy transit by land or water to market, fresh water, and a healthy and pleasant situation, are now taken up, the owners being Mr Fowler, Dr. Bale, Mr. Yount, (owner of 'Caymus,') Don Salvador Vallejo, (owner of 'Napa' and 'Los Francas',) Senor Higuera, and Don Gaetano Xuares, (owner of 'Toluca.') The ordinary Spanish and Mexican measure of land is by the square league, a single league being equal to about five thousand acres. The lands of the Napa Valley are granted in tracts varying from one to four square leagues, the ranchos being wider or narrower according to the varying spaces between the Sierras. Don Salvador Vallejo is the largest proprietor, owning two adjoining estates, which make together six square leagues, a snug little farm of thirty thousand acres of the best land in the world. The climate is a perpetual summer, and the atmosphere is not obscured by the 'neblina,' (fog,) which prevail nearer the sea. In the rainy season (it were treason against nature to call it winter) the rushing and picturesque cataracts descend from the Sierras on either side, over beds dry at all other times of the year, swelling the river Napa to its fullest dimensions. The exquisite views which abound in every direction, the complete seclusion of the spot, bounded at the broader end by the waters of the bay, and at every other point by jagged mountain crags, realize the idea of a 'Happy Valley,' divested of the inconveniences attached to that inhabited by the Prince of Abyssinia. It is a characteristic of this neighborhood, that the sides of the Sierras abound with elevated table-lands, which are several degrees cooler than the plain, and are admirably adapted for sheep farms. The large estates will gradually be divided, and even before I left California, some of the ranchos in the Napa Valley had been sub-divided into smaller farms, to meet the wants of emigrants from the United States."

Nearly all the land in this province is occupied by individuals who possess grants of tracts as large as eleven square leagues each, from the California authorities, acting under the colonization laws of the Republic of Mexico. These enactments appear for the most part to be transcripts of old Spanish laws, framed to encourage the colonization of remote districts of the new world. Most of the grants contain clauses restricting alienation or incumbrance; but these restraints are practically inoperative. The large tracts of land held under them are appropriated almost altogether to grazing, cattle-breeding, and horse-raising, for which they

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are admirably adapted. The ingress of immigrants has caused the purchase of considerable quantities of lands from the holders of these grants, and although the failure of the bill before the last Congress, to extend the United States laws over California, has left the most rapidly settling portion of the public domain without the jurisdiction of the land office, the regular titles from the Mexican government will not be disturbed. The raising of cattle for hides and tallow, which have hitherto been the staple exports of California, and mostly monopolised by Boston houses, is the chief occupation of the ranchero. The beef is dried for the "home market." The increase of cattle, when well attended to, is estimated at an average of 30 per cent. That is to say, 100 head double themselves in three years, at the end of which time the first year's calves become productive. There are instances of a much higher rate of production, even as great as 50 to 70 per cent. A league of land is sufficient for the support of 1,000 head of cattle, besides horses, sheep, and hogs. After the third year, from such a stock, there may be killed annually 300 head, of which the hides and tallow are worth $10 each. The work of the ranchos is performed by Indians, in a state of quasi-slavery, receiving moderate wages in merchandize, something in the manner of the fellahs of Egypt, under Mehemet Ali. In 1831, the Catholic missions which had been settled by the Society of Jesus, and which had been productive of much good among the poor Indians, were secularised and suppressed. At that time California was supposed to contain 4,500 whites and about 50,000 Indians attached to the mission. These formed but a small proportion of the whole number of the Indians. Civilization, with small pox and other diseases had rapidly thinned their numbers, yet the aggregate is now estimated at 60,000. The larger portion of these Indians are the servants of the rancheros, and the manner of recruiting the numbers of the servants may have been the model proposed for the supplying of the British West India Islands with *voluntary* laborers from the coast of Africa.

"The Californians often went on a foray in quest of servants, and this species of kidnapping, practised up to the time the United States acquired possession, is one great reason why the Indians hate the rancheros. A number of these 'hijos del pais,' desiring servants, or farm hands, would club together, being well armed and mounted, and attended by their allies, the 'Christiano' Indians, who, like all mercenary apostates, love to oppress those from whom they have separated. As no man is so low as not to imagine he has inferiors, so these 'Christianos' like no better sport than to show their superiority to the 'Gentiles' in the art of war, while at the same time they gratify that propensity to *hunt something* which is inherent in the nature of man. These marauding parties went forth to the Indian country, and suddenly coming upon a village, made an attack when least expected, killing such as resisted, and carrying off to the settlements such as they thought best suited for servants. Sometimes these infamous expeditions were planned by the Mexican officers or Alcalde of the District, who called in the aid of volunteers. These war parties were much dreaded by the Indians, and hence their selection of places like this islet, which could not be approached by surprise."

This was but small measure of justice to those poor savages, who, although doubtless indolent in the extreme, and more or less demoralised by the contact of civilization, are yet represented as of amiable temperament, and possessed of many traits, rated high among Christian virtues. The agriculture of the ranchos is in the rudest state. The utensils that

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were familiar to the people when conquered by Cortes, continue without improvement, to be the only means of cultivation. With the prong of a tree or a crooked piece of timber, drawn by oxen, the soil is turned three or four inches in depth, and this suffices to produce a most abundant crop.

The work of Lieutenant Revere introduces us very agreeably to the sports and games of California, giving us glowing accounts of the great skill of the Californian Spaniards in the use of the lasso, which seems to answer almost every purpose in life, and in the skilful use of which he thinks the Californians cannot be excelled. This singular dexterity in the use of the lasso seems to be peculiar to California. It attracted the attention of Lieutenant Ruxton, who remarks, that "while hunting on the Arkansas, they were joined by several of Col. Fremont's men, who were accompanied by a Californian Indian or young Centaur, who handled his lasso with a dexterity which threw all the Mexican exploits I had previously seen into the shade."

The stocking of the rancho with cattle is the chief business of the year, and the immense herds of the several ranchos require to be accustomed to their respective localities, and the stray ones occasionally reclaimed; for this purpose a weekly meeting takes place.

"When the ranchero procures his cattle and other animals, until they are 'carenciado,' or accustomed to the farm, they are driven every day or two round and round some convenient spot, by the shouting 'vaqueros.' Both the place and the act of driving are called 'rodea,' and this practice renders the cattle comparatively tame and peaceable, habituating them to the control of man, and exerting a great influence upon their increase. A 'rodea' is usually held in a well-regulated district, one day in each week, and upon every rancho alternately, the neighboring rancheros attending to reclaim their stray cattle. The several owners recognize their animals by their peculiar '*fierro*.'" or brand, and by the '*senal*,' or ear-mark, which differ on each rancho. The brand, which is registered according to law, is usually the initial letter of the ranchero or his rancho, but is sometimes a merely arbitrary sign. The ear-mark is a peculiar slit or hole, or a combination of both. These marks are made on the young calves, and at least once a year they are renewed. To effect this, the animals must be thrown down, which feat is performed by two horsemen with their lassos. The usual time for marking is at the annual 'matanzas,' or slaughter, in the month of August. These cattle are then driven to the corral, or circular farm-yard, and the doomed ones slaughtered; the hides are pegged out in the sun, the meat cut into strips, and hung on trees and poles to dry, and the tallow, after being melted down in large try-pots, or kettles, is packed in skins sewed up with thongs. The hides and tallow are the only parts exported, the dried beef being consumed in the country, as well as the finer quality of tallow, or 'manteca,' made from the fat of the intestines. The heads, horns, hoofs, bones, &c., are utterly wasted and thrown away; and, indeed, until within a few years, immense numbers of cattle were slaughtered for their hides alone, the entire carcass being left to corrupt, or feed immense numbers of wild beasts and large vultures, which were thus greatly encouraged and augmented."

The annual slaughter is described as follows:

"The wild cattle were driven to the rodea, a number of half-tamed bullocks called 'cabristas,' turned among them, and the whole herd—surrounded by vaqueros dashing around them, and urging on the refractory and lazy—were driven towards the corral. Thus, amidst clouds of dust, through which might

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be caught indistinct glimpses of agitated horns, fierce-rolling eyeballs, and elevated tails—an occasional wild-looking, naked Indian vaquero, with hair and top-knot streaming out, or a Californian vaquero, known by his fluttering *sarape*—the bellowing, rushing herd approached the corral. And now the cabristas, appointed to lead the herd, were loudly called for by the vaqueros with 'corral! corral!' 'adelante cabristas!'—and the trained animals, quickening their pace, rushed to the front of the herd and towards the opening of the corral. Duped by their leaders, as many a herd of wiser animals have been before, the wild cattle blindly followed, and the whole were snugly secured within the walls of the corral. The vaqueros then entered on horseback—for who should enter in on foot would be instantly gored to death—and, swinging their whizzing riatas, entangled such as were doomed to die. They also threw down young bulls, which were lashed by the horns, through holes bored for the purpose, to tame draft bullocks—an operation called '*mancuerno*,' designed to prepare the animal for working purposes. Proper measures were also taken to prevent the number of bulls from exceeding their due proportion to the gentler sex.

"A place was selected near the river—the Russian—and convenient to the corrals, of which there are several large ones—where the operation of skinning, trying out tallow, cutting the flesh into strips to be dried, and all that sort of disgusting thing, was carried on by half-a-dozen 'hijos del pais' as superintendents, and any number of Indians as drudges."

Among the game of California the chief is the grizzly bear, the size, strength, and ferocity of which is such, that even old hunters shrink from an attack, unless in a strong party. The Californian, however, with his inseparable horse and lasso, attacks and overpowers the most powerful of those formidable animals.

* * * "a single ranchero, without other aid than a horse, his inseparable friend the riata, and the accustomed knife worn in his garter. Thus equipped, he will lasso the largest and most ferocious bear; and, drawing the brute to a tree, and taking a turn or two around him, will despatch him with his knife, while the sagacious horse keeps the riata fastened to the saddle at its fullest tension. The bear, indeed, is immensely stronger than the horse, and if lassoed by the fore-paw, could, by merely standing on his hind legs, draw up several mounted men united by their riatas; but skill and intrepidity accomplish what mere force could never effect; and I have seen the fiercest and wildest mountain bull attacked and overcome by a single skilful vaquero, who carried him off as peaceably as if he were a puppy led by a string."

Notwithstanding the many accounts of the ferocity of this lord of the mountains, when attacked, he appears when unmolested to be of so playful and amiable a temper, as quite to elicit sympathy for the persecutions to which he is exposed. Many are the tales related by the hunters of his social habits; and although formerly "dancing bears" were exhibited at the great fairs of Europe, perhaps few suspected that from time immemorial rival Almack's assemblies were familiar to the ursine gentry of the Californian hills, as would seem to be the fact from the following account:

"An old hunter once took me several miles out of our way to a retired spot on the summit of a mountain, where he assured me the bears were accustomed to resort for the purpose of *dancing*. There was an old and gigantic pine, around whose base a slight hollow was regularly excavated, and the bark of the tree was completely scratched off some distance up, and the wood itself was deeply scarred. My friend assured me, that he had seen in this place a collection of bears, and had carefully approached them, keeping himself concealed, and advancing from the leeward. He solemnly asseverated that around this tree

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sat the bears, and that each one of them was approached in turn by a huge old grizzly bear, and led to the tree, against which they stood up and moved up and down, as if dancing. This continued until every bear had been led out by the ancient bear, and 'it looked,' said the hunter, 'for all the world, like a lot of gals led out by a feller to dance.

"Although this story seems about as tough and indigestible as Cuffee himself, still, considering the restless habits of the bear—for although in form and color he is at a distance exactly like the rocks he stands upon, his see-sawing betrays him—I am not disposed to reject the tale as wholly fabulous. But there's the story, and every one may judge for himself. I can only say, that the narrator was an honest man, and firmly believed that he had been an eye-witness of this marvellous and ursine ball. The old inhabitants of California, of all degrees, believe that these animals have resorts where they indulge in this fashionable amusement, and it is said that several of these ursine Tivolis exist in every district where the grizzly bear is found. I would respectfully suggest to the dancing masters to introduce, without delay, the 'pas d'ours.'"

Having concluded his devoirs to Terpsichore, and becoming desirous of feeding, he by no means loses his temper, but amuses himself at the expense of his prey:

* * * * "his plan of operations being to roll himself up in a ball, and then, like an eminent statesman, to 'set the ball in motion, solitary and alone.' He selects for this pastime an open meadow, and while engaged in this ground tumbling, he cuts up all kinds of monkey-shines. He well understands the failings of the cattle, who are as curious as mother Eve, and will rush from all parts of the rancho to see the fun. In this he resembles the sportsmen of the Chesapeake, who train a little spaniel to toll the wild ducks in a similar manner. This curiosity to see what is going on is not confined to cattle, but is shared by antelopes, elk, and deer, who are easily attracted by a handkerchief flying from a ramrod. Well, the cattle will surround the bear in a wondering and gaping circle, until Cuffee—who is all the while laughing in his paw at their simplicity—seizes upon the first fat cow that comes within the grasp of his terrible claws, and, revealing himself in his true character, walks off with his prize, who thus pays the expense of the performance. Various other shifts and devices are resorted to by the bear to get hold of cattle, and he sometimes waylays them when on their way to the 'rodea.' An American of my acquaintance told me, that he received from the Administrador twenty cows as a fee for shooting an old bear of huge size, which had infested or invested the Mission of San Juan for many years. He had frequently been noosed, but was too cunning in the fore-paw to be caught in that only fatal part, managing with great dexterity to ward off the riata from it."

He for the most buries his food when first taken, in order that the operation of time may flavor the meat to his palate, in the same manner that epicures, when they take the bear himself, hang up his quarters for seasoning. When in repose he continues his sportive tricks for his own amusement. Lieutenant Revere and his party suddenly came upon a huge animal so employed:

"We had come unawares upon an illustrious stranger, whose reception of us might perhaps have proved unpleasant had we stumbled against him. He was a huge bear lying on his back, and so entirely ignorant of our approach, that he was in the most unceremonious and at-home sort of manner playing with his paws, which were sportively elevated in the air. Stringing his bow with the rapidity of lightning, old Colorado shot two arrows up to the feather into the recumbent and unsuspecting foe, and hastily retreated, while I discharged the contents of my holster pistols into the monster as he made towards

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me. It was no time to stand on a point of honor, so I promptly gave my horse the spur, and he, like a well trained beast, stood off with a spring to one side. The rest of the party soon came up, and an active, well-mounted, half-breed vaquero, named Hidalgo, whirled his riata with a whiz around the head of the enraged animal, and he was soon despatched, after a sharp and unbearable conflict with the whole party. He was indeed a 'rouser.' His skin was of a light yellowish brown, grizzled all over with black and white hairs; and he measured seven feet from crown to tail, and nine feet across the hams, the claws and paws being in proportion. The track of this huge plantigrado measured twenty-two inches in length, and eighteen inches across the ball, and had much the appearance of the footprint of a human giant, the ball, sole, heel, and toes, being in the dust like those of a man."

Mr. Ruxton relates, that "old bruin" is exceedingly fond of cherries and plums, which grows in great abundance in the neighborhood of the mountains, and frequently when the squaws have filled their baskets with the fruit, he charges upon them, putting them to flight, and devouring the fruit they have gathered, in great apparent glee, preferring it much to "old squaw." The following anecdote is illustrative of the difficulties to which this jolly old voluptuary is sometimes exposed:

"A trapper on the Arkansas, named Valentine Herring, but better known as 'Old Rube,' told me that once, when visiting his traps early in the morning, on a stream beyond the mountains, he found one missing, at the same time that he discovered fresh bear 'sign' about the banks. Proceeding down the river in search of the lost trap, he heard the noise of some large body breaking through the thicket of plum bushes which belted the stream. Ensconcing himself behind a rock, he presently observed a huge grizzly bear emerging from the bush, and limp on three legs to a flat rock, which he mounted, and then, quietly seating himself, he raised one of his fore paws, on which Rube, to his amazement, discovered his trap tight and fast. The bear lifting his iron gloved foot to his face, gravely examined it, turning his paw round and round, and quaintly bending his head from side to side, looking at the trap from the corners of his eyes, and with an air of mystery and puzzled curiosity, for he evidently could not make out what the novel and painful appendage could be; and every now and then smelled it and tapped it lightly on the rock. This, however, only paining the animal the more, he would lick the trap, and, as if deprecating its anger, and wishing to conciliate it. After watching these curious antics for some time, as the bear seemed inclined to resume his travels, Rube, to regain his trap, was necessitated to bring the bear's cogitations to a close, and, levelling his rifle, shot him dead."

The Californians do not seem to have perpetuated the Spanish taste for bull fights in the true Castilian manner, but have adopted a plan that may be considered as some improvement. Instead of exposing the noble and comparatively helpless horse to the charges of the enraged bull, they enlist the services of "old bruin" in this wise:

"The bear being lassoed by the vaqueros is carried to a corral, and the other end of the riata being made fast to a bull, the amiable couple are allowed to fight it out together. A hempen rope of equal size would not bear the severe tension of the horse-hair cord of which the riata is made; and nothing tries its strength more thoroughly than these death-tugs between a bear and a bull. The bear sometimes climbs upon the fence of the corral, but is pulled back again by the bull, and they never abandon the conflict until one or the other is killed. It would seem incredible that the largest and most savage bull could be a match for the crushing force, the terrible scythe-like claws, and the

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dreadful jaws of a full-grown grizzly bear; but the knowing ones of the California fancy say that it is about an even thing between them, the victory inclining as often to one side as to the other. However, I would give odds on the bear."

The chief amusement of the Californians, however, appears to be gambling, and this passion, engrafted upon the old Spanish point of honor, has produced a state of public opinion that must, unless abandoned, become fatal to Spanish proprietorship.

"In connection with this profligate habit of gambling, it is proper to allude to a remarkable social peculiarity of the Californians. They are not Fourierites: for every married man lives in his own house with his own family, and every married woman rocks her own babies and cooks her own dinner. Nor are they communists; for every man has a distinctive title to his own goods, and disposes of them just as he pleases. Yet it may be almost said, that no man really owns what is nominally his, and is liable to be stripped of his possessions without his consent by the mere force of public opinion. Let me explain.

"The Californians are nearly all related or connected in some way or other, the principal families being few in number—their branches, off-shoots, and ramifications extending in all directions. A single family name will have a thousand representatives—all derived from the same stock. The clanship of Scotland, and the cousin-ship of New-England, are not more remarkable than the kinsmanship of California. The larger the family circle the more important the family; and the Californians therefore take the greatest pride in owning their numerous relatives, and esteem it a sacred duty to succour them when in distress. From this extensive family connection and family feeling has grown up a public opinion more despotic than any law ever devised by the wit of man. Burke has remarked, that ancient chivalry, in taking leave of the world, has left behind it the 'point of honor.' This valuable legacy has of late years been rejected not only by civilians, but by some military men of unsullied reputation. But the 'point of honor' in California is something very different from the duello. It consists in honoring, to any practical extent, the draft of thriftless and vicious relations. The payment of a gambling debt is nominally a 'point of honor' everywhere; but in California it is '*the* point of honor,' not only with the loser but with all his relatives and friends. If a worthless vagabond is unlucky at cards, he does not scruple to involve his family connections in his own ruin, and the kinsman, however remote, who refuses to pay a 'draw' for a gambling debt, is looked upon with sovereign contempt by his countrymen. No matter how great the inconvenience, it is expected that the man who is able to pay, shall extricate his most distant connection from the weight of an obligation incurred by gambling. Other debts are of little moment; they will be put off to the last, and avoided altogether if possible; but a gambling debt admits of no subterfuge or delay, but bears on its face a valid and confidential consideration.

"The foreign sharpers are well aware of this generous failing in the Californian character, and are not slow to take advantage of it. On a feast day, they are to be seen encouraging the unlucky ranchero—stimulated with aqua ardiente and wine—to play deeply; and they eagerly supply him with ready money, knowing that their benevolent loans partake of the sacred character of the gambling debt they are intended to pay. If the money is not convenient, the heartless speculator furnishes the victim with an order for goods, at extortionate prices, provided the winner will accept that as a substitute for the cash. In return for these little accommodations, the lender takes on the spot an order for cattle, horses, and hides, and sometimes carries the joke so far as to take a conveyance of the poor fellow's rancho.

"But if the loser at monte has nothing of his own, he does not hesitate to give an order on some unlucky kinsman for the amount of his losses. Nor is this resource confined to connexions by consanguinity. In addition to the ties

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of blood and wedlock, is that of 'compadre,' or gossip, which is still looked upon as a paternal connexion, and is established merely by consenting to be godfather to a child. Thus, if one of the 'hijos del pais,' goes to a fiesta at the mission of San Juan, San Luis, or elsewhere, and, when under the influence of wine, is unlucky at monte, he first stakes his cattle, horses, and other property on his rancho, next his horse, saddle, and bridle, with which he came to the feast, and finally his very wearing apparel. If the cards still run against him, he does not scruple to give an order on a 'tio,' or uncle, or a 'primo,' or cousin, for the needful quantity of horses and cattle. After running through with his next of kin, he brings up with the luckless compadre; and after he is victimized, if the cards are still adverse, the broken gambler coolly walks off to the nearest ball or fandango, and dances 'dull care away.'

"The unlucky and unconscious relative or gossip, who is, perhaps, quietly attending to the affairs of his rancho, and striving to support a needy family, is suddenly aroused to a sense of the situation of his graceless spendthrift kinsman, and to his own misfortune, by the presentation of the order, which he *must* pay, or incur the displeasure and scorn of the whole community, and be everywhere pointed at as a mean, contemptible fellow, regardless of honor, and faithless to all generous and Christian principle. If the victim venture to expostulate with the author of his calamity, and request him never again to get both parties into such a sorry scrape, the reply is invariably: 'Oh! my friend, our relations to each other are confidential!'—and with this powerful argument the obligation is cancelled."

This fertile country, abounding in game of all descriptions, wooded and watered in the prodigality of nature, and supplied with an unprecedented variety and abundance of metals, was for ages occupied by thriftless Spaniards and oppressed natives, living in poverty amidst prolific wealth. Treated as a colony by the Mexican government, it had been governed by a "Satrap," whose office was to mal-administer affairs, and whose object was to plunder. When this oppression in 1845 had become intolerable, the Californians drove Micheltorena and his officers out of the province, and elected Jose Castro commander-in-chief, with Don Pio Pico civil governor. The views of the Provisional Government appear to have been in favor of calling in the aid of some European government. There was another party headed by Don Vallejo, in favor of annexation to the United States. The former party dreaded the influx of Americans as fatal to the preservation of large tracts of land in the hands of a few persons, for whom the natives were "hewers of wood and drawers of water." The latter party was composed of "progress men," alive to the vast benefits which the steady government and equal laws of the first republic of the world could confer upon that glorious country. The contention of these parties was settled in the following year, by the war with Mexico, and the consummation of the wishes of the Vallejo party. Almost simultaneous with this event, viz., in February, 1848, the discovery of gold in the valley of the Sacramento, gave the signal for a general rush to the new lands, and the country is rapidly filling with adventurers from all nations. From all that has yet transpired, it is pretty evident that the numerous lateral streams, which, descending from the Sierra Nevada, traverse the plains and empty into the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers, flow through a soil which contains considerable quantities of gold dust—not in such masses as will confer great riches on the fortunate finder—but so incorporated with the soil as to reward, with a handsome return, the patient, industrious and skilful miner. A large majority of those who go thither in expectation of attaining sudden

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wealth, without the expenditure of a corresponding degree of labor, will doubtless be disappointed; and very many others will find in the great agricultural and commercial advantages of the country more remunerating directions for their energies than even the washing of gold, which must, however, become a staple export at least to the extent in which it is produced in Mexico, where the natural advantages are to a considerable extent neutralized by the insecurity of property and the mal-administration of the government.

The effect of the large immigration must be entirely to change the occupation of the country. When the whole was cut up into vast tracts in the hands of an indolent few, cattle-breeding for hides and tallow was a natural occupation. When, however, from the influx of settlers a subdivision of the lands takes place, grazing on so extended a scale becomes no longer possible, and the wealth of the soil will reward in a higher degree the industry of the American race, before whom both Spaniards and Indians must speedily disappear.

Much variety of opinion seems to prevail in relation to the degree of productiveness of the soil; although all agree that it is of a most prolific character. Thus Lieut. Revere, in the passage above quoted, says the yield of grain is "100 fold," and elsewhere tells us wheat yields "100 bushels to the acre." Col. Fremont states the average yield at 25 bushels per acre, and others vary nearly as much in their estimates of the fitness of the country for extensive agricultural operations. It would seem, however, that the position, resources, and general character of the coast, from the Columbia to San Diego, including California and Oregon, fit those states peculiarly in the hands of the American race, to control the commerce of the Pacific Ocean, revolutionize the whole system of Eastern trade, and regenerate the nations of Asia and Eastern Africa.

In Southern California, the variety of grape known as the Hamburg grape abounds in all the vallies, and is cultivated for the production of two kinds of wine, one a white, of the nature of Hock, and the other a light red, and of Spanish brandy. Lieut. Revere describes a vineyard at the Pueblo de los Angelos of 40 acres, which yields 20 casks of wine, and an equal quantity of "aquadiente." The soil is peculiarly adapted to the growth of the grape, and the vineyards of Southern California will supply ultimately vast wealth. Cotton, tobacco and sugar succeed admirably well, as do also flax and hemp, in common with all cereal grains. Wild mustard, springing from seeds brought by the Jesuits, with oats and clover, cover the country; and the facilities for the production of rice, are unrivalled in any part of the world. The rivers abound in fish, of which the most important are salmon, and those caught by his party are described by Col. Fremont as of "three and four feet in length." The industry and energy of the white race are alone required to make available these vast resources that have so long remained dormant. The whole gold and silver regions of Mexico and Peru, which at the close of the last century yielded some $35,000,000 per annum, have in the last quarter of a century produced scarcely half that amount; partly in consequence of the disturbed state of the country, but chiefly because of the high prices and scarcity of quicksilver, which is an important agent in the extraction of those metals from the ores in which they are found. When, on the opening of the China trade, after the conquests of the United States army in 1843, a few pounds of quicksilver reached London in bamboo joints,

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a considerable sensation was created, under the impression that a new source of supply for that article would break down the monopoly of the Almaden mines, and produce an enhanced production of the precious metals. Those hopes proved to be fallacious. No considerable quantities have been derived from Asia. The mines of California are now found to be exceedingly productive of this article, which must become one of the most important exports of the country, and in its effect may probably enhance the productions of the gold and silver mines of Mexico and Peru to an extent equal to the newly discovered similar mines of California. Thus gold and quicksilver will become important staple exports from that country; but we apprehend that they must fall short of the aggregate value of agricultural wealth, which will seek Asia and the Isles of the Indian Ocean in American vessels, in exchange for the products of those countries. The population of China, as adopted by the late Hon. Alexander Everett, in an article upon the condition of China, in this Review, Nov. 1847, page 400, is 370,000,000 of souls. This vast population is represented as abounding in manufactured wealth, but very scantily fed. The population of British India is some 100,000,000, somewhat similarly situated. The trade with those people has for centuries been the objects of ambition to the commercial nations of Europe, and that nation which has commanded the trade has uniformly prospered above all others, in its possession. The trade with China has been ever a prize that stimulated the ambition and prompted the crimes of England. In its prosecution, however, serious evils presented themselves. An international trade requires diversity of productions; and the exchange of the silks and teas of China for the opium and raw cotton of India, seem to limit the transactions of international commerce. England, had she farm products to spare, was too remote to supply the food which China required, although she is 1500 miles nearer to the China ports than are any of the American Atlantic cities. Mr. Alexander Forbes, in his work on California, published in London in 1839, remarks—

"The situation of California for intercourse with other countries, and its capacity for commerce, should it ever be possessed by a numerous and industrious population, is most favorable. Its western shores on the Pacific, as has been already shown, possess capacious ports. The port of San Francisco, for size and safety, is hardly surpassed by any in the world; it is so situated as to be made the centre of commercial relations which may take place between Asia and the western coasts of America. The route by which the voyage from India, China, Manilla, and other Asiatic countries is performed to the American coast, particularly to that of Mexico, Guatemala, &c., obliges vessels to pass very near the coast of California; because, in order to avoid the easterly trade winds, it is necessary to stand to the northward, to get into the variable and prevailing westerly winds, just as vessels must do when bound from the West Indies to Europe. The vessels of the Spanish Philippine company, on their passage from Manilla to San Blas and Acapulco, generally call at Monterey for refreshments and orders. Thus it appears as if California was designed by nature to be the medium of connecting, commercially, Asia with America, and as the depot of the trade between these two vast continents, which possess the elements of unbounded commercial interchange; the one overflowing with all the rich and luxurious commodities, always characteristic of the east, the other possessing a superabundance of the precious metals and other valuable productions to give in exchange."

It is now come to be true that the American nation is fast settling

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itself with its multitudinous wants upon the Pacific coast, within 15 days' steaming of China and Japan. The rice-fields of California, and the boundless corn-fields of the whole western country, are about to yield their rich productions for the consumption of the countless millions of Asia. At least 20,000,000 bushels of corn per annum may find sale in the Asiatic market. Every port of the China coast will be commanded by American steamers built in the Pacific states. The quiet waters of the Pacific are peculiarly adapted to the development of ocean steam navigation, and on both the American and Asiatic shores the greatest abundance of the best descriptions of coal are easily found. The mutual wants of the new American states and of the ancient nations of Asia, are of a nature to give the fullest employment to the most extensive steam navy.

The tide of emigration that was already setting to the shores of the Pacific with continuous and increasing vigor, received an extraordinary impulse from the gold discoveries. In all the Western states, companies are organizing to follow the setting sun across the Rocky Mountains with the early spring. Each successive caravan, which penetrates the wilderness, widens and deepens the trail, clearing the way for their successors in enterprise. When the ample folds of the "stars and stripes" shall have been thrown over the territory, the movement will receive a still greater impulse. The Pacific region holds out brighter prospects to young ambition and energetic enterprise than ever yet presented itself to a trading people. The population of the United States upon the Atlantic has, in the last 40 years, increased 15,000,000 of souls. From dependant colonies they have grown up and prospered until their naval strength has become an essential element in the balance of power, which maintains the liberty of the seas against the pretensions of English policy. These mighty results have been produced by indomitable energies in the face of English and European competition, favored, indeed, by the long wars of Europe. During 30 years of peace, however, Europe has put forth its commercial and industrial energies, until international trade is declining in consequence of the lessened wants of each, or rather of the increased ability of each nation to supply its own wants. The result has been, that with the exceptions of the export of cotton and tobacco, our external trade, until the recent modifications of the tariffs of England and the United States, had been stationary, or, in fact, diminishing; all Europe feels similar effects from the superior industry of the inhabitants of each nation, and all eagerly seek new and untouched markets to renovate their commerce. These were, within a few years, sought in China at the point of the bayonet; but simultaneously with these events, the American race poured down from the tops of the Rocky Mountains, upon the fertile plains washed by the Pacific in increasing numbers. That salubrious climate is now becoming rapidly peopled with a most intelligent and enterprising race, proverbially energetic. They find from the mouth of the Columbia, southward, a large trade already in existence, carried on by their own countrymen. Probably $10,000,000 of American capital is already employed on that coast, in fisheries, furs, &c.; and protected by American settlements on the coast, it will grow with great rapidity.

The estimated value of American ships and fares at the Sandwich Islands, for 1844 and 1845, was upwards of $40,000,000. The most valuable cargo was that of the California, of New-Bedford, 3,700 bls. sperm oil, which with ship and outfits was valued at $170,000. In 1844,

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there were brought into Lahaina and Honolulu by American ships, 351,486 bbls. whale oil, 4,277,000 lbs. whalebone, and 173,590 bbls. sperm oil. In 1845, 514,340 bbls. whale oil, 5,900,000 lbs. whalebone, and 102,250 bbls. sperm oil. In ships of other nations proportionate amounts.

This large fleet passes the winter months between the tropics, in pursuit of sperm whale; in the summer months in the Northern Ocean, between the Sandwich and Aleutian Islands, for the capture of black whale, and between the Sandwich Islands and the coast of Japan for sperm. It is to be remembered that this large capital is invested by the inhabitants of the Eastern states; and the length of the voyage out and home causes a loss of one-fourth of the time employed, or say $2,500,000 per annum, an expense to which is to be added a loss of 10 per cent. of the oil from the same cause.

California now offers to this interest the best possible facilities for ship building: white oak of superior quality is found in the greatest abundance, and the cheap labor of Asia may be applied with the greatest success. Ships may be launched in San Francisco bay of California oak, and hemp and canvass of a better quality and at cheaper rates than in other parts of the world. And the capacity of the country to supply these vessels cannot be equalled. It is evident that not only must the whaling interest, the nursery of 20,000 seamen, be transferred at once to California, where already are a great number of whalers digging gold, but that the 65 to 70 ships, employing a capital of some $3,000,000 in the China trade, must hail from that section of the United States. Not only will that country grow rapidly, but it will grow at the expense of the Atlantic section, unless the interests of both are consulted by the prompt establishment of rail-road and steam communication. Such a communication will insure to the United States all the India trade; because from the peculiarities of ocean navigation, Great Britain is now 1500 miles nearer to India than the United States; but via Panama, New-York is 3,100 miles nearer to Canton than is Liverpool. Hence the difference between the two routes is 4,600 miles, or 14 days in favor of the United States.

The fertile and wealthy Sandwich Islands* are but six days distant by steam, and from that point the vast wealth and trade of all Asia are commanded. The wealthy and populous nations of that continent, as well as the English colonies of New-Holland, are without a navy, mercantile or military. The nations of Europe are too distant to compete with American ships, built on the Pacific coast, and manned by the same race of seamen that successfully grappled with the colossal power of England a quarter of a

* The imports and duties of the Sandwich Islands for five years, were as follows:—

IMPORTS.	DUTIES.	IMPORTS.	DUTIES
1843—223,388 98	8,468 00	1846—598,382 24	36.506 64
1844—350,357 12	14,263 00	1847—710,133 52	48,801 25
1845—346,941 72	25,189 96		

The exports for 1846 were as follows:—Foreign goods claiming drawback, $62,325 74; foreign goods not claiming drawback, $81,100; 300,000 lbs. sugar, $16,500; 16,000 gals. molasses, $4,000; 8,500 bls. salt, $10,625; 10,000 lbs. coffee, $1,500; 10,000 lbs. arrow root, $400; 35,000 goat-skins, $7,000; 2,000 bullock hides, $4,000; mustard seed, $500; brooms, mats, topas, &c., &c., $2,000; supplies—salt and fresh beef, vegetables, &c., for seventeen ships of war, at $4,000 each, $68,000; supplies for thirty-eight merchant vessels, at $1,000 each, $38,000; supplies for one hundred and twelve whale ships, at $400 each, $448,000; add for whale ships touching outside, not ncluded in the above, $20,000; making a total of $763,950 74.

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century since. The whole trade and vast wealth of the indolent Asiatics must be monopolized by the Anglo-Saxon energy emanating from the "Pacific section of the United States." With the advantages that that quarter of the world holds out to enterprise, it is not too much to expect that its population will in the next forty years increase as fast as that of the Atlantic states in the last forty years: and that the year 1885 may find at least 12,000,000 Americans, enjoying from the Pacific states the whole trade of the Indian seas. The maritime power of California will be to the Pacific what the English navy has been to the Atlantic; and the weight of the United States' power must be west of the Rocky Mountains, leaving the old world in its sluggish pomp and decaying strength, while "Democratic energy" will infuse new life into the time-honored governments of the East. Since the Roman empire perished, before the pressure of the hordes issuing in countless numbers from Asia, overrunning and destroying the polite and wealthy nations of Southern and Western Europe, the tide of emigration has been constantly westward, with the Saxon race ever in the van. The lapse of fifteen hundred years of progress in every respect finds the old Asiatic stock improved into the American race, concentrating upon the Pacific Ocean, preparatory to a return into the bosom of Asia, carrying with them civilization, Christianity, and political science. The western impulse given to the population of Europe by the fierce onslaught of the exiled Tartars, reacts after fifteen centuries upon the country of their origin. The fierce race whose only deity was a necked scimitar, occupied by war and supported by plunder, departed from the land that gave them birth for the destruction of European civilization. Succeeding to the long night of the dark ages, which her sons inflicted upon Europe, Asia may now observe breaking in the East the dawn of civilization. The Americo-Saxon race is about to invade her with the steam-engine and the printing-press. The bible and the ballot-box are coming back to Asia from the East, in return for the scimitar and the spear, which twenty centuries since she despatched westward into Europe. Undisturbed in all that period by foreign aggression or intestine commotion, Eastern Asia has gone on to increase in wealth, and multiply in numbers, until the population of China alone is now estimated to equal the half of the entire globe; and to the missionary and the merchant, as well as the politician and philanthropist, the new fields of enterprise to be commanded from the Bay of San Francisco are of the most brilliant description. The uncertain and criminal possession which English satraps hold of the Indian peninsula, is becoming relaxed through the declining vigor of the Imperial country; and the friendly hand of American commerce will soon supplant the mailed glove of British oppression The sums now extracted from the wretched ryot to feed the pomp of British officials, will swell the profits of American dealers in exchange for the products of industry; and the vast wealth of India will reward the enterprise of the American dealer, swelling the grandeur of our commerce and magnificence of the national wealth. The vivid imagination of Napoleon was ever haunted with the visions of Eastern splendor, but he looked in the wrong direction with the wrong means. His face was set *eastward*, with arms in his hands; "Young Democracy" looks *westward*, with the arts of peace as a means to attain the same end, and will be successful where he met only disaster and disgrace.

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THE THREE NUTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLEMENS BRENTANO.

Daniel Wilhelm Möller, afterwards professor at Altdorf, lived, in the year 1665, in Colmar, as tutor to the three sons of the burgomaster Lindorf.

This same year, in the month of October, a travelling alchemist, calling himself Todenus, stopped at the burgomaster's house, and when, after dinner, some walnuts, among other delicacies, were placed upon the table, the company had much to say about the properties of this fruit. But as Möller's three pupils ate rather greedily of the nuts, cracking them one after another in quick succession, he reproved them mildly, and referred them to the following verse out of the *Schola Salernitana:* "*Unica nux prodest, nocet altera, tertia mors est.*"

They at once rightly translated it as follows: "One nut benefits, the second injures, the third is death." Möller said to them, however, that this translation could scarcely be the right one, as they had long since eaten the third nut, and still were well and hearty, and he told them to think of a better.

He had hardly time to finish these words when, to the astonishment of all present, the alchymist rushed suddenly from the table, ran to his chamber, and locked himself in. At his father's command, the burgomaster's youngest son followed the stranger to ask him if he were ill; but as he found the door locked, he looked through the keyhole and saw the man upon his knees, and heard him call out, as he wrung his hands and wept bitterly—"Ah, my God! my God!"

The boy had scarcely brought news of this to his father, when the alchymist sent word to him that he wished to see him in private. All left the dining-room. The stranger then entered, sank upon his knees, clasped the burgomaster's feet, and prayed him not to bring him before the tribunals, but to save him from a shameful death.

The burgomaster was startled at his words, for he feared that the man might have lost his senses; he raised him from the floor, and requested him mildly to explain why he spoke thus singularly.

The stranger then replied—"Ah, sir, do not dissemble; you and the tutor Möller know of my crime; the verse of the three nuts proves it—*tertia mors est*—the third is death! Yes, yes, a leaden bullet, a pull with the finger, and he fell. You have agreed between you to betray me; you will deliver me into the hands of justice, and by your means my head will fall upon the scaffold."

The burgomaster was now satisfied that the alchymist was deranged, and he endeavored to soothe him with kind words.

It was impossible to quiet him, however; he passed his hand across his brow and said—"Well, if you do not know it, the tutor does most certainly, for he gazed steadfastly at me as he said—*tertia mors est.*"

The burgomaster could do nothing more than to beg him to go quietly

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to bed, giving him his word of honor that neither he nor Möller would betray him, if, indeed, there were any truth in what he said. The unhappy man would not leave him, however, until Möller was summoned, who assured him solemnly that he would keep his secret, for all that he could say could not convince the alchymist that he knew nothing evil of him.

On the following morning the alchymist resolved to leave Colmar for Basle, and begged the tutor Möller to give him a letter of recommendation to a professor of medicine. Möller gave him a letter to doctor Schmidt, and placed it open in his hands that he might conceive no suspicion.

He left the house with tears, and renewed entreaties that they would not betray him.

About the same time in the following year, perhaps three weeks later, as the burgomaster was sitting with his family at table and again eating walnuts, and as they were reminded thereby of the alchymist and were speaking of him, a woman requested admittance. The burgomaster directed the domestics to introduce her; a female now entered dressed in morning; her features seemed wasted with grief, yet they bore the traces of remarkable beauty. The burgomaster offered her a chair, placed a glass of wine and a few walnuts before her, but at the sight of the latter she seemed violently agitated, and the tears started to her eyes. "No nuts! no nuts!" she cried, as she pushed back her plate.

These words, combined with a remembrance of the alchymist, produced a singular excitement among those who were seated at table. The burgomaster directed a domestic to remove the nuts, and after having excused himself to the woman, protesting that he was entirely ignorant of her aversion for this fruit, he begged to be informed of the business which had led her to his house.

"I am the widow of an apothecary of Lyons," she said, "and I wish to settle in Colmar; a sad misfortune compels me to leave my native city."

The burgomaster now requested to see her passport, in order to satisfy himself that she had not left her country to escape the demands of justice.

She reached him her papers, which were in every way satisfactory, and in which she was mentioned as the widow of the apothecary Pierre du Pont, or Petrus Pontanus. She also showed the burgomaster several testimonials from the faculty of medicine at Montpelier, which proved that she was in possession of recipes for the compounding of various excellent medical remedies.

The burgomaster promised to do everything in his power to assist her in her project of settling in Colmar, and requested her to follow him into his study, that he might write her some letters of recommendation to several physicians and apothecaries in the town.

After accompanying the woman up the stairs, as they crossed the hall above, she became so suddenly and deeply agitated at the sight of a childish painting that was fastened against a chamber door which they passed, that the burgomaster feared she would swoon in his arms. He led her in haste to his room and reached her a seat, upon which she sank, weeping bitterly.

The burgomaster, at a loss how to explain her emotion, asked her the cause of it.

"Oh, sir," she replied, "how is it possible that you have become

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acquainted with my misfortune? who fastened that picture upon the chamber door?"

The burgomaster now remembered the picture, and said that it was a drawing of his youngest son's, who was in the habit of representing all occurrences which particularly interested him, by these rude attempts at painting.

The boy who, the year before, had seen the alchymist upon his knees wringing his hands in this chamber, and had heard him call out, "Ah, my God! my God!" had painted him in this position upon a piece of pasteboard, with three nuts above him and the sentence, "*Unica nux prodest, nocet altera, tertia mors est.*" He had nailed the painting against the door of the chamber which the alchymist had occupied.

"How could your son have become acquainted with my husband's fearful calamity?" said the woman. "How could he know that which I would fain keep forever concealed—that for which I have left my native land."

"Your husband?" replied the burgomaster, in astonishment; "is the chemist Todenus your husband? I supposed, judging from your passport, that you were the widow of the apothecary Pierre du Pont, of Lyons.

"I am so," replied the woman; "and the person represented upon that picture is my husband, Du Pont. I know that it is he, by the position in which I last saw him; I know it by the fatal sentence and the three nuts over his head."

The burgomaster now recounted to her all that had passed, a year ago, when the alchymist visited him, and asked how it happened, if he were really her husband, that he had introduced himself to him under a false name.

"Ah, sir," replied the woman, "I see it plainly; fate has decreed that my shame shall not remain concealed. As a worthy and upright man, I expect that you will not reveal my sad story to my prejudice. Listen to me. My husband, the apothecary Pierre du Pont, at Lyons, was in comfortable circumstances, and he would have been rich if he had not lavished much money upon his unhappy passion for alchymy. I was young, and had the misfortune to be exceedingly beautiful. Ah, sir, there can be no greater misfortune than this; for no rest, no peace is possible for the unhappy creature whom heaven has visited with this curse; all pursue her, and the persecution and temptation to which she is exposed often prompt her to steps that prove her ruin. I was not vain—I was unfortunate merely. Let me dress myself as plainly and unbecomingly as possible, my attire at once set the fashion, and it was thought charming. Wherever I went I was surrounded by admirers; I could not sleep for serenades, and I was perpetually annoyed by gifts and amorous billets. Two assistants in my husband's employ poisoned each other, because each had discovered that the other was a rival, who, out of love to me, had entered our service. All the people who purchased medicines at our shop were at once suspected of being enamored of me. I reaped nothing from all this, but anxiety and wretchedness, and my husband's pride in my beauty alone prevented me from disfiguring my face in some manner. Often have I asked him whether he could not be contented with my love and affection, and if he would not permit me to destroy my beauty, that source of continual annoyance, by some corrosive liquid. But he always replied, 'beautiful Amelia! I should despair if I

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could no longer see you as you are! I should be the most wretched of men, if, after having toiled all day in vain, in my sooty laboratory, I could not at evening feast my eyes upon your charms! You are the only bright spot in my gloomy existence; and when, after a day of labor, I see my hopes disappear in smoke up the chimney, they all greet me again in your beauty.'

"He loved me tenderly, but heaven did not bless our union with children. When, on one occasion, I expressed my grief to him on this subject, his brow grew dark, and he said: 'With God's help, and if everything does not fail, we shall enjoy this happiness also.' One evening he came home late, he was uncommonly cheerful, and told me that he had to-day discoursed with a very scientific adept who seemed to take a warm interest in us both, and added that our dearest wishes would soon be fulfilled. I did not understand him.

"After midnight I was aroused by a singular rustling; I looked up and saw that my chamber was filled with a swarm of sparkling fire-flies. I could not imagine how so great a number of these insects could have found their way into my apartment. I awaked my husband, and asked him what it meant.

"At the same moment I saw upon my toilet table a splendid Venetian vase filled with the loveliest flowers, and near it lay a pair of silk stockings, Parisian shoes, perfumed gloves, ribbons, &c., &c.

"It now occurred to me that the following day was my birth day, and attributing this act of gallantry to my husband, I thanked him warmly. But he protested, with the most solemn asseverations, that these gifts did not come from him, and for the first time in his life he was seized with violent jealousy. He urged me, now in the most moving, now in the most violent manner, to confess who had caused these things to be brought into my chamber. I wept, but could not tell him. He refused to believe me, commanded me to rise, and obliged me to assist him in searching through the whole house; but we found no one. He demanded the key of my writing-desk, and examined all my papers and letters, but he discovered nothing.

"The day dawned, and I still sat drowned in tears. My husband left me in anger, and entered his laboratory. Wearied and exhausted, I threw myself upon the bed, weeping bitterly, as I reflected upon this singular occurrence.

"It was impossible for me to imagine from whom these presents came; and as I glanced upon the mirror which stood opposite my bed, I called down imprecations upon my unhappy beauty, made grimaces, and drew my face awry; but, alas! I remained handsome, let me distort my features as I would. I now remarked a piece of paper projecting from one of the new shoes which stood upon the table. I reached after it in haste, and with the utmost surprise I read the following lines:

"'Dear Amelia! my unhappiness is greater than ever. Hitherto I have been obliged to avoid your presence only; now I must fly the land in which you dwell; I have slain an officer in a duel who boasted of having obtained your love; I am pursued, and am here in disguise. To-morrow is your birth-day, and I must see you for the last time. Meet me this evening, without the gate, in the grove of walnut trees, which stands about a hundred steps from the road, at the right hand of the little chapel. If you can supply me with some money, God will repay your

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kindness. It was foolish, but I could not help spending my last few louis d'ors on the trifling birth-day gifts which you see before you. How they were brought to you, what I suffered in bringing them, you shall hear from my own lips. You must keep silence, you must come, or to-morrow I shall be brought a lifeless corpse into your dwelling.

Your unhappy LUDWIG."

"I read these lines with the most violent agitation. I was resolved to see him, for I loved him with unspeakable affection, and I was about to lose him forever."

The burgomaster here shook his head. "So then," he said, "my good dame, you have felt an affection for another man beside your husband?"

The stranger replied, with an air of calm dignity—"Yes, worthy sir; yet do not condemn me prematurely, but quietly listen to my whole story. I occupied the entire day in collecting what I possessed in money and jewels, and packed them in a bundle, which I directed a maid servant to carry towards evening to a bathing-house that stood not far from the gate near which Ludwig was awaiting me. To walk in this direction could excite no suspicion, for I had often done so before. When we reached the spot I dismissed the maid, telling her to send a carriage to the bathing-house for me at nine o'clock. She left me, and I went, not into the bathing-house, but with my bundle beneath my arm I repaired to the spot where I was expected.

"I entered the chapel; he rushed into my arms; we embraced each other affectionately; we burst into tears. Upon the altar steps of the little chapel, which was overshadowed by walnut trees, we sat with arms entwined, and amid the tenderest caresses, related all that had passed since we had been separated. He was filled with deep despair at the thought that he should never see me again.

"The moment of parting drew near; it was now near nine, and the carriage that I had ordered was probably waiting for me. I gave him the money and the jewels which I had brought, and he said to me: 'Oh, Amelia! had I but shot myself last night at your bedside!—but the sight of your slumbering beauty disarmed me. Your window was open, and I climbed by the trellis-work to your chamber, and set at liberty the fire flies which I had collected upon my journey, remembering that you admired them. I then placed the shoes and stockings upon the table, and took with me those that you had laid aside on the preceding evening. Your dull and honest husband seemed dreaming of his senseless schemes. I had seen him yesterday; he met me here in the wood as he was collecting herbs. It was nearly dark; and as I myself was seeking flowers for a nosegay for you, he took me for one of his craft and calling, and we were soon engaged in a long conversation concerning alchymy. I imparted to him a secret which I had received, as I told him, from a monk, when I lodged in a convent one night during my last journey to Provence. By this secret, I pretended his dearest wishes would be gratified. Your good husband took it all for truth, embraced me heartily, begged me to visit him soon, and then left me. Ah, he did not know that I should visit him that same night in so venturous a manner! How I pity you that you are childless, and the wife of such a dolt!'

"I had not yet forgiven my husband for his jealousy during the past night, and I said—'Yes, I have found out, at last, that we are not suited to each other.' But, as the moment of our separation had come, I

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clasped my arms about his neck, and exclaimed—'Farewell, dear, dear Ludwig! See, as this hallowed hour of meeting has vanished, so vanishes this wretched life; have but a little patience, and soon all will be at an end.'

"Ludwig then broke three nuts from a tree near the chapel, and said—'Let us eat these three nuts together, in eternal remembrance of each other, and as often as we see any of the kind, we will think of each other.' He cracked the first nut, divided it with me, and kissed me tenderly.

"'Ah,' he said, 'an old verse concerning nuts just occurs to me. It begins: *Unica nux prodest*—one nut benefits; but it is not true in our case, for we must soon separate; the following words are truer: *nocet altera*—the second injures—yes, indeed, for the hour of parting has come.'

"He then embraced me, weeping bitterly, shared the third nut with me, and said—'With this, the verse speaks truth. Oh, Amelia, do not forget me! pray for me! *Tertia mors est*—the third nut is death!'

"A shot was now fired, and Ludwig fell at my feet. '*Tertia mors est!*' cried a voice from a window of the chapel.

"Almighty heaven!" I shrieked, "my brother, my poor Ludwig, murdered!"

"Merciful providence! your brother?" exclaimed the burgomaster.

"Yes, it was my brother," she replied, solemnly, "and imagine my horror, as my husband stepped before me, with a pistol in his hand. One barrel was still charged; he raised it to his head, but I tore the weapon from his grasp, and cast it among the bushes—"Fly! fly!" I cried, "justice is on thy track; thou art a murderer!"

"He seemed petrified with horror; he refused to stir; we heard people approaching, attracted from the high road by the report. I gave him the money and the jewels which I had destined for my brother, and pushed him from the chapel.

"I now gave full course to my grief, and the new comers, among whom were several men that knew me, bore me, half frantic, to my dwelling. My brother's body was carried to the town-hall, and an immediate investigation was set on foot.

"Fortunately, I was attacked by a violent fever, and lay so long delirious, that I could not give evidence against my husband, until he had crossed the borders, and was in safety. None doubted that he was the murderer, as on the same evening, he was nowhere to be found. Slander now assailed me with all its venom. I will not repeat what the women said of me, who envied me on account of my beauty, nor all the infamous calumnies of the men, who could find no fault with me, but my virtue. Enough; my attempts to prove that the murdered man was my brother, were confronted by the most shameful suspicions.

"All tried to trample me in the dust, in order that they might triumph over my hateful prudery. I was honored with the most odious sympathy from all the young advocates, and, overwhelmed by this burden of persecution and of sorrow, I nearly lost my reason.

"As my husband had left a will in my favor, I placed his affairs in the hands of administrators, and retired, for several years, into a cloister. At last, scandal ceased its babblings, and in the mean while, I occupied myself in preparing medicines for the poor, who were tended by the nuns of the convent."

"I am greatly moved at your misfortunes," replied the burgomaster,

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"but from the manner in which you spoke of your brother's conduct towards you, it seemed rather that of a lover, than of so near a kinsman."

"Ah, sir," replied the woman, "that, indeed, was the chief cause of my woes; he loved me with greater warmth than he should have done, and he strove with all the force of his nature, against the baneful influence of my beauty. Oftentimes he did not see me for years—nay, he would not even write to me; nothing but the wish to see me for the last time, impelled him to seek me out in a moment of danger; and I could not deny his request, when he entreated me to grant him a farewell meeting. My husband did not know him. I had married, indeed, solely for the purpose of extinguishing my brother's passion. Alas, it was extinguished only with his life!

"My husband, disturbed by jealousy, had left his laboratory early; the maid told him that I had gone to the bathing-house; suspicion then flashed across his soul; he took a double barrelled pistol with him, and sought for me at the bathing-house. He did not find me there, and the woman, who had charge of the establishment, told him that she had seen me walk toward the nearest gate. He then called to mind the stranger who had spoken with him in the wood, and who had asked after his wife; he remembered that this man had caught a number of fire-flies, and this fact changed his suspicion into certainty; he hastened to the wood, approached the chapel, heard the last words of our conversation—*tertia mors est*—and committed the frightful deed."

"Alas, the poor unhappy man!" exclaimed the burgomaster, "but where is he, and what brings you here? Could you not forgive him, if you should see him again?"

"I shall not see him again; I have forgiven him—God, I hope, has forgiven him!" replied the woman; "but blood calls for blood; he could not forgive himself. For eight years he lived in Copenhagen, at the court of the king of Denmark, Christian IV., as his private alchymist, for this prince was greatly addicted to the secret art. After Christian's death, he visited several other courts, in the north of Germany. He was always restless and wandering, and tormented by his conscience; whenever he saw walnuts, or heard them spoken of, he fell into the deepest dejection. Thus he came, at last, to Colmar, and when he here heard that unhappy verse, he fled to Basle. He lived in that town, until the walnuts ripened again, when his disquietude became irresistible; his time had come; he journeyed to Lyons, and delivered himself into the hands of justice.

"Three weeks ago, he had an affecting interview with me; he was gentle as a child; he begged for my forgiveness. Alas, I had long since forgiven him! He told me, that after his execution, I must leave Lyons, and journey to Colmar; that the burgomaster there was a kind and worthy man. Two days afterwards he was beheaded, before a countless multitude, near the chapel, where he had committed the murder. He kneeled down in the ring, broke three nuts from the same tree which had borne those that had caused my brother's death, shared each one with me, and once more embraced me tenderly. I was then carried into the chapel, where I sank down, in prayer, before the altar. But I heard him say without—'*Unica nux prodest; nocet altera, tertia mors est!*' and at these last words, the sword of the headsman terminated his wretched life. This is my story, worthy burgomaster."

With these words, the dame concluded her narrative. The burgomas-

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ter, deeply moved, reached her his hand, and said—"Unhappy woman, rest assured that I am deeply affected by your misfortunes, and I will confirm, by every means in my power, your husband's confidence in my benevolence."

As he said this, and looked down to conceal his tears, he remarked upon her finger a seal ring, the sight of which appeared greatly to agitate him; he recognized the coat of arms upon it, and examined it with evident tokens of interest.

The dame said—"It was my brother's seal ring."

"What was his family name?" cried the burgomaster, quickly.

"Piantaz," replied the woman. "Our father was a Savoyard, and kept a shop in Montpellier."

The burgomaster grew agitated; ran to his desk, took thence several papers, read them, asked after her brother's age, and as she replied—"To-day, if he were living, he would be forty-six years old." He cried loudly and joyfully.

"Right! exactly right! that is his age, to-day, for he still lives! Amelia, I am your brother! I was exchanged by your mother's nurse, for the son of Lindorf the mechanician. It was not your brother who loved you—it was Lindorf's son, who bore my name, and who died so sad a death.—Joy to me that I have found thee!"

The good dame could not comprehend these words; but the burgomaster convinced her, by a writing which had been drawn up, when the nurse was on her death-bed; in this writing she confessed that she had exchanged the children. When the woman had read this, she sank into the arms of her newly found brother.

She lived for three years as house-keeper to the burgomaster, and when the latter died, she retired to the convent of Saint Clara, in Colmar, to which she bequeathed all her property.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

Long may this album of a songster tell,
  Whose ripened age his tender tone belies;
Who saw in thee grace, goodness, candor dwell,
  And was, one moment, duped by thy bright eyes.
Through love? Ah! no—love could no more beguile;
  But by thy flattering notice led astray,
    He deemed that Beauty's smile
      Was Glory's ray!

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MINNA VON BARNHELM;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF G. E. LESSING.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

SCENE—*The Hall.* JOCELYN.

Jocelyn (*a letter in his hand.*) Must I enter again this cursed house? A letter from my master to the gracious Fraulein, who would be his sister. If it was not all contrived! Else there will be no end to this letter-carrying. I would gladly be rid of it; but I do not wish to go into this room, either. The lady asks so many questions, and I answer so unwillingly! Ha, the door opens—as I wished! the chambermaid!

SCENE II.—FRANCISCA. JOCELYN.

Francisca, (*speaking to some one in the room from which she is coming out.*) Fear not! I will watch for him—see! (*as she notices Jocelyn*) some one almost pushed against me. But one can do nothing with this brute.

Jocelyn. Your servant.

Francisca. I should not wish for such a servant.

Jocelyn. Well, well; pardon the expression!—I bring here a letter from my master to your mistress, the gracious Fraulein—sister. Was it not so?—sister.

Francisca. Give it to me! (*snatching the letter from his hand.*)

Jocelyn. You will be so good, my master requests, as to present it. Afterwards, will you be so good, my master requests—lest you should think that I ask anything perhaps!—

Francisca. Now, then?

Jocelyn. My master understands the matter. He knows that access to the Fraulein is gained by means of the attendant;—I fancy so to myself!—The maiden will then be so good, my master requests, and inquires, if he can have the pleasure of speaking to the maiden about a quarter of an hour.

Francisca. Me?

Jocelyn. Pardon me, if I give you a wrong title. Yes, you! Only for a quarter of an hour; but alone—entirely alone—privately, under four eyes! He has something of importance to say to you.

Francisca. Good! I have also much to say to him.—He can come. I will be at his service.

Jocelyn. But when can he come? When is it most convenient for you, maiden?—at twilight?

Francisca. What do you mean?—Your master can come when he pleases—and with that begone!

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Jocelyn. With all my heart—(*going.*)

Francisca. But here; one word more! Where are all the other servants of the Major?

Jocelyn. The others? Here, there, and everywhere.

Francisca. Where is William?

Jocelyn. The valet-de-chambre? The Major allowed him to travel.

Francisca. Indeed! And Philip, where is he?

Jocelyn. The sportsman? The master has given him up to another.

Francisca. Doubtless because he has now no hunting-ground. But Martin?

Jocelyn. The coachman? he has rode away.

Francisca. And Fritz?

Jocelyn. The footman? he is promoted.

Francisca. Where was you, then, while the Major was spending his winter-quarters with us, at Thuringia? You was, perhaps, not with him then?

Jocelyn. Oh, yes; I was his groom; but I lay in the hospital.

Francisca. Groom! And you are now—

Jocelyn. All in all; valet and sportsman, footman and groom.

Francisca. This, I must confess! To allow so many good, capable people to leave him, and to keep the very poorest of all! I should like to know what your master found in you?

Jocelyn. Perhaps he found that I am an honest fellow.

Francisca. Ah! one is no great thing, if one is nothing but honest.—William was quite a different person! The Major allowed him to travel?

Jocelyn. Yes, he allowed him, because he could not prevent him.

Francisca. How?

Jocelyn. Oh! William will do himself great honor by his journey.—He has all the master's wardrobe with him.

Francisca. What! He did not run away with it?

Jocelyn. One could not exactly say that; but when we came from Nuremburg he did not follow us with it.

Francisca. Oh! the thief!

Jocelyn. He was a very accomplished man! he could frisir and rasir, and parlir and charmir.—Is it not true?

Francisca. Therefore, I would not have sent away the sportsman, if I had been the Major. If he could not employ him as sportsman any longer, yet he is otherwise a very capable fellow. To whom, then, has he given him up?

Jocelyn. To the Commandant of Spandau.

Francisca. The fortress? Still the hunting-ground upon the walls cannot be very large.

Jocelyn. Oh, Philip does not hunt now.

Francisca. What does he then?

Jocelyn. He wheels a barrow.

Francisca. He wheels a barrow?

Jocelyn. But only for three years. He formed a small conspiracy among the master's companies, and would have brought six men through the out-posts.

Francisca. I am astonished; the wicked wretch!

Jocelyn Oh! he is a very capable fellow! A huntsman, who knows

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all the foot-paths and bye-ways, through the woods and morasses, for fifty miles round; and he can shoot!

Francisca. Well, however, that the Major has his coachman yet.

Jocelyn. Has him yet?

Francisca. I think you said that Martin had rode away? He will, doubtless, come back again; will he not?

Jocelyn. Think you so?

Francisca. Where has he rode to, then?

Jocelyn. It is the tenth week since he rode towards the pond the master's last and only saddle-horse.

Francisca. And has never returned? Oh! the gallows-bird!

Jocelyn. The stream may have carried away the brave coachman, perhaps! He was a very honest coachman! He had rode in Vienna ten years. Such an one my master could not find again. If the horses were in full speed he had only to speak, and at once they stood as still as a wall. Besides, he was an experienced farrier!

Francisca. Now, I am anxious to hear of the promotion of the footman.

Jocelyn. No, no; thereby he has his just deserts. He has become drummer to a garrison regiment.

Francisca. I thought so!

Jocelyn. Fritz attached himself to a dissolute man; never came home at night; contracted many debts in the master's name, and played a thousand infamous tricks. In short, the Major saw that, by all means, he would be higher; (*representing a gallows by pantomine;*) he therefore helped him on his way.

Francisca. Oh, the knave!

Jocelyn. But he was surely a perfect footman. If the master gave him but fifty steps in advance, he could not overtake him with his best racer. Fritz, on the contrary, may give the gallows a thousand steps in advance, and I wager my life, he will overtake it. They were all your good friends, perhaps, maiden? William and Philip, Martin and Fritz? Now Jocelyn commends himself! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—FRANCISCA. *And afterward* THE LANDLORD.

Francisca. (*looking after him earnestly.*) I deserved the bite! I thank you, Jocelyn. I rated your honesty too low. I will not forget the lesson.—Ah, the unfortunate man!—(*turns round to go into the Fraulein's apartment again, when the landlord enters.*)

Landlord. Wait, my pretty one!

Francisca. I have no time, now, Herr Landlord.

Landlord. Only a little moment. No farther intelligence from the Major yet? This could not possibly be his final departure?

Francisca. What then?

Landlord. Has not the good Fraulein told you about it? As I lost you, down in the kitchen, so I came, by chance, back again into the hall.

Francisca. By chance, with the design of hearing a little.

Landlord. Ah, my child, how can you think so of me? An innkeeper could indulge nothing more dangerous than curiosity. I had not been here long when the door to the Fraulein's room burst open, all at

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once. The Major rushed out; the Fraulein followed him; both in an excitement—with looks, in an attitude—so much only could I see. She caught hold of him—he tore himself away; she seized him again. "Tellheim!"—"Fraulein!—let me go!"—"Whither?"—Thus he drew her even to the stairway. I feared he would drag her down with him.—But, at length, he released himself from her grasp. The Fraulein remained on the upper stair; looked after him; called after him; wrung her hands. Then, suddenly, she turned around—ran to the window; from the window again to the stairway; from the stairway, to and fro, in the hall. I stood here; she passed me three or four times without seeing me. Finally, it appeared as if she saw me; but, I believe, my child, the Fraulein mistook me for you. "Francisca," cried she, fastening her eyes upon me, "am I now fortunate?" Thereupon she gazed fixedly upon the ceiling,—and again, "am I now fortunate?" Then, she wiped the tears from her eyes, and smiling, asked me again: "Francisca, am I now fortunate?" Truly, I knew not what to do. Soon she ran toward her door; then, turning to me again, she said: "But come, Francisca, what grieves you only?"—and went in.

Francisca. O, Herr Landlord, you have dreamed this.

Landlord. Dreamed? No, no, pretty child; one does not dream so circumstantially. Yes, I would have given so much—I am not curious—but I would have given so much—if I could have had the key to this.

Francisca. The key to our door? Herr Landlord, this is within; we took it in at night; we are timid.

Landlord. Not such a key; I would say, my pretty one, the key—the same as the explanation; the proper connection of this which I have seen.

Francisca. Yes, indeed! Now, Herr Landlord, adieu. Shall we dine soon, Herr Landlord?

Landlord. My pretty child, not to forget what I would most especially say—

Francisca. Now?—But be brief.

Landlord. The gracious Fraulein has my ring yet; I call it mine.

Francisca. You shall not lose it.

Landlord. I did not fear that: I would only remind her of it. Look you, I do not wish to take it back again. I can, perhaps, reckon upon my fingers why she knew the ring, and why it was so much like her's. It is safe in her hands. I do not need it any more, and will, in the mean time, set to the Fraulein's account thehund red pistoles which I have given for it. Is not this right, my pretty one?

SCENE IV.—PAUL WERNER. LANDLORD. FRANCISCA.

Werner. There he is, truly.

Francisca. A hundred pistoles? I thought it was only eighty.

Landlord. It is true, only ninety—only ninety. This I will do, my pretty child—this I will do.

Francisca. All this will discover itself, Herr Landlord.

Werner, (*who comes up behind them, and taps Francisca upon the shoulder.*) Little maiden! little maiden!

Francisca, (*frightened.*) Ha!

Werner. Be not alarmed! Little maiden! little maiden, I see you

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are fair—and perhaps a stranger also; and fair strangers must be warned. Little maiden, little maiden, beware of that man! (*pointing to the landlord.*)

Landlord. Why, unexpected pleasure! Herr Paul Werner! Welcome to us, welcome! Ah! it is always the same cheerful, merry, honest-hearted Werner! You should beware of me, my pretty child! Ha! ha! ha!

Werner. Keep out of his way, by all means!

Landlord. Me! me! Am I, then, so dangerous?—Ha! ha! ha!—Hear him, my pretty child! How does the joke please you?

Werner. That is always his way, to turn it off as a joke, when one says the truth of him.

Lanalord. The truth? ha! ha! ha! It is not true, my pretty one? better and better! The man can joke. I dangerous?—I? Twenty years ago I might have been so. Yes, yes, my pretty child, then I was dangerous; then many a one might have said so; but now—

Werner. Oh, the old fool!

Landlord. It is even so! When we become old it is all over with our dangerousness. It will also fare no better with you, Herr Werner.

Werner. Jests and folly! no end to them! Little maiden, if you will confide in my judgment, then I need not speak of danger. One evil spirit may have left him, but seven others have entered into him.

Landlord. O hear him! hear him still! He knows how to bring it in again now!—Joke upon joke! and always something new! Oh, he is a very excellent man, this Herr Paul Werner!—(*to Francisca, as if aside.*) A wealthy man, and as yet a bachelor. Three miles from here, he has a very fine estate. He has made a great deal by the war, and has been sergeant to our Herr Major. O, this is a friend of the Major!—this is a friend of his! Who would have allowed himself to be struck dead for him.

Werner. Yes! And this is a friend of my Major! this is a friend! whom the Major should allow to be struck dead.

Landlord. How? What? No, Herr Werner, that is not a good joke.—I no friend of the Major? No, I do not understand the joke.

Werner. Jocelyn has told me fine things.

Landlord. I thought, indeed, that Jocelyn, had been speaking with you. Jocelyn is an evil, ugly man. But here, upon the spot, is a beautiful child. She can speak; she can say if I am not a friend of the Major? If I have done him no service? And why should I not be his friend? Is he not a very worthy man? True, he has had the misfortune to be dismissed from service, but what has that to do with him? The king cannot know all worthy men; and if he knew them, still he could not reward them all.

Werner. This, Heaven commands you to declare! But, Jocelyn—True, there is nothing extraordinary in Jocelyn; still he is not a liar; and if it be true which he has told me—

Landlord. I will hear nothing from Jocelyn! As I said, this pretty child here may speak! (*aside to her.*) You know, my child, the ring! Tell Herr Werner about it. Then he will think better of me. And lest it appear as if you spoke only to please me, therefore I will not be present at the time. I will not be here; I will go away; but you shall tell me again if Jocelyn is not a base slauderer.

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SCENE V.—PAUL WERNER. FRANCISCA.

Werner. Little maiden, you know my Major, then?

Francisca. The Major Von Tellheim? Yes; I know the brave man well.

Werner. Is he not a brave man? You are perhaps friendly to him?

Francisca. From the bottom of my heart.

Werner. Truly? Look you, little maiden; now indeed do you appear to me beautiful. But what, then, are the services which the landlord has done for our Major?

Francisca. I do not know exactly; for it may be that he takes to himself the credit of the good, which has fortunately arisen from his rascally conduct.

Werner. It may all be true, then, what Jocelyn has told me—(*towards the side, where the landlord has gone out.*) Well for you that you have left! He has really removed him from his room? To such a man, to play such a trick, because the blockhead fancied the man had no more gold! The Major to have no gold!

Francisca. So! Has the Major gold?

Werner. How! How! He does not know how much he has. He does not know who is owing him. I am in debt to him myself, and have come to bring him an old arrears. See here, maiden, in this purse, (*drawing a purse from one pocket,*) are a hundred Louis d'ors; and in this roll, (*which he takes from the other,*) are a hundred ducats. All his money!

Francisca. But why then should the Major pawn? He has pledged a ring—

Werner. Pledged? Think nothing of that, however. Perhaps it was a trifle which he was willing to be rid of.

Francisca. It is no trifle. It is a costly ring, which, besides, may have been received from a loved hand.

Werner. This may be also. From a loved hand! Yes! yes! Such things often remind one of what he would willingly forget. Therefore he removes it from his sight.

Francisca. How?

Werner. Strange things happen to the soldier while he is in winter-quarters. Then he has nothing to do, and he allows himself to form acquaintances at the time, which he intends shall continue only through the winter, but which the good heart, with which he forms it, suppose to be for life. All at once, he finds a ring upon his finger; he knows not himself how it came there. And not unfrequently he would gladly give finger and all if he could only get free from it again.

Francisca. Ah! and can it have happened so to the Major?

Werner. Very likely. Especially in Saxony; if he had had ten fingers on each hand, he would have got all twenty of them full of rings.

Francisca, (*aside.*) This sounds very singular, and deserves to be inquired into. Herr Magistrate or Herr Sergeant—

Werner. Little maiden, if it makes no difference to you—I should rather hear Herr Sergeant.

Francisca. Herr Sergeant, then, I have here a letter from the Major to my mistress. I will carry it in now, and will be back again directly You will be so good, perhaps, as to wait here for me a little while? I would willingly chat with you still more.

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Werner. Would you, little maiden? Now for my sake, go only; I would also gladly chat with you; I will wait.

Francisca. O, pray wait then! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—PAUL WERNER.

This is a pleasant maiden. But I ought not to have promised her to wait. For it is of the most importance now that I seek out the Major. He will not receive my gold, and prefers to pawn? Therein I know him. A plan has occurred to me. When I was in the city, fourteen days ago, I called upon the widow of the Reittmeister Marloff. The poor woman lay sick, and was grieved that her husband died in debt to the Major, to the amount of four hundred thalers, which she knew not how she should pay. To-day, I would have called upon her again; I would have told her, that when I received the money in pay for my estate, I could lend her five hundred thalers. For I must place it in security somewhere, if I do not take it with me to Persia. But she had gone over the mountains. And certainly she cannot have paid the Major.—Yes, I will do so, and the sooner the better. The maiden will not take it ill of me; I cannot wait. (*Going out in deep thought, he runs against the Major, who meets him.*)

SCENE VII.—MAJOR VON TELLHEIM. WERNER.

Major. In such deep thought, Werner!

Werner. You are here, to be sure; I was just going out to call on you in your new quarters, Herr Major.

Major. In order to fill my ears with curses upon the landlord? Think not of me in regard to this.

Werner. I should have done this by and by certainly. But now I would thank you, that you have been so good to me, and have kept for me my Louis d'ors. I should indeed rather that you had kept them still longer for me. But you have gone into a new quarter, which neither you nor I am acquainted with. Who knows how it is there? They might have stolen it from you; and you must return it to me; this would help nothing, therefore. Thus I cannot expect it of you, certainly.

Major. How long since you had so much prudence, Werner?

Werner. It is very necessary. One cannot, at the present day, be prudent enough of his money. Now, I have a message to deliver to you, Herr Major, from the widow of Marloff; I have just come from her. Her husband died in debt to you to the amount of four hundred thalers; she sends you here, upon the account, a hundred ducats. She will send the rest next week. Had it not been for me, perhaps she would have sent the entire sum. For she was owing me also eighty thalers; and because she thought I had come to remind her of it, as indeed I had, so she gave it to me, and gave me also this roll, which she had already laid aside for you. You might miss your hundred thalers before the sen'night had passed, more than I should my few groats.—There, take it! (*offering him the roll of ducats.*)

Major. Werner!

Werner. Now? Why do you look so earnestly at me? Take it, Herr Major!

Major. Werner!

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Werner. Now? Why do you look so earnestly at me? Take it, Herr Major.

Major. Werner!

Werner. What ails you? What vexes you?

Major, (*bitterly, striking upon his forehead, and stamping with his feet.*) This is—the four hundred thalers are not all here!

Werner. Now, now, Herr Major! Have you not understood me?

Major. Even because I have understood you! That the best people should, to-day, torture me the most!

Werner. What do you say?

Major. It but partly relates to you! Go, Werner, (*pushing back the hand, with which Werner holds out to him the money.*)

Werner. As soon as I am rid of this!

Major. Werner, when I tell you now that the widow of Marloff came to me herself, early this morning?—

Werner. Indeed!

Major. That she is owing me nothing more—

Werner. Truly?

Major. That she has paid me every penny and farthing; what will you say?

Werner, (*after considering a moment.*) I will say, that this lying is poor business, because one is liable to be detected in it.

Major. And are you not ashamed?

Werner. But he—he who forces me to lie, what should he do? Should he not be ashamed also? Look you, Herr Major! if I should say, that I am not offended with your management, then I should tell another falsehood, and I will not do that.

Major. Be not angry, Werner! I know your heart and your love for me. But I do not need your gold.

Werner. You do not need it, and you prefer to sell and pawn, and bring your name into people's mouths!

Major. The people may always know it; that I have nothing more. We should not wish to appear richer than we are.

Werner. But why poorer? We have, so long as our friend has.

Major. It is not proper that I should become your debtor.

Werner. When, upon a hot day, which both the sun and the enemy had made hot for us, your servant had got lost with the canteen, and you came to me and said: "Werner, have you nothing to drink?" and I gave my flask to you—is it not true, that you took it and drank? Is it not proper?—By my poor soul, if a drink of that foul water, at such a time, was not worh more than all this trash! (*drawing forth the purse of Louis d'ors and presenting them both to him.*) Take it, my dear Major! Fancy that it is water. This also did God make for all.

Major. You torture me; you hear it now—I will not be your debtor.

Werner. First, it is not proper; now you will not? Truly, this is something else (*rather vexed.*) You will not be my debtor? But if you are so already, Herr Major? Or do you owe nothing to the man who once intercepted the stroke which would have split open your head; and, at another time, hewed off the arm, which was about to fire upon you, and would have driven a ball though your heart?—How much more can you be indebted to this man? Or has it less to do with my head than with my purse? If this is according to etiquette, by my poor soul, I think it also very absurd!

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Major. With whom are you speaking thus, Werner? We are alone; now I venture to say, if a third person should hear us, he would call this boasting. I remember with pleasure, that twice I have owed my life to you. But, friend, what is wanting to me but the opportunity to do as much for you? Hey?

Werner. Only the opportunity? Who doubts it, Herr Major? Have I not seen you risk your life a hundred times for the common soldier, who might be in danger?

Major. Well!

Werner. But—

Major. Why will you not understand me aright? I say, it is not proper that I should become your debtor, especially in the circumstances in which I now find myself.

Werner. So, so! You will wait until a better time! You will borrow money of me when you do not need it—when you have enough yourself, while I perhaps have none.

Major. One should not borrow if one knows not how to pay again.

Werner. Such a man as you cannot always be destitute.

Major. You know the world! At least, one should not borrow from one who needs the money himself.

Werner. Oh, yes; such an one I am! For what do I need it then? If any one wants a sergeant, he will give him a maintenance.

Major. You need it, to become something more than a sergeant; to bring you farther upon a career, upon which, without gold, the worthiest even may not succeed.

Werner. I do not expect to become more than a sergeant. I am a good sergeant; and might make a poor Rittmeister, and probably a still worse general. One should have experience.

Major. Do not cause me to think unjustly of you, Werner! I have unwillingly heard what Jocelyn has told me. You have sold your estate, and will rove about again. Do not let me think that you love not your occupation so well as the wild, irregular manner of life, which is unhappily connected therewith. One must be a soldier for his country, or from love to the cause for which he fights. To serve without aim, to-day here, to-morrow there, is travelling as a butcher's man—nothing more.

Werner. Now, truly, Herr Major, I will follow you. You know best what is the wisest course. I will remain with you. But, dear Major, in the meantime, take, I pray you, my gold. To-day or to-morrow your embarrassment must be over. You must receive money in abundance. You shall therefore return it to me again with interest. I do it only on account of the interest.

Major. Say no more about it!

Werner. By my poor soul, I do it only on account of the interest. When I have many a time thought to myself—"what will become of thee in old age if thou should'st be cut off in disgrace?—if thou should'st have nothing?—if thou should'st be compelled to beg?" Then I thought again—"No, thou wilt not beg." Then I thought again—"No, thou wilt go to Major Tellheim; he will share his last penny with thee: he will support thee till death; with him thou can'st die as an honorable fellow."

Major, (*seizing Werner's hand.*) And, comrade, do you not think so still?

Werner. No; I think so no longer. He who will take nothing from

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me when he is destitute, and I have abundance, he will also give me nothing when he has plenty, and I am in want. Just as well! (*Going out.*)

Major. Man, do not make me frantic! Where would you go? (*Holding him back.*) If I assure you, upon my honor, that I still have money; if I promise you, upon my honor, that I will tell you when I have none; that you will be the first, the only one from whom I will borrow?—Are you content with this?

Werner. Must I not be? Give me your hand upon it, Herr Major.

Major. There, Paul! And now enough of this. I came hither for the purpose of speaking to a certain maiden.

SCENE VIII.—FRANCISCA (*coming from the* FRAULEIN'S *apartment.*) MAJOR VON TELLHEIM. PAUL WERNER.

Francisca, (*entering.*) Are you still here, Herr Sergeant? (*Observing Tellheim.*) And you, also, Herr Major? In a moment I will be at your service. (*Returns quickly into her room.*)

SCENE IX.—MAJOR VON TELLHEIM. PAUL WERNER.

Major. That was she! But I perceive you are acquainted with her, Werner?

Werner. Yes, I know the maiden.

Major. But if I remember rightly, you were not with me when I had my winter-quarters at Thuringia?

Werner. No; at that time I had the care of the regiment's uniform at Leipzig.

Major. When did you become acquainted with her, then?

Werner. Our acquaintance is very young. It is only of to-day. But young acquaintance is warm.

Major. You have seen the Fraulein also, perhaps?

Werner. Is her mistress a Fraulein? She has told me you knew her mistress.

Major. Do you not understand? She is from Thuringia.

Werner. Is the Fraulein young?

Major. Yes.

Werner. Beautiful?

Major. Very beautiful.

Werner. Rich?

Major. Very rich.

Werner. Is the Fraulein as favorable to you as the maiden? That would be excellent.

Major. What do you mean?

SCENE X.—FRANCISCA (*comes out again with a letter in her hand.*) VON TELLHEIM. PAUL WERNER.

Francisca. Herr Major!

Major. Good Francisca, I have not yet been able to bid you welcome.

Francisca. In thought you have done so already. I know you are friendly to me. So am I to you. But it is not very kind to cause so much anxiety to your friends.

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Werner, (*aside.*) Ha! now I see. It is right!

Major. My fate, Francisca! Have you given her the letter?

Francisca. Yes, and here I give it to you. (*Presenting to him the letter.*)

Major. An answer?

Francisca. No, your own letter again.

Major. What? Will she not read it?

Francisca. She would, perhaps; but—— we cannot read writing very well.

Major. Jester!

Francisca. And we think that letter-writing was not invented for those who can converse orally if they choose.

Major. What a pretence! She must read it. It contains my justification. All the grounds and reasons—

Francisca. Which the Fraulein will hear from yourself, not read them.

Major. Hear from myself? In order that every word, every gesture of her's may embarrass me; that I may, in every glance at her, perceive the full extent of my loss?

Francisca. Without mercy! Take it! (*Giving him the letter.*) She awaits you at three o'clock. She wishes to ride out and see the town. You will go with her.

Major. Go with her?

Francisca. And what will you give me if I will let you ride alone with her? I will remain at home.

Major. Alone?

Francisca. In a beautiful close carriage.

Major. Impossible.

Francisca. Yes, yes; in the carriage must Herr Major play the cavalier! There he cannot escape us. Therefore it will all be right. In short, you will come, Major, and punctually at three. Now, you wished to speak to me alone. What have you to say to me? Ah! I see we are not alone, (*looking at Werner.*)

Major. Yet, Francisca, we are the same as alone. But since your mistress has not read the letter, I have nothing to say to you.

Francisca. If we are, however, alone, you have then no secrets from Herr Sergeant?

Major. No—none.

Francisca. Still, I think you should have some.

Major. How so?

Werner. Wherefore, maiden?

Francisca. Especially secrets of a certain kind. All twenty, Herr Sergeant! (*holding up both hands, with out-spread fingers.*)

Werner. S't! S't! Little maiden! Little maiden!

Major. What is it?

Francisca. All at once is it upon his finger, Herr Sergeant? (*as if slipping on a ring quickly.*)

Major. What have you?

Werner. Little maiden, cannot you understand a joke?

Major. Werner, have you so soon forgotten what I have often told you, that in jesting with young maidens one should not go beyond certain limits?

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Werner. By my poor soul, I may have forgotten it. Little maiden, I pray—

Francisca. Now, if it was a joke; this time I will forgive you.

Major. If I must come, then, by all means, still, do you, Francisca, prevail upon the Fraulein to read my letter beforehand. This will spare me the pain of thinking and of saying again what I would so willingly forget. There, give it to her! (*As he turns over the letter in presenting it to her, he notices that it has been broken open.*) But do I see aright? Francisca, the letter has certainly been opened.

Francisca. It may be, (*looking at it.*) Really it has been opened. Who could have done it? Still we have not read it; certainly we have not, Herr Major; neither will we read it; for the writer will come himself. Come, indeed; and do you understand, Herr Major? Come not as you are now, in boots, with disordered dress. You are to be excused; you did not expect us. Come in shoes, your toilet having been completed. You look now really too rough—too Prussian-like.

Major. I thank you, Francisca.

Francisca. You appear as if you had camped out last night.

Major. You are not far from right.

Francisca. We will also dress, and then dine. We would gladly invite you to our repast, but your presence might prevent our eating; and, look you, we are not so much in love that we have lost our appetites.

Major. I will go! In the meantime, Francisca, prepare her a little beforehand, in order that I may not appear contemptible either in her eyes or my own. Come, Werner, you shall dine with me.

Werner. In this house—at the landlord's table? I will not taste a morsel here.

Major. With me, in my room.

Werner. Well, I will follow you presently. But one word with you, little maiden.

Major. This does not displease me. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.—PAUL WERNER. FRANCISCA.

Francisca. Now, Herr Sergeant?

Werner. Little maiden, when I come again shall I appear better dressed also?

Francisca. Come as you will, Herr Sergeant, my eyes will find nothing amiss in you. But my ears must be so much the more on their guard against you. Twenty fingers, all full of rings! Ay, ay, Herr Sergeant!

Werner. No, little maiden, even this would I say to you, but the joke escaped me so suddenly! There is nothing in it. He has enough, doubtless, in one ring. And a hundred, more than a hundred times, have I heard the Major say, that he must be a villain of a soldier who could deceive a maiden! So I think, too, little damsel. Depend upon it! I must make haste and follow him. A good appetite to you, little maiden! [*Exit.*

Francisca. The same to you, Herr Sergeant! I think the man pleases me. (*As she is returning to the room she meets her mistress coming out.*)

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SCENE XII.—MINNA VON BARNHELM. FRANCISCA.

Minna. Has the Major gone again already? Francisca, I believe that I am now so cheerful that I might have detained him here.

Francisca. And I will make you still more cheerful.

Minna. So much the better! His letter—oh, his letter! Every line expressed the honorable, the noble man. Every refusal to claim my hand assured me of his love. He will notice, perhaps, that we had read the letter. It matters not, if he will only come. Will he surely come? Only a little too much pride, Francisca, it seems to me, in his conduct. For not to be willing to owe his fortune to his beloved one, is pride—unpardonable pride! If he allows this to appear too strongly, Francisca—

Francisca. Then shall we renounce him?

Minna. Ay, but see! Do you not pity him again already? No, pretty fool, we would renounce no man for one error; but a plan has occurred to me, of tormenting him a little, on account of this pride, by a similar pride.

Francisca. Now, indeed, you must be very happy, my Fraulein, if such a plan has occurred to you.

Minna. I am so; but come, you will have your part to play therein.

[*They go in.*

END OF ACT III.

ODE.

TO AMERICA.

COLUMBIA, child of Britain,—noblest child!
I praise the growing lustre of thy worth,
And fain would see thy great heart reconciled
To love the mother of so blest a birth;
For we are one, Columbia! still the same
In lineage, language, laws, and ancient fame,
The natural nobility of Earth;
Yes, we are one: the glorious days of yore,
When dear old England earned her storied name,
Are thine as well as ours for evermore;
And thou hast rights in Milton e'en as we,
Thou too canst claim "sweet Shakspeare's wood notes wild," [free,
And chiefest brother, we are both made
Of one religion pure and undefiled!

I blame thee not, as other some have blamed,
The high-born heir had grown to man's estate; [shamed,
I mock thee not as some who should be
Nor ferret out thy faults with envious hate;
Far otherwise—by generous love inflamed,
Patriot I praise my country's foreign son,
Rejoicing in the blaze of good and great
That diadems thy head—go on, go on,
Young Hercules, thus travelling in might,
Boy—Plato, filling all the West with light,
Thou new Themistocles for enterprize
Go on and prosper, Acolyte of fate!
And—precious child, dear Ephraim,—turn those eyes, [wait.
For thee thy Mother's yearning heart doth

Let aged Britain claim the classic part,
A shining track of bright and mighty deeds,
For thee I prophecy the future vast
Whereof the present sows its giant seeds;
Corruption and decay come thick and fast,
O'er poor old England: yet a few dark years
And we must die, as nations died of yore!
But, in the millions of thy teeming shore
Thy patriots, sages, warriors, saints, and seers,
We live again Columbia! yea, once more
Unto a thousand generations live,
The mother in the child: to all the West,
Through thee shall we earth's choicest blessings give,
E'en as our orient world in us is blest.

Yea, noble scion of an ancient root, [forth,
Born of the forest king! spread forth, spread
High to the stars thy tender leaflets shoot,
Deep dig thy fibres round the ribs of earth!
From sea to sea, from south to icy north,
It must ere long be thine, through good or ill,
To stretch thy sinewy boughs: go, wondrous child!
The glories of thy destiny fulfil,—
Remember then thy mother in her age,
Shelter her in the tempest, warring wild,
Stand thou with us, when all the nations rage
So furiously together! We are one,
And through all time, the calm historic page
Shall tell of Britain blest in thee her son.

Albury, Surrey, England, 1847.

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ANCIENT AND MODERN CIVILIZATION.*

The discussion of this subject has assumed a wide range. This has arisen from a misunderstanding of it, and a consequent difference of investigation. It has now, however, assumed a more definite form. I understand it to be a comparison of ancient and modern civilization in regard to the happiness of mankind.

This is a most difficult subject; for what is happiness? To an ancient Pharaoh it was the construction of an immense pyramid to contain his remains—to Cæsar it was victory—to the pious religion—to the miser gold—to the student books—to the beggar provision. But although we cannot state any particular condition in which individual human happiness exclusively consists, we have no great difficulty in stating a general condition of society, in which the greatest amount of happiness must prevail among the masses, in contradistinction to the amount of happiness which prevails among a privileged few.

The first element of his condition is—virtue in its largest sense, viz.: the desire to perform all human duties, religeous and moral.

The second is—the universal prevalence of knowledge, to enable the masses to know and to perform their duties.

The third is—the largest possible individual liberty consistent with the protection of the community.

These I take to be the foundation of human happiness, in a collective condition. Each of these is so dependent upon the others, that I should be at a loss to say which is the most important abstractly; but practically, nothing is more certain than that the universal prevalence of knowledge is both a generator and an indicator of virtue and liberty. It is, therefore, the best test we can apply, to determine the comparative degree of human happiness of ancient and modern civilization; for where knowledge prevails, there we find virtue and liberty, exactly in proportion to its extent and diffusion among the whole of the people.

The first thing required is, to determine what is meant by ancient, and what by modern civilization; or rather, where does ancient civilization end, and modern begin. There are two grand epochs in ancient civilization, which may be clearly distinguished from each other, viz.—that which ended with Moses, and that which succeeded him, to the overthrow of the Roman Empire. During the first epoch, the Babylonian, the Assyrian, the Bactrian, and especially the Egyptian empires, flourished, and Egypt arrived at her zenith of glory. It was then her great monuments were constructed. It was then all the great evidences of her civilization were laid up to be the admiration of future ages. It was then, chiefly, that the curious inscriptions on her monuments were made to puzzle and confound the learned of the world, until recently. Young and Champollion have unlocked the hidden secrets they contain, by the discovery of the key which had been lost for more than two thousand

* A Paper read to the Montgomery (Orange county) Literary and Scientific Club, on Saturday evening, April 7th, 1849.

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years. I cannot pass by this most remarkable discovery, without directing your attentions to it, as one of the many evidences of the vast differences between the intellectual power of the present, compared with any former age. These monumental inscriptions were inscrutible mysteries to the Greeks, the Romans, and learned men for ages. Nothing remained in any ancient author to assist researches. No practice of any existing nation, in the same mode of recording events, has prevailed to aid in the discovery of that which was lost: and yet as soon as the Savans of the present age are freely admitted into Egypt, the secret is disclosed, and the history of an extinct nation, of an extinct language—a history and a language buried not only for ages, but enveloped in hieroglyphic, hieratic, and demotic characters, each requiring a different mode of interpretation of the most complex nature—is added to the history of mankind. Is there any intellectual triumph of antiquity to be compared with this? We know nothing of the invention of the letters of the alphabet. It is lost in antiquity. We know nothing of the invention of figures, which is also lost in antiquity. But we have every reason to believe that these were not discoveries of science, but the results of slow processes, gradually perfecting by necessities and inconveniences; whereas, the discovery of the language of the ancient Egyptians, from their hieroglyphic, heiratic, and demotic characters, was a scientific triumph, which brings before us a most wonderful people, who have been buried for two thousand five hundred years. This is a feat performed by modern philsophical philology—a science which will yet raise from their graves the Babylonians, Assyrians, and every people who have left a significant mark behind them. The ancients knew nothing of philosophical philology as a science. It belongs exclusively to the moderns; and its first great achievement has been to unravel the mysteries of ancient Egypt, and open the way to obtain much accurate knowledge of Babylon, Ninevah, and every other city of patriarchal foundation. This is a very striking example of the superiority of modern over ancient intellectual power; for we already know more of the true history of Egypt—now, after the people, their language, and their literature have for ages passed into oblivion, than did the ancients, their contemporaries, with the living objects before them. But let us return to the order of the subject.

The second grand epoch of ancient history dates from Moses to the fall of the Roman Empire; during which Greece and Rome start into life—become great—and become the centres of intellectual power and civilization. It was during this epoch, but especially under Grecian auspicies, that a chastened taste refined the gross taste of Egypt and Asia. Literature partook of the simplicity and beauty of the arts. They had no royal, sacerdotal, and popular languages and letters, for the people were everything, and everything belonged to them. They raised no pyramids—no obelisks, no mausoleums, to perpetuate the names of kings; but their poets, philosophers, historions, and warriors constructed intellectual obelisks, pyramids, and mausoleums of far greater magnitude and durability, inscribed with the characters of a euphonious demotic language. Everything became simple and natural, instead of extravagant and unnatural.

The remarks made by Dr. E—— and Mr. D—— were confined exclusively to the first of these epochs; but it is universally understood by historians and scholars, that the term ancient, when contrasted with the term modern, terminates with the downfall of the Roman Empire. Modern

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civilization does not commence immediately after the termination of ancient. There is an interval of about one thousand years, during which the whole moral and intellectual world was in a state of transition from the old to the new condition. It is important to bear this in mind; for, I apprehend, no single circumstance presents so strong a contrast between ancient and modern intellectual power, as the fact, that the ancients were maturing for about three thonsand five hundred years, while the moderns have been maturing for about three hundred and fifty years; and yet, as I will presently show, moderns have excelled them to such a degree, that a comparison of the highest and lowest civilizations of antiquity does not afford a stronger contrast.

I will not go over the ground so ably occupied by General B——, at our last meeting. He very liberally granted, for argument's sake, that the ancients, particularly the Egyptians, equalled—nay, may have excelled moderns, in certain branches of mechanics—that by reason of this, and the immense physical force their institutions enabled them to direct to a special object, they were enabled to raise the immense structures which have defied time and the elements. But he very properly contended that mechanical skill is not necessarily an evidence of high civilization and intellectual power; and illustrated this truth by the example of the Chinese, Mexicans, and Peruvians. Nay, he justly contended, that the pyramids, obelisks, and mausoleums, raised by the Egyptians, are monuments of the arbitrary power of the Pharaohs, and the slavery of the people. I will take for granted that the general view taken by General B—— is incontrovertible, and will confine what I have to say on the subject to an enumeration and synoptical view of the principal evidences of civilization peculiar to the ancients and moderns, that we may have the facts upon which we may make a correct esitmate of the value of each.

Ancient and modern agriculture are very similar. Very little improvement has been effected by the moderns in this important branch of human industry. A few improvements in some of the implements of husbandry are chiefly all of which we can boast. In fact, it is only very recently that scientific men have attempted to apply to this pursuit the principles of science; and the mode of their advantageous application is yet to be discovered. We can now analyze plants and soils, and ascertain their elementary constituents; and in this respect have acquired the means of improvement not possessed by the ancients; but we have not yet been able to apply this elementary knowledge beneficially to production.

In metallurgy also, in the most comprehensive sense of the word, very little difference prevails between the ancients and moderns. A high degree of perfection existed in the most ancient times in working metals, particularly gold, silver, and brass, for ornamental uses. Eliezer, Abraham's servant, made presents of jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, ear-rings, and bracelets to Rebecca: and Homer's description of Achilles' shield shows the perfection of the art of blending metals in the most beautiful manner, to produce figures, or representations of objects, which probably could not now be excelled.

In the principles of mechanics there is also an equality between the ancients and moderns. We know of no mechanical principle not known to them: consequently the immense structures raised by them need occasion no surprise, if we reflect that the whole physical force of a kingdom was at the absolute disposal of the builder.

In the ornamental department of architecture, the ancients, particular-

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ly the Greeks, were, and continue to be, our superiors and masters. The same remark may be made in regard to sculpture.

Painting is of the remotest antiquity. Egypt possessed a degree of it, at least 1600 years before the Christian era; but their figures, though substantially colored, only exhibit the rudiments of the art. The Greeks, however, introduced, and carried to high perfection, the delineation of the passions, lights and shades, reliefs and perspectives. In short, we have no reason to believe that moderns have any advantage of them in this beautiful art. These remarks will also apply to music.

In the various branches of literary composition and eloquence, the ancients have not been surpassed by moderns.

I think I have now enumerated the chief features of ancient civilization, in which they will bear a comparison with the present age. I have laid no special stress upon the history of the arts of Egypt, because I do not think she affords the most favorable example of ancient civilization. Compared with Greece and Rome, she was as inferior as Greece and Rome are to us. I know that it has become fashionable with archæologists to magnify Egypt at the expense of Greece and Rome; but we must remember that the mysteries of the Nile have just burst upon us, and we are yet hot with the labor and pride of having unravelled them, after ages of excited and baffled curiosity, and that we are not yet in a condition to estimate them accurately. We should remember, too, that we see them through a haze—in a mirage—and that the imagination supplies deficient facts to make up a whole in harmony with their colossal architecture. An example of this was given by my learned friend, Dr. E——, in the paper he read at our last meeting. He inferred that the Egyptians understood chemistry, because they practised embalming, which is a chemical result. So is the art of tanning—so is any one of the culinary processes performed in our kitchens—but surely the business of tanning and cooking are not among the triumphs of chemistry. We cannot guard too rigidly against the illusions of learning. If Greek characters and Greek dipthongs magnify everything Grecian in the eyes of most scholars, and cause the unlearned to stare with little astonishment at their erudition, most assuredly Egyptian hieroglyphics and characters are not instruments of less power to produce a magical effect.

Having exhibited the great features of civilization in which the ancients were superior, or equal to the moderns, I will now hastily enumerate some of the features of modern civilization in which the ancients were inferior to the moderns, and some of which the ancients had no knowledge.

The first thing I notice is the introduction of glass for windows, instead of leaves of talc, oiled paper, and other contrivances of antiquity. The ancients were well acquainted with glass, and more expert in manufacturing it into various ornamental and useful articles, but they never enjoyed the comfort of it for the admission of light in their houses, the most valuable purpose to which it can be applied in domestic economy. In connection with glass I mention the telescope and microscope, instruments of indispensable importance to science, unknown to the ancients. The immense advantages gained by the possession of these instruments are evident. I must not omit to mention, under this head, the invention of spectacles, which has bestowed upon age the visual powers of youth, and the never-failing enjoyments of literature. Simple as it is, it has given to modern human life twenty of the best years of existence for mature study, which the ancients could only enjoy by means of human slaves.

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The modern invention of clocks has entirely superseded the clepsydra of the ancients. The advantage gained by this invention, in regard to accuracy and convenience in domestic arrangements, to say nothing of navigation and astronomy, is evident.

Chimnies in houses are also of modern date, the utility and comfort of which are manifest.

Paper made of cotton and linen rags has been substituted by the moderns for the tablets of wood, lead, wax, papyrus and skins of the ancients. All the papyrus that could be made in Egypt would scarcely supply the want of the editor of a modern journal, whose edition amounts to 30 or 50,000 copies. This single fact is decisive of modern superiority. For who can estimate the advantages of the cheap and universal diffusion of knowledge?

Wire-drawing is also of modern date. To condense as much as possible, I will now enumerate several important inventions and discoveries, each of which, among the ancients, would have entitled the discoverers to deification, but which moderns are accustomed to regard with indifference. Musical notes, glass mirrors, playing cards, painting in oil colors, engraving, pins, thermometer, barometer, stocking-weaving, the spinning wheel, the micrometer, air-pump, fire-engines, the true solar system demonstrated, the streets of cities lighted, first with oil, then with gas, logarithms, fluxions, the spinning jenny, telegraphs, cotton gin, galvanism, lithography, stereotyping, circulation of the blood, inoculation, vaccination, life-boats, kaleidascope, safety lamp, and innumerable others which might be mentioned, but which I omit, that I may call attention to a few which have changed the whole character of human condition.

The mariner's compass, gunpowder, fire-arms, printing, the steam engine, and electric telegraphs, are monuments of modern civilization, of infinitely greater value than pyramids, obelisks, and mausoleums. In the art of war, in which every ancient nation was particularly proud, if the whole power of all of them, during the whole period of all their existences, could be concentrated under one Alexander or Cæsar, they would prove feeble adversaries to any one of the great modern powers. If all the triremes and quinqueremes of antiquity were collected in one fleet, they would scarcely be sufficient to contend with one 74, or one war-steamer of our day. But although this is a very striking example of the increased power gained by knowledge, it is not that upon which modern humanity delights to dwell—it is not that on which modern glory is made to depend. It is the new worlds discovered by means of the compass, and the consequent increase of the comforts of the masses of society: it is the cheap and extensive diffusion of knowledge, to such a degree that the remotest nook of the world may enjoy advantages superior to those enjoyed by the Pharaohs of Egypt or the emperors of Rome. It is the abridgement of human suffering, by relieving the calamities of famine, the desolations of war, and the ferocity engendered by the isolation of nations. It is the abridgement—I may say the extinction—of despotic human power, the equalization of human physical power, the consequent diffusion of it among the people, and the just appreciation of individual rights and duties. These are the triumphs of the invention of the compass and gunpowder; these secure for the people the liberty of the press, freedom of conscience, and a predominating influence in the laws and policy of governments.

General B—— so learnedly and happily expatiated on the advantages

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gained by the moderns, by the invention of printing, that he has made it unnecessary for me to do more than name it. To name it is to crowd the mind with everything concerned in human elevation. The first bible printed by Faust, in 1458—the first newspaper printed at Venice, in 1630, were each proclamations to the world, that the people had resolved to be free from the tyranny of priests and despots, because they possessed the instrument for the diffusion of knowledge and for concert in action. Gen. B—— very properly asked—What were the pyramids of Egypt—what the monuments covered over with hieroglyphic, hieratic and enchorial characters—what were the more beautiful structures of the people of Greece, and the more chaste and elegant productions of the chisel, and other discoveries and inventions of these ingenious and imaginative people, compared with the stupendous importance of the humble art of printing to mankind? To ask the question was to answer it; and the answer so decidedly settled the question, that he did not think it necessary to resort to the many other witnesses he might so readily have called to the bar, to prove the immense superiority of modern over ancient civilization.

For this reason he did not call up terrestrial and aquatic steam locomotion, and the electric telegraph—either of which is only second in importance to the crowning art of printing, and immeasurably superior to any human invention of antiquity. They seem to be almost the perfection of human wisdom and ingenuity for the purposes to which they are applied; and these purposes are so numerous, so important, and so well understood, that they require no illustrations.

Having taken a bird's eye view of the comparative state of the arts, I will now take a similar view of sciences.

Astronomy is the science for which the ancients have received the greatest praise. Egypt has obtained the highest honor in this respect, because the Ptolemaic theory of the celestial system was the received theory, from about 140 years A. C., to the publication of the Copernican theory, in 1543—1400 years. This theory combined the perfection of ancient astronomy. It supposes the earth to be the centre of the celestial system, and the sun and planets to revolve round it in smaller circles, called epicycles, whose centres were carried round larger circles, called deferents, having the earth nearly in their centre. The motions in these circles he supposed to be produced by the revolutions of transparent globes, each planet being attended by a globe, and that the globes were contained within each other, with sufficient space between the shells to allow free revolutions of each on its own axis, while it revolved in the deferent round the earth.

This outline is quite sufficient for our purpose of comparison; for the Copernican system which superseded it is founded on mathematical demonstration, and rests on no supposition. I am aware that many eclipses have been recorded by the ancients: that the lunar cycle was ascertained, and that an approximation to the true solar year was made; but the exact solar year was not mathematically ascertained until 1582, when Pope Gregory corrected the calendar.

But it is unnecessary, for the comparison we have in view, to notice and compare the ancients and moderns in respect to these sciences which are common to both periods. Our object will be better attained by a statement of those sciences which have been invented or discovered by the moderns, and of which they knew nothing, or next to nothing.

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Chemistry, as a science, is not a century old. Alchemy, its parent, dates no farther back than the Caliphs. The results of this science are incalculably important, and are too well known to be enumerated.

Zoology, as a science, is still more recent. The ancients knew nothing of it. Natural history, so far as it regarded the descriptions of animals which fell under their notice, and an arbitrary classification, they possessed; but it was reserved for Cuvier to make a natural classification upon scientific principles, approaching to mathematical certainty. An important branch of zoology—paleontology—was wholly unknown, until Cuvier, by comparative anatomy, created it. This has opened to our view the inhabitants of our globe, for indefinite ages anterior to the existence of man; and not only does it exhibit to us the strange forms of antedeluvian and ante-Adamic animals and plants, but their natures, almost as accurately as if they were yet in existence.

Botany is also of modern date. It is true, that from the earliest periods the healing virtues of some herbs were known. Moses and Solomon knew the properties of many plants. It is true, also, that some Greeks had some general idea of the vital functions and phenomena of vegetable nature. Aristotle has asserted that all organic matter exhibits a series of successive degrees of life, and vegetables are organic matter. But the chief praise of ancient philosophical botanical research is due to Theophrastus, who contended that there were no philosophical distinctions between trees, shrubs, and herbs. He speaks of the parenchyma and woody fibre, and describes the difference between palm-wood and trees with concentric layers. Had these happy thoughts been pursued by his successors, the foundation of vegetable anatomy and physiology might have been laid by the ancients; but although successive compilers were proud of Theophrastus, no attempt was made to cultivate his mode of investigation; for Dioscorides was a pharmacologist, and Pliny a mere compiler; consequently their systematic knowledge was next to nothing, and their compilations exhibit an acquaintance, imperfect as it was, with comparatively few plants in number. Dioscorides contains imperfect descriptions of about 1200 plants, which, exclusive of about 200 added by Persian and Arabian physicians, were all that were known down to the seventeenth century. Modern botany is a very different science from ancient, and it has, in about 150 years, systematised the whole science, based upon the natural and rigid principles of anatomy and physiology, and has accurately classified more than 60,000 existing plants, and about the same number of fossil vegetables as were known to Dioscorides of existing vegetation.

Geology was unknown to the ancients. Indeed they could know nothing of it, because they were wholly unacquainted with mineralogy, chemistry, botany, palæontology, &c., and other physical elementary sciences necessary for its prosecution.

Philosophical etymology, or philology, is another highly important modern branch of knowledge altogether unknown to the ancients. Indeed the genius of ancient society was adverse to philological investigations in the broad philosophical sense of the present day. Wrapped in a mantle of self-importance, Egypt, Greece and Rome, like the Chinese of the present day, regarded every people beyond their own limits as barbarians, unworthy of their regard, except to be conquered or feared. Scarcely anything distinguishes ancient from modern civilization more strikingly than the fact, that then people regarded with indifference and contempt

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what moderns study with earnest diligence to learn, the nature of the human intellect, and the progress of human knowledge and civilization. To attain this, Egypt, Babylon, Nineveh, Mexico, Peru, American mounds—nay the world—is ransacked, to procure materials for the scientific philologist and archæologist. And now, although it is a science of only yesterday, as it were, we are enabled to correct the fabulous tales of the ancient historians, and have by far a more correct and extensive knowledge of the ancient world than the classic authors who lived in it.

Geography is the last branch of science to which I will ask your attention. I do it, not because moderns have a more extensive acquaintance with all parts of the globe than the ancients, and therefore contrast favorably with them on this account, but because it is a science to which so many other branches must necessarily contribute, to make it what it should be, that it may be regarded as a test of the accuracy of the ancients in those branches for which they have received undue praise. Geography is divided into political, mathematical and physical. Political geography treats of the boundaries, divisions, canals, roads, towns, agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and general statistics of a country. It would not be too much to expect, that the ancients, particularly the Greeks and Romans, would be exact in most if not all of these particulars, in regard to counties they knew. They were successively masters of nearly the whole of the then known world. Their historians frequently mention these various subjects in a general manner; but they are not systematically mentioned in their geographies. Nay, it was impossible that they should be, as the chief sources of geographical information during the whole of antiquity, were itineraries, military, commercial, and otherwise. My limits forbid an enumeration of particulars to illustrate this part of the subject, but it is only necessary to refer to Pliny and Ptolemy, the two latest and greatest of ancient geographers, to see the numberless omissions, misconceptions, misstatements, and blunders, blended with much sound and accurate information in their labors.

Mathematical geography, which will disclose the feebleness of ancient mathematical and astronomical attainments, compared with modern proficiency in these sciences, is the next element of geography. In this branch the ancients had an opportunity to exhibit the extent of their mathematical and astronomical knowledge, branches in which they have been unduly praised. Eratosthenes, in the third century, B. C., and Hipparchus, about one century later, attempted to form the whole science of geography on astronomical principles. The latter philosopher was the first to conceive the idea of transferring the known latitudes and longitudes of the stars to their corresponding places on the earth's surface. He saw and pointed out the only method by which geographical precision could be attained, and knew the uncertainty and errors of itinerary measurements. But this idea was not improved upon by his successors until Ptolemy, the last and best of the ancient geographers, adopted it, and subjected the whole geography of the known globe to astronomical data, irrespective of itinerary distances. Here, then, we have the practical application of the mathematical and astronomical knowledge of the whole ancient world embodied in Ptolemy, the greatest astronomer, mathematician and geographer of the second Alexandrian school, seated in that vast library which contained the accumulated wisdom of antiquity, and the loss of which has been so much deplored. But his skill did not en-

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able him to perfect what he proposed, and he was obliged to combine itinerary with his astronomical measurements. The results correspond with the imperfect data; for, commencing at Cape St. Vincent, "they constantly increase, till in India they amount to upwards of 40 degrees;" and his latitudes "exhibit the same accumulation of errors." This example is sufficient for my purpose.

In physical geography, viz., mountains, minerals, rivers, lakes, valleys, climate, soil, productions, animals, &c., it cannot be expected they could be as full, as perfect, and as philosophical as moderns, because they did not possess the sciences to qualify them for it. But they did not systematically use the knowledge they had, and that which was accessible to them.

A great feature of ancient civilization, and which lay at the root of all the errors of antiquity, was the proud exclusiveness of every great nation —probably engendered by the fact that cities were everything, and the country nothing. This pride of superiority—this exclusiveness, effectually prevented the interchange of mind, so necessary for progress and perfection. It is probable, that the most important difference between ancient and modern civilization—that which gives to the present epoch its tone, its vigor, its progressiveness, is the vast expansion and liberality of the human mind, resulting from taking possession of the country, from being scattered over God's beautiful creation, instead of being immured within the walls of a fortified city. The theme selected by my friend Mr. D., that civilization was preserved and propagated by rural communities, is deeply interesting, and would, if he should continue his investigations to the present time, afford a fine opportunity for the display of genius and eloquence.

I have now laid before you the facts upon which a true comparative estimate may be made of the ancient and modern intellectual and civil condition. I think it is apparent that moderns contrast with them most advantageously. Nor is the advantage only to be observed at this period, when the moderns have constructed and cultivated so many new sciences to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge, comfort, and happiness; for we discover that, in the 15th and 16th centuries, when we were just emerging from the dark age, and all the knowledge we possed were the fragments preserved from antiquity, the human mind arranged itself on natural principles, accomplished discoveries inaccssible to the ancients, and discarded the Aristotelian philosophy, which had governed the human intellect for about two thousand years. In about three hundred and fifty years from the revival of learning, more has been accomplished than in the thousands of years of antiquity. What were the causes which contributed to this immense superiority, manifested at the instant of starting from the goal, would be a curious and deeply interesting subject of investigation. It is not all to be attributed to the importance of woman in society—it is not all to be attributed to the introduction and mixture of the Germans—it is not all to be attributed to the feudal system, which scattered power in small fragments over the rural districts of every country, and made fortified cities of less value, and of less power, than the people—it is not all to be attributed to the general prevalence of the Christian religion, though this contains immense expansive powers—nor is it all to be attributed to the Reformation, impulsive as it is known to have been. It is, probably, attributable to all of these agencies, each acting in its own sphere, producing a united effect sufficient to astonish

us who are the agents in this grand spectacle, under the guiding power of Him, whose design it is to make the earth "full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

That knowledge is power, is a truth as self-evident as a mathematical axiom; that the possession of power confers happiness, is proved by the whole history of mankind—by wars, labors, pursuits after learning, distinctions, wealth, and security. That the lowest member of every nation has an equal right to the enjoyment of power with the highest, if he will qualify himself for it, is a truth which no American will deny, and which European despots are about to be taught. The truth is at length established, that governments are instituted for the happiness of the governed, for the greatest good of the greatest number. These are highly important modern discoveries in political science; for although there were republics in the ancient period, yet in every form of government the glory of the state, not the happiness of the citizen, was the chief object of the institution. These discoveries confer on every man the pursuit of happiness in his own way, restrained only by laws to prevent injuries, and to bestow security in that pursuit. Did such principles prevail in Egypt, where the labor, the wealth, the comforts of a whole nation were consumed in the erection of a pyramid to contain the embalmed body of Pharaoh? How could they be known in a society of castes, where men were turned into women and women into men? Where the priests hoarded the rude knowledge of the age, because, rude as it was, its possession was power, and guarded it by hieroglyphic and hieratic characters, lest, by chance, some of the few who knew the demotic characters might spread abroad their frauds and deceptions? Such a people might be happy, if such a state can be ascribed to a negative condition, for the pardoned wretch is happy by the possession of a forfeited life; but the happiness arising from extensive knowledge, from the enjoyments of just rights and privileges, from the consciousness of fulfilling the high destiny for which they were created, they could not enjoy. They were a people of gloom and melancholy, to whom religious pageantry and funerals were holy days.

It is to Greece, if to any people of antiquity, that we must look for institutions promotive of the happiness of the people. It is much too customary to estimate the whole of Greece by Athens, which was, without doubt, the Acropolis of ancient perfection in every respect. Although this gratuitous method of estimating a people is unfair, it is of much less consequence than the over-estimate constantly made of the fundamentals of Athenian civilization. A thousand circumstances contribute to bestow on these people the admiration of the present age; but many of these circumstances also contribute to bestow on them a higher character, in many respects, than they merit. It is not my present object to narrate these influences. I am confined to an enumeration of the evils incident to their civilization, to prove that their institutions did not contain the elements of true happiness for the people.

Half-polished by nature—a little more polished by their poets, orators, philosophers, &c., the Athenians had a despotic mob government, in which ostracism, impeachment, and ex post facto laws, made the ignorant many the tools or tyrants of the distinguished few,—in which virtuous women were the secluded companions of slaves, while courtezans were the admiration of statesmen and philosophers,—in which the beastly crime, now common only among the most profligate of convict settle-

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ments, generally prevailed;—in which the athletes, in their public games, always contended naked;—in which the theatres exhibited indecencies and obscenities, which the most dissolute of the present day would not tolerate;—in which domestic enjoyment, fire-side happiness, was unknown, and every man's happiness was sought in public excitement;—in which individuality was swallowed up by the state, the chief business of which consisted in amusing the public, and in war.

We may safely assert, that a society in which such things prevailed did not contain the elements for individual happiness.

Having presented this outline picture of Athenian civilization, I will now furnish a similar view of Lacedæmon; for we may form a pretty accurate estimate of the whole of Greece from delineations of the leading and most influential states.

In Sparta, people could not marry when they pleased, see their wives, nor stay with them when they pleased; could not eat at home, dress to their fancy, bathe when they were dirty, nor build their houses contrary to prescribed rules. They had no domestic management—all their property was common, even to their wives—were engaged in no mechanic art, nor in agriculture, and had no amusements but hunting, exercises of the body, and conversations in the common halls, in the true laconic style. They had not the care and education of their children, who were killed if they were not robust; and those who were saved lived most wretchedly—were taught to fight each other in regular battles—were annually flogged in the temple of Diana till the blood covered the floor—were sent out on ambuscade expeditions to murder Helots—and the sexes bathed, fought, and danced together naked. The men were cruel, perfidious, but brave; the women were immodest, and mothers for the state, rather than for their husbands.

Such were Athens and Sparta. The medium between them may be assumed as the standard for all the states of Greece. If these people had known that knowledge is power—that each individual had an existence for himself, as well as for the state, and that the comfort and happiness of individuals constituted the true glory of the state, they might have secured their liberties, and avoided the violences and corruptions produced by their institutions.

Roman civilization was built upon military, not upon knowledge-power, and its whole tendency was towards the corruptions consummated in her Cæsars. The history of this people is too familiar to require more than an allusion to it.

In conclusion, we find no elements of ancient civilization to increase and secure the power, happiness and comforts of the masses, but every exertion to increase and secure the glory and power of governments. It was reserved for modern civilization to reverse this unnatural perversion, and to establish the truths, that governments are established for the benefit of the governed; that all men are born free and equal; that the comforts, prosperity, and happiness of the people, depend on the diffusion of knowledge, which again bestows glory and stability on governments. Need I say that our own happy government is the first great embodyment of these noble principles? That it is under it only that every citizen is, or may be, a Man?—a title of nobility superior to any bestowed by kings of this earth, because it is bestowed by the King of Heaven and Earth.

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IPHIGENEIA OF GOETHE.

AMONG the many productions of modern art in the form of the antique, there is probably none more nearly perfect of its kind or more thoroughly Grecian in its spirit, than the IPHIGENEIA OF GOETHE. It has been pronounced his masterpiece and not unworthy of Sophocles. It is undoubtedly that one of his works which offers fewest points to the keen shafts of envy or criticism—which might be submitted with least dread to an Aristotle or Zoilus.

A. W. Schlegel calls it an *after song* of the Greeks. It is indeed very unlike those curious and often almost faultless pieces of mosaic, those beautiful but lifeless imitations of ancient style and art, the productions of mere scholars and antiquaries. The Iphigeneia transports us at once into the antique Grecian world, and addresses us from an elevation where the distinctions of age and nation are for awhile forgotten, though never violated. Noble and heroic sentiments, potent and suggestive allusions, simple, but vivid and picturesque descriptions of scenes of sublime and terrific grandeur, intermingled with images of beauty and touching grace, betray a master's hand, and recall the bright days of Athenian glory; whilst over all reigns a calm and lofty repose, the last perfection of art, leaving the mind in a state of elevated and serene composure, like the contemplation of the highest truth, or a study of the works of Nature. And where the emotion, raised to the highest pitch, threatens to become a painful burden, the words of the speaker pass naturally into a kind of choral ode; and thus the feeling finds the noblest, freest and most delightful expression, without the intervention of any set *Chorus*, which is generally felt by modern readers to be an intolerable anomaly and impertinence.

The characters are comparatively few, and if not delineated with all the fulness of detail to which we are accustomed in the modern drama, still they are finely discriminated: the plain and honest *Arkas*, but sometimes nearly or quite impertinent from his incapability of conceiving of the motives and feelings of higher beings; the noble *Thoas*, by nature mild, generous and tolerant, but rendered somewhat arbitrary and self-willed by the long habit of irresponsible and despotic sway; *Pyladis*, the faithful and devoted friend, uniting the warmth of youthful hope and daring with the prudence and art of the sage Ulysses; and *Orestes*, with the gloom of Acheron upon his scarred and withered brow, haunted and pursued by a train of fiends and furies, even to the verge of Diana's grove, whence he hears their scoffs and jeers and infernal merriment, till within his sister's arms a heavenly healing finds him, and at the rebuke of her pure and gentle presence the maddening throng disperse and vanish, to return no more; and IPHIGENEIA herself, beautiful in every relation, whether as priestess, dissuading the rude barbarians from the inhuman

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sacrifice of strangers, or wandering with solemn thoughts within the sacred grove, touchingly calling to mind her distant kindred, and lamenting with mild pathos her own exiled and lonely fate, gently yet firmly refusing the pressed offer of her royal friend and protector, though she risks everything by incurring his displeasure; and finally securing the safety of her brother and his friend, and her own long-wished return, by nobly and eloquently appealing to the higher nature of the king, till he, though reluctantly and with proper dignity, yields to their departure, and adds the friendly *farewell.*

This drama of *Iphigeneia at Tauris* was performed, we are told, on the author's eightieth birth-day, at the theatre of Weimar, as the highest compliment that could be paid to his genius and literary pre-eminence.

IPHIGENEIA IN TAURIS.—A DRAMA OF GOETHE.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

IPHIGENEIA. THOAS, *King of the Taurians.* ARKAS, *a Taurian Chieftain.* ORESTES. PYLADES.

ACT I.—SCENE—*A grove surrounding the Temple of Diana; a distant glimpse of the Sea.*

Iphig. Beneath your waving shade, ye restless boughs
Of this long-hallow'd venerable wood,
As in the silent sanctuary's gloom,
I wander still with the same chilly awe
As when I enter'd first: in vain my soul
Attempts to feel itself no stranger to you.
A mightier will, to whose behest I bow,
For years hath kept me here in deep concealment;
Yet now it seems as foreign as at first.
For, ah! the sea, from those I love, divides me;
And on its shore I stand the live-long day
Seeking, with yearning soul, the Grecian coast,
While the waves only echo back my sighs
In hoarser murmurs O how luckless he,
Who from his parents and his brethren far
Lonesome abides! The approaching cup of joy
The hand of sorrow pushes from his lip.
His thoughts still hover round his father's hall,
Where first the sun-beams to his infant eye
Unlock'd the gates of nature—where in sports
And games of mutual glee the happy brothers
Drew daily closer soft affection's bonds.
I would not judge the gods—but sure the lot
Of womankind is worthy to be pitied.
At home, at war, man lords it as he lists;
In foreign provinces he is not helpless;
Possession gladdens him; him conquest crowns;
E'en death to him extends a wreath of honor.
Confin'd and narrow is the woman's bliss;
Obedience to a rude, imperious husband

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Her duty and her comfort; and, if fate
On foreign shores have cast her, how unhappy!
So Thoas (yet I prize his noble soul)
Detains me here in hated hallow'd bondage.
For, tho' with shame I feel it, I acknowledge
It is with secret loathness that I serve thee,
My great protectress, thee, to whom my life
'T were fitting I in gratitude devoted;
But I have ever hop'd, and still I hope,
That thou, Diana, wilt not quite forsake
The banish'd daughter of the first of kings.
O born of Jove! if him, the mighty man
Whose soul thou woundest with unhealing pangs
When thou didst ask his child in sacrifice—
If god-like Agamemnon, to thy altar
Who led his darling, from the fallen Troy
Thy hand hath to his country reconducted,
And on the hero hath bestow'd the bliss
To clasp his wife, Electra and his son—
Restore me also to my happy home;
And save me, whom thou hast from death preserv'd,
From worse than death, from banishment in Tauris.

IPHIGENEIA AND ARKAS.

Arkas. The king hath sent me hither, bad me hail
With salutation meet Diana's priestess.
This is the day, when Tauris thanks the goddess
For new-cull'd wreaths of conquest. With the king
The glad victorious army is approaching.
Iphig. We are prepar'd to give them due reception.
The goddess will with gracious eye behold
Great Thoas' sacrifice.
Arkas. Would that thine eye,
Much honour'd priestess, with like mildness shone
To us auspicious. Still the cloud of sorrow
Spreads its mysterious gloom around thee. Still
We vainly seek to lure from off thy lip
The voice of confidence for years withheld.
Long as I've known thee here, this bended brow
Has ceas'd not to o'erawe me, and thy soul
Seems lock'd with bolts of iron in thy breast.
Iphig. As best behooves a friendless banish'd orphan.*
Arkas. And dost thou here seem friendless then and banish'd?
Iphig. Can foreign lands become our country to us?
Arkas. To thee thy country sure, ere now, is foreign.
Iphig. And therefore will my bleeding heart not heal.
In early youth, when scarce my bosom knew
The charities of father, mother, brethren,
Together from the ancient trunk we stretch'd
Our pliant branches toward the smiling heaven,
When on my hapless bough the curse of fate

* Ἀτολις ἄφιλος. Eur. Iphig. in Taur.

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Blasting alit, and ruthless tore me off
From those my soul held dear—with iron hand
It rent our tender union—yes! they fell,
The sweetest gifts of youth, affection's blossoms.
Tho' sav'd, alas I am but as a shadow!
My soul will never learn to joy in life.

Arkas. Sure if thy lot among us move complaint,
We have a right to call thy heart ungrateful.

Iphig. I ever thank you,

Arkas. Not with those pure thanks,
For which a benefit is gladly done:
Not with the brow serene, whereon the giver
Reads the reflection of a gladden'd heart.
When thy mysterious fate so long ago
Within this temple plac'd thee, Thoas came,
Receiv'd, rever'd thee, as the gift of gods.
This shore, to every other stranger grisly,
To thee was hospitable. Till thy coming
None stray'd within our frontier but he fell,
According to the usage of our fathers,
A bleeding victim at Diana's altar.

Iphig. Merely to breathe in freedom is not life.
Is it to live—around this holy spot,
Like ghosts around their graves, to wander wailing?
Is it a life of conscious happiness,
When all our days are dream'd away in vain,
And only bring us nearer those dim days,
Which on the dull oblivious shore of Lethe
The band of the departed moan away.
A useless life is but an early death—
And mine indeed has been this woman's lot.

Arkas. Altho' it robs thee of thy happiness,
I pardon, yet lament this noble pride.
But hast thou since thy coming been so useless?
Who was it that dispell'd our monarch's gloom?
Whose soft persuasion has from year to year
Put off the' accustom'd sacrifice of strangers.
And stept between the prisoner and his doom
To send him boundless home? Has not Diana
Heard thy mild prayers, so that she forgoes
Without a sign of wrath the ancient offering?
And does not Victory wave her gladsome wing
Around our banners, and precede our march?
Do not the people bless thee, that the king,
Whose wisdom and whose valor long have sway'd us,
Stoops at thy voice to mildness, and forgets
In part the rigorous claim of mute submission?
Liv'st thou a useless life? when from thy presence
A dew of blessings o'er a nation spreads;
When to this land, to which immortals brought thee,
Thou art an ever-welling spring of good;
When this inhospitable fatal coast
Grants, at thy wish, life and return to strangers.

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Iphig. The past is very trifling in his eye
Who sees how much there yet remains to do.
Arkas. And is it right to undervalue good?
Iphig. Who prizes his own deeds is justly blam'd.
Arkas. He too who undervalues real worth
Not less than he who overrates demerit.
Hear me, and trust the counsel of a man,
Who loves thee with sincere and honest zeal:
To-day, when Thoas shall address thee, priestess,
O listen to his prayer!
Iphig. Thou grievest me.
I oft have studied to avoid his offers.
Arkas. Calmly compare thy conduct with thy duty.
Since worthy Thoas lost his only son,
He trusts but few among us, and these few
Far less than heretofore. With jealous eye
He views the son of every mighty noble,
As one who may succeed him; and he fears
A solitary, helpless friendless age,
Perchance rebellion, and untimely death.
The Scythian sets no price on eloquence,
And least of all the king; he 'is only us'd
To stern command and speedy execution;
Nor knows the art to trail a winding speech
Along the mazes leading to persuasion.
Make not this task more hard by cold reserve
Or purpos'd misconception. Aid his tongue;
With mild submission meet his wise intention.
Iphig. What! shall I hurry on the ill I dread?
Arkas. And dost thou call his proffer'd hand a dread?
Iphig. To me it is indeed a painful offer.
Arkas. With confidence at least repay his love.
Iphig. My soul, alas! cannot unlearn to fear.
Arkas. Why wilt thou not inform him of thy story.
Iphig. Strict secrecy becomes a priestess well.
Arkas. No secret to a monarch should be such.
And tho' he claim not thine, his lofty soul
Feels, deeply feels thy studied cold concealment.
Iphig. Does Thoas harbour then ill will against me?
Arkas. It almost seems so. Tho' he talks not of thee,
Yet casual words have led me to believe
That he is firmly bent on thy possession.
Then do not thwart him, lest displeasure ripen
Some dark resolve within his labouring breast,
And thou in sorrow recollect my counsel.
Iphig. How? Does the king project what no brave man,
Who loves his honor, and whose bosom feels
Due reverence for the gods, should dare to think of?
Does he propose with violence from the altar
To bear me to his bed? Then will I call
On all the 'immortal choir, and chiefly thee,
Diana, the resolv'd—thy virgin arm
Will surely aid a virgin and thy priestess.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Arkas. Priestess be calm. No boiling blood of youth
Inflames the king to perpetrate a deed
So rash and so unfitting. From his mind
I fear some other harsh resolve, which then,
For he is stern, and of unshaken firmness,
He irresistibly fulfils. I pray thee
Be grateful to him, and withhold no longer
Thy confidence, if thou can grant no more.

Iphig. Tell me what further of his thoughts thou know'st.

Arkas. Learn that from him. I see the king is coming.
Thou honour'st him, and thy own heart will lead thee
To friendly confidence and meet behaviour.
Much can a woman's words on noble minds. [*Goes.*

Iphig. How can I follow faithful Arkas' counsel?
Yet shall I willingly observe the duty,
To meet my benefactor with mild words.
Could I but to the man of power address
True words, without displeasing—I were glad.

IPHIGENEIA AND THOAS.

Iphig. With kindly gifts the goddess strew thy path,
With conquest, wealth and fame environ thee;
Thy people's welfare be her constant boon,
And may thy pious wishes ever prosper;
That thou, whose care to multitudes extends,
Mayst feel a bliss to multitudes denied.

Thoas. I am contented if the people praise me.
What I have won glads others more than me.
He is the happiest, whether king or subject,
Beneath whose roof domestic joy resides.
Thou wast a partner of my bitter grief
When by my side the sword of hostile war
Stretch'd with the dead my last, my best of sons.
Long as my spirit brooded hot revenge
I did not feel how void my dwelling was;
But now, that I return with satiate soul,
Have offer'd up a nation to his manes,
I meet no comfort in my silent home.
Now from the eye, where glad obedience beam'd,
Lours discontent and plot. The childless man
Acquires no honor with his hoary hair.
To-day this fane I enter, where I oft
Have ask'd and thank'd the heavens for victory,
My bosom of no novel object full.
Thou art not unacquainted with my wishes.
To bless my people and to bless myself
Do thou return a bride to grace my palace.

Iphig. Does it beseem thee thus on one unknown
To lavish bounty?—Deep confusion veils
The fugitive, who sought upon thy coast
Only the quiet safety thou hast given.

Thoas. To hide the secret of thy birth so long
From me, as from the lowest, is unfitting.

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This shore, which wholesome laws forbid to strangers,
To thee was hospitable; thou enjoyest
Thy days of life in unrestricted freedom.
From thee we did expect that confidence,
Which to his host no pious guest denies.

Iphig. If I have not disclos'd the name of those
To whom I owe my bein , 't was my fear,
Not my mistrust, O king, that tempted me.
For didst thou know o'er whose accursed head
Thy guardian arm extends, thy mighty heart
Would shudder at the inauspicious deed.
Thou wouldst not have propos'd to share with me
Thy throne, but rather wouldst have driven me hence,
Ere the long period of my exile ends,
To pace about in company with woe,
Thrust with a cold inhospitable hand
From clime to clime, a wandering helpless outcast.

Thoas. Whate'er the gods for thee and thine have fix'd—
Since thou hast dwelt among us and enjoy'd
The pious rights of hospitality,
I have not wanted blessings from above:
Nor shall I soon believe that o'er thy head
Fate lifts the arm of wrath.

Iphig. Thy benefits,
But not thy guest have drawn the blessings on thee.

Thoas. The good we do the wicked is unblest.
Cease then thy silence and thy opposition:
'T is not unjust to ask it. When the goddess
Consign'd thee to my hands, thou wast to me
As sacred as to her. Be she once more
Our umpire! and if thou can see the means
For thy return, I give thee leave to quit me.
But if thy flight be hopeless, if thy race
In scatter'd exile rove, or heavier fate
Have crush'd them ruthless; then I claim thy hand.
My rights are more than one. Speak openly.
Thou knowest my word is sacred.

Iphig. Willingly
My tongue breaks not its ancient bond to spread
The long-hid secret: once divulg'd it can
No more resume the safe retreat within;
But, as the gods determine, harms or saves.
Hear. I am of the race of Tantalus.

Thoas. Calmly thou speakst a word of import high.
Is he thy ancestor, whom all the world
Knows as a former favourite of the gods?
Is it that Tantalus, whom Jove himself
Call'd to his council-table, whose discourse
Experience link'd with wisdom, which the immortals
Heard with delight.

Iphig. From him I spring; but gods
Should never treat a mortal like their equal:
Weak man grows giddy if he 's lifted high.

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He had a noble soul and was no traitor.
He was too great to be the slave of Jove,
Too mean for his companion: so he fell.
His fault was human, but his fate severe.
The poets tell us his vain-glorious pride
And too incautious tongue from heaven hurl'd him
To groan below in ancient Tartarus—
And now the hate of gods pursues his offspring.

Thoas. Do they his misdeeds or their own atone?

Iphig. His sons and grandsons heir'd the mighty breast
And curbless strength of Titan's progeny;
But fate with iron bandage from their eyes
Hid wisdom, patience, prudence, moderation.
Their wishes rul'd with boundless violence.
Pelops, the only son of Tantalus,
Acquir'd his wife by treachery and murder,
Hippodameia born of Œnomaus.
Two sons she bore him, Atreus and Thyestes.
With envious eye they mark'd the father's fondness
For his first-born, the son of lawless union.
Together they contriv'd a fratricide.
The angry Pelops thought Hippodameia
The authoress of the murder, and with fury
Reclaims his slaughter'd child—th' affrighted matron
In anguish slew herself—

Thoas. Why art thou silent?
Repent not of thy confidence—speak on.

Iphig. How happy he who *gladly* meditates
The story of his lineage, *loves* to tell
The deeds and greatness of his ancestry,
Delights his hearer with their list of *virtues,*
And feels with silent joy *his* happy name
Worthy to close the beautious file of heroes,
Not often does one family produce
The demigod, or monster: first, a row
Of good or mean unheeded passes, ere
The pride or terror of a world appears.
When Pelops died, his sons, with common sway,
The city rul'd, until Thyestes' lust
Defil'd his brother's bed. His exile follow'd.
But long before, Thyestes, planning horrors,
Had from his brother stolen a child, and taught it
To call its uncle father; and the youth
Grew up in hate of Atreus; then he sends him
To plunge a steel in the paternal breast.
The king detects him, and with cruel torture
Dislimbs his fancied nephew. Soon he learns
It was his son, and his recoiling soul
Is all absorb'd in wishes of revenge.
With acted listlessness he draws his brother
And both his nephews back into the city,
Slays the two boys, and at the feast of welcome

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Presents their roasted members. When the father
With his own flesh had satiated his hunger,
A sudden gloom oppress'd him, he desires
To see his children, hears them both announc'd,
And counts their coming steps with anxious ear.
The doors unfold, and Atreus, smiling, flings
Their bloody heads against the shuddering father.
Thou turnst aside thy head—so turn'd the sun
His paleu'd visage from the damned deed,
And swerv'd his car from the eternal path.
From such a race thy priestess is descended.
Much ill my forefathers have borne and done,
Which thro' tradition's twilight dimly gleams,
Or with broad wing forgetfulness hath shaded.

Thoas. Remain it hid! Enough of guilt and horror.
Say by what miracle thy virtues sprang
From such a savage race.

Ipig. The eldest son
Of Atreus, Agamemnon, is my father;
And I with boldness may assert, I ever
Beheld in him the model of a man.
To him the beauteous Clytemnestra bore
Me, the first-fruits of love, and then Electra.
Peaceful my father rul'd in long exemption
From the dire fate of Tantalus's race;
A son alone was wanting to his wishes.
Scarce was Orestes born, when fate forewent
To spin these golden days. Ye here have heard
Of the fierce war, avenging Helen's rape,
Which round the walls of Troy the Grecians wag'd;
If they have reached the aim of their revenge
And won the town I have not learnt. My father
Was chosen leader to the Grecian forces.
Arriv'd in Aulis, adverse gods denied
The winds they wanted; for Diana frown'd
Upon my father, and by Calchas' mouth
Claim'd the devotement of his eldest daughter.
I, with my mother to the camp allur'd,
From her embrace was torn, and at the altar
Presented in atonement to the goddess.
She spar'd my life. The cloud that seal'd my sense
Her saving arm first scatter'd in this temple.
And I am she, that same Iphigeneia,
Of Atreus' race, and Agamemnon's daughter,
Diana's property, who now address thee.

Thoas. I have no higher honors for the daughter
Of Grecian kings, than for the maid unknown.
My first proposal I again repeat;
Come, follow me, and share what I possess.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

The money market during the past month has been quite tight, and the rate for good business paper in the Atlantic cities has ruled as high as 10 a 15 per cent. per annum, while there has been much difficulty in procuring the several loans upon "call" in the stock market. The accumulation of stocks of goods and produce has enhanced the demand for money, and the difficulty of holding in such a market has been manifest in drooping prices for most commodities. From every point of the compass exchanges are in favor of New-York, and to that point tends now in small and irregular amounts the precious metals, and these will, as the season advances, and the goods and produce are sold, increase in magnitude, and relieve the markets. There is a considerable and continued demand for money for railroad purposes, and those companies bid high for money. Early in April, the New-York and Erie Railroad offered a loan of $500,000 of bonds bearing 7 per cent. interest, secured by a second mortgage on the whole road, and it was taken at an average rate of 85 per cent., being near 8¼ per cent. for money. The New-York and New-Haven Railroad also offered a 7 per cent. loan of $100,000, without mortgage, which was done at 91 a 92 per cent. This road has but a small debt, probably $400,000. The Hudson River Railroad has also $500,000 of a new loan upon the market. This indicates the continued demand for money from enterprises of that nature, and this demand conflicts seriously with the mercantile demand for legitimate business purposes, at a moment when the prospects are of so promising a nature as to induce all parties to spread every sail to catch the prosperous gale. In our last we mentioned that a portion of the Mexican indemnity had been paid to the Messrs. Barings of London, by a financial operation of that house. It now appears that one-half of that amount, say $500,000, received by them, has been by order of the Mexican government, paid out in London to the holders of Mexican bonds, a circumstance calculated to aid the character of American stocks generally, inasmuch as that if payments can be procured from even that disturbed and degraded government, how much more may those from wealthy and stable nations be depended upon. It is gratifying to find, that American stocks, particularly those of the federal government, continue in demand at 5 a 6 per cent. premium, both in England and on the continent, and that the amounts transferred at Washington for foreign account continue to be large. When we reflect upon the state of the national credit, soon after the advent of the Whig party to power in 1841, and that after an extra session of Congress, called to repeal the Independent Treasury and re-establish a national Bank, the government thought proper, in order to raise money to make good the deficiency in current revenue, created by tampering with the tariff and the currency, to send Mr. Robinson as agent to Europe to sell a United States 6 per cent. stock at *any price*, he could not obtain a bid after hawking it in all the Jew shops of Europe; and contrasting that with the fact that it is now in demand at a high premium, we become aware of the high credit attained through sound principles of finance. The state of Europe is doubtless such as to cause a continued anxious inquiry on the part of property-holders, for some more stable security than the stock the several governments present, in the face of their present political aspects.

The state of affairs in Europe at the dates furnished by the last arrival, is every way calculated to awaken the solicitude of the commercial interests. That Austria will relax her grasp upon Italy without a struggle, is not to be supposed; nor, in fact, is it to be imagined that the aristocratic policy any longer makes peace a necessity. Since the war of 1815, exhausted nations have required repose; and the desire of peace on the part of the people was such, as to

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induce them to submit to many impositions that otherwise would have been resisted. They have of late years grown strong by increase of wealth, and liberty has become dearer to them than peace. For a quarter of a century tyrants have preserved peace from fear of the consequences. In the last two years they have discovered that peace no longer affords safety, and to exhaust the masses by long and bloody wars will again become the policy of king-craft. Popular rights and individual prosperity are incompatible with war, which is the game of kings, and in war the reconsolidation of dynastic strength will be sought, and each government is marshalling the elements of renewed strife.

The vast power of Russia, towering in the background, while her columns, pointing to the Hellespont, threaten the final extinguishment of the Turkish sway in Europe, at a moment when the revolutionary spirit of the people is everywhere ripe, fully occupying the feeble efforts of tottering dynasties, is matter of solicitude; not that, in fact, the occupation of Turkey in Europe by Russians would be an evil, on the other hand, it would be a blessing to the commercial world; but the effort may be resisted in a manner that, as stated by the English minister recently in parliament, will involve an European war. The queen city of Western Europe, the metropolis of the Constantine empire, together with the fairest portion of Europe, has long been in the power of a race of Turks, who have neither improved it themselves, nor suffered other people to bring into the common use of mankind the vast advantages which the shores of the Black Sea, the delta of the Danube, and the Archipelago present. It is now time that a change should take place. How far soever, behind the American race in commercial genius may be the subjects of the czar, they are at least as far in advance of the Turks. They are untrammeled by the paralyzing doctrine of predestination, and, once in possession, would convert the prolific soil of Turkey in Europe into a garden that would add immensely to the wealth of the commercial world. In a republican point of view, the annexation ef Constantinople and its contiguous country to Russia, is a great desideratum. Whenever, in any nation, the people have, as a whole, increased in wealth and commercial importance, the power of the nobles and the crown has as steadily declined, until the predominance of the commercial spirit over the military has given triumph to popular rights. The absolute despotism of the Russian government has found stability only in the miseries and ignorance of its hordes of serfs, destitute alike of commerce, manufactures, and individual wealth. When Peter the Great founded St. Petersburgh, he laid the foundation of popular emancipation, and the middle class which has grown up on the commerce of that city, holds already a check on the sway of the Czar. The acquisition of the vast commercial advantages that the Hellespont and its adjuncts offer to Russian enterprise, will, more than anything else, hasten the popularization of the Russian government. Commercial advantages are a fatal gift to despotic governments; the strength they confer upon the people is fatal to the power of hereditary rulers. The people of Europe, while struggling, each nation to remove the weight of despotism that oppresses it, hail the advent of imperial power in Constantinople as the first germ, not of the enslavement of Europe, but of the emancipation of the Russians.

These circumstances may, however, produce a struggle, that will interrupt the course of industry, and cause an improved efflux of capital to America. The export of produce from the United States to Great Britain and Ireland has been much larger this year than last, as indicated in tables elaborately compiled from official sources. The report of breadstuffs for the official year, 1848, to Great Britain, as compared with the exports to all other countries, were as follows:

	Flour, bbls.	Wheat, bush.	Meal, bbls.	Corn, bush.	Rye meal, bbls.
To Great Britain,	958,744	1,531,989	226,600	5,061,220	444
Other nations,	1,160,649	3,502,715	353,739	756,414	41,140
Total,	2,119,393	2,034,704	582,339	5,817,634	41,584

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EXPORT OF COTTON AND BREADSTUFFS FROM THE UNITED STATES TO GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, SINCE 1ST SEPTEMBER, 1848.

FROM—	Flour, bbls.	Meal, bbls.	Wheat, bush.	Corn, bush.	Cotton, bls.
New-York.. ..April 3	505,175	29,973	521,165	3,493,121	87,620
New-Orleans.March 24	127,823	2,419	88,654	1,916,063	368,940
Philadelphia.March 30	49,114	18,560	195,579	700,506	—
Baltimore....March 30	66,762	5,986	120,300	617,513	—
Boston.....March 30	6,208	3,068	9,728	367,138	—
Other Ports..March 30	8,195	5,103	31,606	629,652	465,148
Total	763,277	65,109	967,032	7,723,993	921,708
Same time last year	155,224	83,471	215,139	2,056,053	372,523
Increase	608,053	—	751,893	5,667,940	549,185

This export is very considerable, and the prices have been remunerative. The quantities of grain that have been imported into Great Britain for several years, have been as follows:—

IMPORTATION OF BREADSTUFFS INTO GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

	1843.	1844.	1845.	1846.	1847.	1848.
	qrs.	qrs.	qrs.	qrs.	qrs.	qrs.
Wheat	940,120	1,099,077	871,443	1,437,944	2,656,454	2,594,013
Barley	179,280	1,019,345	371,130	373,046	772,683	1,063,912
Oats	84,323	299,601	592,620	796,632	1,705,708	977,761
Rye	4,872	26,532	435	1,775	68,817	62,891
Peas	48,303	108,001	84,830	214,662	157,618	217,763
Beans	47,984	154,424	185,034	255,896	443,675	490,353
Maize or Indian corn	517	37,064	55,378	711,861	3,608,312	1,586,771
Buckwheat	2	3,907	1,773	22,850	22,917	205
Bigg	—	—	—	—	491	906
Malt	—	—	1	—	—	1
Total qrs.	1,305,506	2,747,951	2,162,644	3,814,666	9,436,675	6,994,576
	cwts.	cwts.	cwts.	cwts.	cwts.	cwts.
Wheat flour	436,878	980,645	950,195	3,198,876	6,329,058	1,765,475
Oatmeal and barley meal	5,584	3,951	3,063	25,671	69,673	6,771
Indian meal	1	105	—	131,910	1,448,837	234,111
Rye & buckwheat meal	—	—	—	355	786,123	36,336
Total flr. & ml.	442,463	984,701	953,258	3,356,812	8,633,991	2,042,696

The last year was one of good harvests, and these continued large imports have been the result, to a considerable extent, of the desire in Europe, in consequence of political trouble, to realise money for produce, and the influence of the final removal of the corn duties of England, February, 1849. It is found to be the case, however, that the consumption of fine grains for food received a severe check by the high prices which prevailed in 1847, when the averages were higher than they had previously been since 1813. After the severe distress which such famine prices cause among the laboring poor of England, it requires several years of low prices and healthy business, to restore the wonted demand of the better sorts of food; and it is not impossible that the continued influx of grain into England may reduce the prices so low, as to diminish the English production. Up to the present time, however, the rates are remunerative, and the quantities going forward exceed those of last year; and with the improving prospects of cotton which the continued low price for food, money, and labor hold out, the present low range for exchange will doubtless be attended with an import of specie, and this state of the exchanges tends to promote the scarcity of money. This latter is a singular reason to ascribe for the scarcity

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of money, but nevertheless such is the temporary effect of the movement. The specie operations are on an extensive scale; and, as this is the season when, from the pressure of the great crops of cotton, rice, and tobacco, added to the unusual exports of farm produce, bills are most abundant, the greatest exertions are made by bill-houses to become possessed of them. In this city bills are 5 a 5½ per cent., and falling. This is the price for 60-day bills, that may be readily discounted in London for 2½ per cent. per annum; and usually it is a cash price. It happens now, however, that the bill-houses pay out their obligations at 60 and 90 days in exchange for sterling bills, and those obligations are discounted by the banks. As thus: if 1,000 bbls. of flour are shipped, and drawn against for £2,000, the bill is sold to Brown & Brothers for their note at 60 days, instead of cash. That note is a very desirable species of paper for the banks to discount, and large sums are absorbed for that purpose. The arrival of the specie will necessarily cancel many of these obligations, and produce a plethora. The packet of April 7th brought $500,000 in specie, and the Cambria $300,000.

Therates of sterling bills have been as follows for several packets:

	Sterling.		Francs.		Amsterdam.		Bremen.	
January 15	8½	a 9	5 30	a 5 25	40⅝	a 40½	78⅝	a 78¾
February 1	8½	a 8¾	5 32½	a 5 25	40⅝	a 40⅝		78¾
Do. 15	8	a 8¾	5 31½	a 5 27	40¼	a 40⅝	78¼	a 78½
March 1	7	a 8	5 32½	a 5 30	40	a 40½	77¾	a 78¼
Do 15	6¾	a 7	5 37½	a 5 32	39½	a 39¾	77¾	a 78
April 1	5	a 6¼	5 37½	a 5 32	38¾	a 39¼	76½	a 77¼
Do. 17	4¾	a 6	5 40	a 5 35	39	a 39¼	76¾	a 77
Do. 27	7	a 8	5 35	a 5 32	39¼	a 39½	77	a 77¼

The market closed a little more firm at an advance. The price for sterling is the extreme rates—good bills being had at the low figure. At these rates considerable sums have been taken for the importation of specie; and it is estimated that, including $1,000,000 of Massachusetts 5 per cent. sterling stock, forwarded from Boston, $5,000,000 in specie will in all May return to Boston and New-York; and of this the Europa brought the first instalment. In view of this state of affairs, at a time when stocks of cotton and some other produce are diminishing, the spring imports nearly over, and the canals about to open to promote payments from the interior, the banks are becoming more disposed to lend, and the market is in some degree relieved; that is to say, when commercial men do not want money, the beneficent corporations are more willing to lend it. It may well turn out, however, that, owing to the tardiness with which California adventures are crowned with success, the payments from the country will be considerably affected by the "fever" which has prevailed. It has operated more or less in all sections of the Union to cause the appropriation, to an extraordinary and enticing enterprise, of those active means usually appropriated to the purchase of necessary goods and family comforts, as well as to the discharge of store bills. Many a family scrimps its allowance of necessaries, curtails its purchase of comforts, and defers its payments, in order to swell the outfit of some member of it about to seek in California the means of their common fortunes. Considerable stocks of capital and not a little money, have thus been sent away; and until successful enterprise shall have restored the means of purchase and payment, more or less difficulty in making collections will probably be experienced by city merchants. It was doubtless the case early in the season, that many, if not most dealers supposed, that before the opening of the spring trade, some realization of the brilliant accounts that reached us would have taken place, and the failure of those hopes has enhanced the difficulty of meeting the extended obligations they prompted. The fact that importations of specie may facilitate borrowing by those merchants who are disappointed in collecting what is due them, does not much improve the state of affairs. It is the bank mode of relief—lending instead of paying. It has been the case, however, that the check given to prices by the high rate of money has promoted the export of produce, and thereby laid the foundation of a healthier state of business.

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Specie is now abundant in London, and the rate of money not more than 2½ a 2¾ per cent. per annum, while in New-York it is 12 per cent. per annum. It is evident that such a discrepancy cannot long exist between two points so closely connected The amount of specie now in the New-York banks is about one-half what it was in 1847, viz: about $4,500,000; but exchanges are from every point of the commercial world in favor of New-York—being on the leading points as follows:

EXCHANGE IN NEW-YORK.

	April, 1847.		April, 1849.	
Bills on London, 60 days' sight (£)	5 a 5¾ per ct. prem.....		5 a 6½ per cent. prem.	
" Paris .... " (fr.)	5.43¾ a 5.42½ "	....	5.32½ a 5.37½ "	
" Amsterdam, " (c.)	38⅝ a 38⅞ "	....	38¾ a 39¼ "	
" Antwerp, " "	38⅝ a 38⅞ "	....	— a — "	
" Hamburg, Marc Banco,	34¾ a 35 "	....	34½ a 34½ "	
" Bremen, Rix Dollar,	77½ a 77¾ "	....	76½ a 77¼ "	
" Boston, at sight,	par a ⅛ "	dis.....	par a ⅛ "	dis.
" Philadelphia,	par a ⅛ "	prem.....	par a ⅛ "	dis.
" Baltimore,.....	par a ⅛ "	prem.....	⅛ a ¼ "	dis.
" Richmond, Checks,.....	1 a 1½ "	dis.....	1 a 1¼ "	dis.
" North Carolina,.....	1 a 1½ "	dis.....	2 "	dis.
" Charleston,.....	½ a ¾ "	dis.....	¾ a 1 "	dis.
" Savannah.....	¾ a 1 "	dis.....	1¼ a 1½ "	dis.
" Augusta,.....	¾ a 1 "	dis.....	1¼ "	dis.
" Columbus,.....	¾ a 1 "	dis.....	1¼ "	dis.
" Mobile, Bank Notes,.....	¾ a 1¼ "	dis.....	1 a 2 "	dis.
" Mobile, Specie Checks,.....	½ a ¾ "	dis.....	½ a ¾ "	dis.
" New-Orleans,.....	par a ½ "	prem.....	½ a ¾ "	dis.
" Louisville,.....	1 a 1½ "	dis.....	1 a 1½ "	dis.
" Nashville,.....	1½ a 2 "	dis.....	2½ "	dis.
" St. Louis, Specie Checks,..	1 a 1½ "	dis.....	2 a 2½ "	dis.
" Cincinnati,.....	1 a 1½ "	dis.....	1 a 1½ "	dis.
" Detroit,.....	1½ a 2 "	dis.....	2½ a 3 "	dis.

The amount of specie that flows in from the interior is estimated by bullion brokers at about $200,000 per week, and the export has nearly ceased. With the opening of the canals, which will take place this year, May 1, the payments from the country are expected to be prompt and large. The state of the money market here and in Boston for some weeks has been favorable to the profits of the banking institutions. The Boston banks have all declared their semi-annual dividends on $19,170.000 of capital, amounting to $726,890—an increase of $6,100 over the dividends of the previous six months. This dividend averages 7 per cent. per annum; and when we remember that to take more than 6 per cent. interest is forbidden by the laws of Massachusetts, we have an indication of the benefits which the privilege of creating money confers upon corporate stockholders. This high rate of profits has, of course, drawn more capital into the business; and since October last the Grocers' Bank, with a capital of $250,000, has gone into business, and the Boylston Bank has increased its capital $50,000—making an increase of $1,000,000 bank capital in that city since the Independent Treasury (which was to have destroyed banks) went into operation in 1847.

The quantity of goods received during the quarter ending March 31, has not been large; but the tardiness of the western trade, the tightness of money, and the low rates of exchange, all combine to induce holders to realize. The rate being now for good bills 5½ per cent., there is a difference of 5½ per cent. in favor of the importer as compared with last fall, when the rate for sterling was 11 per cent.; and also last year, when the rate was at the specie exporting point. It will be observed that, notwithstanding this fact of a low rate of bills, which virtually reduces the tariff 5 per cent., the import of goods is rather less than for the same period last year.

The importation of goods for the quarter ending March 31, has been, for four years, as follows:

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IMPORTS—PORT OF NEW-YORK, QUARTER ENDING MARCH 31.

	Specie.	Free goods.	Dutiable.	Amount of duties.	Per cent.
1846	$202,225	$1,943,741	$17,678,629	$5,336,229	$30 1-5
1847	2,655,454	1,550,508	17,449,815	4,538,654	26 ½
1848	120,315	2,741,937	24,642,564	6,274,517	25 2-5
1849	209,918	1,402,490	23,791,131	5,962,778	25

The average duty collected under the present tariff is, in fact, but 5 per cent. less than the corresponding period of 1846, when the high tariff of 1842 was in operation, and the rate of bills producing as great a difference between the imports this year and last, as did the change in the tariff between that year and 1846.

Thus the importer of goods, who last year had to remit at 11 per cent., can now do so at 5½: hence the average duty of 25 per cent. is reduced to less than 20 per cent.

The value of goods warehoused in the port of New-York for three successive quarters, have been as follows:

	3d quarter, 1848.	4th quarter.	1st quarter, 1849.	1st quarter 1847.
Warehoused	2,816,430	2,740,930	2,583,859	1,398,829
Duties,	—	846,189	814,103	426,923

The quantity of goods entered for warehousing this year is very considerably larger than last year, reaching 10 per cent. of the dutiable imports, an indication of the growing favor of the system, as well as of the pressure for money which has induced importers to avoid the duties as long as possible.

The exports of goods this year are, as compared with last year, as follows:

EXPORTS—PORT OF NEW-YORK—QUARTER ENDING MARCH 31.

	Specie.	Foreign. Free.	Foreign. Dutiable.	Domestic.	Total.
January,	122,582	29,923	122,633	2,109,903	2,384,267
February,	106,851	42,554	308,824	2,190,649	2,648,828
March,	86,506	63,304	269,287	2,687,807	3,104,900
Total,	$315,939	135,781	699,744	6,988,359	8,138,045
" 1848	2,068,250	119,675	872,088	6,620,237	9,681,250
	321,613	93,007	195,852	10,196,859	10,807,331

Notwithstanding that, exchanges are so much more in favor of the buyer this year, the importations of goods are less. The direct cause of this is, probably, the improved state of the foreign markets for the consumption of their own goods. The operation of the present tariff, by adopting the appraisement system to the *ad valorem* principle, insures a steadier revenue and more reliable protection to honest importers and manufacturers, because it prevents fraud. Under the enormous duties imposed by the tariff of 1828, it was not to be wondered at that the importing business became demoralized—that honest importers, unable to compete with goods, for the smuggling of which the law offered so high a bounty, should gradually give place to those who entered the business, because the laws made fraud profitable; and those frauds, under the specific system, were infinitely more difficult to detect than under the present *ad valorem* system. As thus, an invoice of woollen cloths taxed by the square yard, would require actual measurement by the officer to verify the invoice. Under the present system, a ship brings a great number of invoices of the same goods to different people, and also commercial circulars from responsible houses, giving prices accurately. A mere inspection of these invoices by the appraiser, will at a glance detect any important undervaluation in one, and the law applies a prompt remedy viz: for the officer to mark up the invoice, and if the importer objects he can call a jury, which, in case of intended fraud, he wisely avoids. The condition of Mexican, Spanish, French, and all importing business conducted under high duties, indicates the degree of demoralization to which our own commerce was rapidly approximating under the tariffs of 1828, '32. The frauds discovered under the custom-house committees in those years, were a startling admonition upon that subject.

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NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

1.—Calaynos: a Tragedy. By George Boker. Second Edition. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.

In judging of a drama, the question that most naturally arises is, whether it was composed for reading, or for acting—for the closet or the stage. If the former be the case, we must turn our chief attention to the expression; if the latter, we must look principally to the effect. If a play be meant to be represented, it should possess certain conditions of plot, action, and scenic propriety; if on the contrary, the dramatic form be given to a poem, merely for convenience sake, less stress need be laid upon adaptation to the boards, and infinitely more upon language, detail, and finish. In fact, a tragedy to be acted, and a tragedy to be read, bear no more resemblance to each other than a stump speech and a lecture, an improvisation in the senate, and its revised report in the newspapers of the morrow.

Accordingly as we apply either standard to the play now under notice, a different judgment must be passed. In our opinion, it would hardly bear the foot-lights. It is almost entirely devoid of *situations* or *coups de theatre*, as our masters in the machinery of art would say. The plot is anything but lively. The incidents are few, and somewhat languid in their developement. The characters describe themselves, or are described by others, instead of gradually unfolding themselves by their conduct before the audience. Besides, they seldom bear that degree of resemblance to real life which the drama requires. It would be well if Mr. Boker had redeemed the promise conveyed in his prologue:

> "Look not, grave critic, for perfection here,
> No gods and goddesses shall move your ear,
> My little stage mere men and women fill,
> All have some good to love, to hate some ill·
> A hundred springs of action move each mind,
> And in their mean the character you'll find.
> Interests and feelings, base and good, have they;
> Some draw towards heaven, and—some the other way."

The characters in the play will not bear investigation by the author's own standard. Calaynos is a hero of epic, not dramatic proportions, a sort of *pius Æneas*. With the exception of a rather hasty temper, which he controls in a praiseworthy manner, we see but little harm in the man. Everything about him "leans to virtue." We can perceive no "bad and good alternate" in his composition. True, he conceals his Moorish origin from his wife; but with the best possible intention. He himself justifies this his "sole crime," as Don Luis very properly calls it:

> "I only kept it back to save her pain;
> I feared to lose respect by telling her."

On the other hand, it would puzzle the shrewdest casuist to detect any "leaning to virtue," in that unfeeling monster of iniquity and ingratitude, who struts in this play under the name of Don Luis. All his "interests and feelings" are "base;" none are "good." None seem to "draw towards heaven;" but they all do most distinctly and perseveringly pull "the other way" with a vengeance. Some fair speeches he makes; for instance, in allusion to virtue:

> "I tell you I have met it everywhere,
> In halls and hovels; and have oft retired,
> Abashed and conquered, from its injured look."

But this only makes his villainy doubly villainous. Profligates do not talk thus of female chastity. They look upon it as the chief charm and allurement of a woman, and they contrive to argue away its rebuking influence, by ingenious sophistry. They generally insist, and speciously maintain that chastity is miscalled a virtue. They con-

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sider it a a lovely prejudice. A being who can hold forth about virtue as Don Luis does, and yet not reform, must be a fiend—not a man, and therefore no fit character for the drama, where

"All have some good to love, to hate some ill."

Moreover, the ground-work of the plot is essentially undramatic; it consists of the national hatred of the Spaniards for the Moorish blood:

"Our plot turns on the loathing which they feel,
Who draw their spotless race from proud Castile,
For those whose lineage bears the faintest stain
Of the hot blood which fires the Moorish vein.
No time can reconcile, no deed abate,
For that one taint, the haughty Spaniard's hate;
As the sound man the loathsome leper shuns,
So pass Castilians by Granada's sons."

Now, this peculiar trait of character is well known to the historical scholar; and the intelligent reader may manage to bear it in mind, while perusing the play; but not all the prologues in the world can make an English or American *audience* appreciate—far less sympathise with "the haughty Spaniard's hate," which forms the base and foundation of the poem.

These, and a few other similar objections we should have to urge, if we considered the work before us as a play intended for the stage; but they hardly apply with any degree of force, when we view it as a study—a poem in the dramatic form.

The author has evidently prepared himself for his task, by the attentive perusal of the great masters. From its opening to its close, his work teems at every page with evidences of this fact. The prologue carries us back to the better days of British literature, when prologues and epilogues were important compositions, and called forth the highest talent. The lively little scene in prose, at the opening of the play, is quite Shakspearian in manner, and makes us regret that Mr. Boker has been so sparing of those agreeable interludes. The encounters between Oliver and Martina, the court ship of Soto, and Soto's conversations with Oliver, are really masterpieces of dialogue. Some of the minor personages are quite life-like. That ultra conservative Don Miguel, who parades to the last his ridiculous veneration of the past, is a well drawn caricature—perhaps a portrait. Don Lopez is a good sketch of the thoughtless votary of fashion. These two characters are very artistically contrasted. The first scene of the fifth act is admirably written. The soul-stirring declamation of Calaynos, under the influence of the various passions excited by the various incidents which prepare the catastrophe, is even equal to the situation, and truth to say, that situation is one which would try to the utmost the powers of any living writer.

Our limited space bids us repair from the tempting task of selecting extracts. Nor would justice to the writer permit us to give many. The beautiful speeches and tirades with which the tragedy of Calaynos abounds are so intimately blended with the subject matter, and dependent upon connection, that they could not be fairly appreciated if presented in a detached and isolated form.

2.—The Principles of Grammar: Being a compendious treatise on the languages, English, Latin, and Greek; founded on the immutable principle which one word sustains to another. By Solomon Barrett, Jr., Philadelphia. Albany: Joel Munsell.

In this age of revolutions, it would be almost an anomaly if the decrepit system of tuition which our grandfathers bequeathed to us were to escape unreformed. In the department of Grammar, the author appears as the pioneer of innovation; and surely no department so much requires amendment. Our present system consists of a series of rules, based upon experience and usage. These rules—the induction of language—are laid down in a dry, authoritative manner, for the student to learn by heart, and by these rules he is expected to govern himself in conversation and in writing. All he knows of these rules is, that they are declaratory of an existing law, and he must take for granted that they have been framed by persons who had studied the theory of philology, and observed its practical bearings. Hitherto this uninteresting method has been accepted and carried out by both teacher and student, to their great and mutual disgust, but under an impression that no better could be devised. Mr. Barrett proposes a new, and we think, a better one. He refers back to the foundation of language,

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examines the ground-work of its construction, and proposes to initiate the reader to its more remote mysteries—in a word, to show him how it comes to pass that a dialect possesses a grammar. One of his broad fundamental rules is, that a word, independent of actual relation, is not *per se* a part of speech. That it cannot be called a verb, a noun, an adjective, or an adverb, until it comes to be used in one of those capacities. This rule would deprive the English tongue of one half of its boasted richness. Its 80,000 words would dwindle down to a very inconsiderable number, if a lexicon were printed on Mr. Barrett's system. But the principle does not seem to us to apply with equal force to other, and less barbarous idioms, which possess distinctive terminations, generally affected to certain parts of speech. Another remarkable feature of the work before us appears in the following proposition:

"The ancients wrote their language *from the right hand to the left, and without spaces between their words:* consequently all Greek and Latin verbs are compounds, and must be read from the right to the left."

As an example, take the word splen-d-e-a-t. We are to read this word backwards. The *t* means *it* or *he*—*a* signifies *may*, or rather is the sign of the subjunctive—*e* is the mark of the second conjugation—*d* means *give*—and the student has to learn that *splen*, the root of the word, means *light*. Upon this principle Mr. Barrett has constructed a skeleton table, by which an intelligent person can readily conjugate any Latin verb. Even the irregulars are brought within the scope of this table, by assuming, what is very probably true, that the irregular tenses are remnants of regular verbs which have become obsolete.

We cannot in this place enter into a more detailed examination of Mr. Barrett's work. We must bring these remarks to a close, by merely stating our own general impression. His system is extremely ingenious. It certainly affords to a studious and reflecting person of mature age a speedy and rational method of acquiring the rudiments of language. Whether it is equally well adapted to the capacity of the young, we must, from want of sufficient personal experience in tuition, suspend our judgment. Certain it is, however, that even under the old system, intelligent students of tender years, are often observed to frame some such method for themselves; many of our readers will probably remember, that in their earlier years they trusted more to the mnemotechny of analogies than to the rules of their books, in learning the elements of grammar.

3.—Democracy in France. By M. Guizot, late Prime Minister, author of the "History of Civilization," &c., &c. New-York, D. Appleton & Co.

In our opinion, the mere fact of the publication of this work, although it is written in depreciation of the growth of the democratic element in Europe, is gratifying evidence of the strength of that element. Under no other conditions would the victims of a political convulsion plead through the press in behalf of acts that led to that convulsion. The Guizots of another age employed the leisure of exile in plotting and intriguing for the overthrow of the victorious party at home. The Bolingbrokes of our times compose books and pamphlets. In other words, they address Public Opinion, avowedly recognizing the supremacy of that power, which is only another word for democracy.

The work before us is not at all disfigured, as is too often the fate of French publications, by the deformities of an inadequate translation. The style is lucid, pure and idiomatic; so much so indeed, that we might feel inclined to doubt its being a genuine translation, were it not that its substance and its sentiments are every way worthy of the illustrious orator and statesman. Many of the latter will receive the unqualified approbation of every true Republican. The chapters in which he attacks the evils of Socialism and Communism, and denounces their dogmas, their atheism and their anarchical tendencies, are not only eloquent but conclusive. We cannot forbear to quote the following passage:—

"According to the doctrines of the Social Republic, God is an unknown, imaginary power, upon whom the visible and real rulers of men upon earth throw the weight of their own responsibility, and by thus directing the eyes of the suffering towards another master and another state of existence, dispose them to acquiesce in their afflictions, whilst they secure themselves in the maintenance of their usurpations. According then to this doctrine, *God is evil*, for it is in his name that men are persuaded to acquiesce in evil. To banish evil from the earth, it is therefore necessary to banish God from the mind of man. Men left alone with their earthly masters, and reduced to an earthly existence, will demand the enjoyments of this life, and the equal distribution of these enjoyments: and as soon as those who are without them insist on having them, they will have them, for they are the strongest."

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This is, we believe, a fair exposition of Socialism. We heartily concur in condemnation of such doctrines with Mr. Guizot. But Socialism is not democracy, although it may assume that name. This is a truth not sufficiently insisted upon, we imagine, in the work before us. Indeed, M. Guizot seems to lose sight of it altogether. The leading doctrine of democracy is that "THE BEST GOVERNMENT IS THAT WHICH GOVERNS LEAST." Now, the Socialists and Fourierites demand a government that shall legislate not only for the protection of society but for the organization, on an extensive plan, of all its interests and relations; so that society shall become one vast Phalanx or Phalanstery, where all the several rights and duties of individuals shall be determined and regulated by a monstrous standard of uniformity! Such a government, whether its executive powers be lodged in the hands of one person or more, would be despotism of the most aggravated nature. The searching legislation which such a system requires is mortally hostile to democracy.

Neither can we say with M. Guizot, that because the passions of men sometimes lead them to disorder, it is our duty to repress them in the germ, and before any *overt act* announces their existence. He says:—

"I learned the vital conditions of social order and the necessity of *resistance* to insure the safety of the social fabric. Resistance, not only to disorder, but to the passions and ideas which engender disorder—this is the paramount and peremptory duty of every government."

The peremptory duty of government! Yes, indeed, if that government be pledged to support a certain system, a certain *doctrine*, in spite of every demonstration of public opinion. Let us see whither this plan will lead a government. Why, if we must offer resistance not only to "disorder," but to "ideas which engender disorder," we must, of course, place a severe restraint upon the press, upon the meetings of the people, upon every issue through which "ideas" might find their way. This has been done. M. Guizot may remember how effectually he stopped and dyked up what the speech from the throne chose to call "*passions enemies et aveugles.*" And what was the result? Only this, that M. Guizot is now writing pamphlets in England.

"We manage these things better" in this country. We are as well aware as M. Guizot that the speeches and writings of demagogues are dangerous, that there are "passions" and "ideas" which tend to "engender disorder." But, instead of making them more dangerous still by a tyrannical and useless persecution, we let them work their own remedy. Instead of building dykes and dams across such shallow streams as M. Proudhon's oratory, we permit all such troublous waters to seek their own level, or disappear forever. In short, we trust to the intelligence of the masses, and to the efficacy of our great fundamental principle:—THE BEST GOVERNMENT IS THAT WHICH GOVERNS LEAST.

4.—SHAKSPEAREAN READER. A collection of the most approved plays of Shakspeare, carefully revised, with notes, and a memoir of the author. By John W. S. Howes, Professor, &c. D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

It has been the fashion of late, to take many and bold liberties with the works of the great dramatist, and as his works go down to posterity changed according to the fashion of the day, or the notions of conceited pedagogues, it is very possible they will always continue to be the fashion. One astute publisher has recently given us an edition, with the "indecent passages omitted." Some others will doubtless omit the profane passages; and cut will succeed cut, until but little will remain for the edification or demoralization of youth. When the same worthy man shall have given an edition of the sacred writings on a similar principle, how much he will have earned from the gratitude of rising youth. It is much, however, that the works of the great bard are admitted to have any good in them by those whose zeal outruns discretion. The appearance of a well-selected volume of the plays for the use of schools, is another indication that taste is not overrun with prejudice.

5.—LES CONFIDENCES. Confidential Disclosure, by Alphonse d'Lamartine, author of the "History of the Girondins." D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

In the perusal of this, as in the other works of the late head of the Provisional Government of France, one thing is evident, viz: that the author is a far better poet than statesman. That confined to words and the play of the imagination, he displays a greatness that disappears when he takes an active part in public affairs. The present volume, being a selection from notes kept at different times in the course of his eventful life, are full of intense interest, and doubly attractive, from the nature of the great events from which the author has so recently emerged.

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6.—Irving's Works.—Astoria; or, Anecdotes of an Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains. By Washington Irving. Author's revised edition. Complete in one vol. George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

This tasteful volume forms No. 8 of the standard edition now in course of publication by Mr. Putnam. This great work has double attractions, appearing as it does in the admirable form imparted to it by the publisher, at this juncture, when everything connected with the Pacific shores is of intense interest, not only to the American but to the European public. The basis of the work is the great enterprise of the late John Jacob Astor, undertaken early in the present century, for the purpose of opening the vast, before untouched, resources of the country beyond the Rocky Mountains to the command of the fur interests. The enterprise of Mr. Astor was one of those gigantic operations, of which the annals of commerce rarely afford a parallel. With far-reaching sagacity, and a firm reliance on his own resource of mind, an immense sum of money was invested in an enterprise which could scarce mature in the compass of ten years, but the results of which were almost limitless in a national and commercial point of view. In the prosecution of the enterprise, great numbers of adventurers, by sea and land, were employed by Mr. Astor. Almost every section or tract of country before unknown was swept by his agents, and their letters from every quarter, and upon all subjects bearing upon the enterprise, accumulated in the hands of the master-spirit, formed the material on which Mr. Irving constructed a work of intense interest, enhanced by such other material as he did not fail to command.

7.—Nineveh and its Remains. With an account of a visit to the Chaldean Christians of Kurdistan, and the Zeridis, or Devil Worshippers; and an inquiry into the manners and arts of the ancient Assyrians. By Austin Henry Layard, Esq., D. C. L. Vol. 2: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

In our last number we made some extracts from the first volume of this most remarkable work, illustrative of the manner and progress of the wonderful discoveries made on the site of the ancient capital of the Assyrian empire. The second volume has now made its appearance, in a style every way worthy of the reputation of Mr. Putnam as a publisher. It is fully illustrated with cuts of the singular bas-reliefs found in the exhumed walls, and which cannot but be regarded with awe by him who reflects that they are, as it were, messengers sent down through thousands of years, testifying to the greatness and advancement of a mighty people, who have perished utterly from the face of the earth. The first volume was occupied more with the detail of the discoveries, and the present with general views upon their nature and value as illustrative of the people, of whom they are the sole remnants, their very name being forgotten before history began. The interest which was awakened by the first announcement of these volumes is heightened by the contents of the second.

8.—American Art Union.

On the first day of May, instant, commences the delivery to the members of this popular institution of the magnificent engraving of "Queen Mary signing the Death Warrant of Lady Jane Grey," and the outlines of "Rip Van Winkle," for the members of 1848.

These are issued in the order of subscription, and it becomes of necessity late in the year before the distribution to the large number of members is completed, notwithstanding the ample and systematic arrangements of the superintendent. This should be a hint to those who intend subscribing to do so early in the year, as by so doing the business of the institution is much forwarded. It is obvious, that where 17,000 persons hang back until the last four months, a large number of subscriptions are of necessity rejected from want of time to register. Those who subscribe early get their prints first.

9.—The First Prayer. A beautiful mezzotint engraving, by Doney. Neale & Platt, New-York.

The artist has done justice to the mingled affection and solicitude of the mother as she directs the attention of the playful child to the first great cause, and turns its buoyant spirits to that heaven composed of such as it. The picture is chaste and elegant, and incredibly cheap.

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10.—1812, or Napoleon's Invasion of Russia; an historical romance. By Louis Rellstab. Stringer & Townsend, 222 Broadway.

The campaign of 1812 is fraught with materials for the most stirring productions, and the mind has been wrought up to the greatest advantage by the writing literati of Germany. This historical romance of Mr Rellstab is probably the best of the many excellent works that have flowed from the German pen. Whoever, however, undertakes to pronounce an opinion upon all the works that have of late been produced in Germany, must subject himself to the charge of flippancy. It suffices, however, that the one before us has become so popular with his countrymen, as to force itself to the notice of the foreign press, and attract the enterprise of American publishers, whose reward will doubtless be great, from the interest with which the work of Mr. Rellstab abounds.

11.—Living Orators in America. By E. L. Magoon, author of "Proverbs for the People," &c. Baker & Scribner, 145 Nassau-street.

This is a useful and meritorious book, comprising sketches of nine statesmen, designated as follows:—Daniel Webster, the logician; Edward Everett, the rhetorician; Henry Clay, the politician; John C. Calhoun, the metaphysician; Geo. M. Duffie, the impetuous; Lewis Cass, the courteous; Thomas H. Benton, the magisterial; W. C. Preston, the inspired declaimer; Thomas Corwin, the natural orator. While we coincide with the justice and the good taste displayed by Mr. Magoon in his remarks upon the first eight eminent men, we cannot understand why he should attempt to boost the vulgar demagogue Corwin into such company, nor why he quotes personally abusive shallow balderdash, that is excelled in wit and point by the habitues of every corner grocery, as qualifying its utterer to rank as an American orator with the scholarly and graceful Everett, the magnificent Clay, the profound Calhoun, and the majestic Webster. Indeed, the introduction of such a name, accompanied by so forbidding a portrait, conveys a feeling of disappointment, as if that brilliant galaxy of genius was arrayed, simply to cast an effulgence upon the dark substance they precede.

12.—Republican Christianity; or, True Liberty, as exhibited in the life, precepts, and early disciples of the great Redeemer, By E. L. Magoon, author of "Living Orators of America." Gould, Kendall and Lincoln, 59 Washington-street, Boston.

This is a most remarkable and timely production, dealing severe blows at the time-cemented hierarchies of the Protestant as well as Catholic Churches. The general scope of the work is indicated in the creed of the author, as given in his preface.—

"First, he believes in Jesus Christ; second, he believes in no one else as having the slightest authority over the personal freedom and religious rights of mankind."

When the reform was commenced in Italy, by the action of the head of the church, it became evident that a separation must take place between the church and despotism in all countries where the pope was regarded as the spiritual head of a church heretofore considered as the bulwark of tyranny. The whole fabric of European society was shaken to its centre with the violent throes that are premonitory of the separation between spiritual and secular kingdoms. Priestcraft being deprived of its temporal dignities is becoming more pure, and this purity is effecting the church in this country as well as in Europe and England.

13.—Irving's Works. A Book of the Hudson, collected from the various works of Diedrich Knickerbocker. Edited by Geoffrey Crayon. G. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

This is a very agreeable little volume, comprising those inimitable stories that have given immortality to the traditions of the Hudson, and, as it were, touched the classic chord in colonial history. It is elegantly got up and exceedingly cheap.

14.—Agnes; or, the Heroine of Domestic Life. Harper Brothers.

This is one of those works that so rarely maket heir appearance, viz. an American novel, but from the style and interest of the present one, we should judge they will become less rare hereafter.

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THE

UNITED STATES MAGAZINE

AND

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

"THE BEST GOVERNMENT IS THAT WHICH GOVERNS LEAST."

"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER."

VOL. XXIV—No. CXXXII.

JUNE, 1849.

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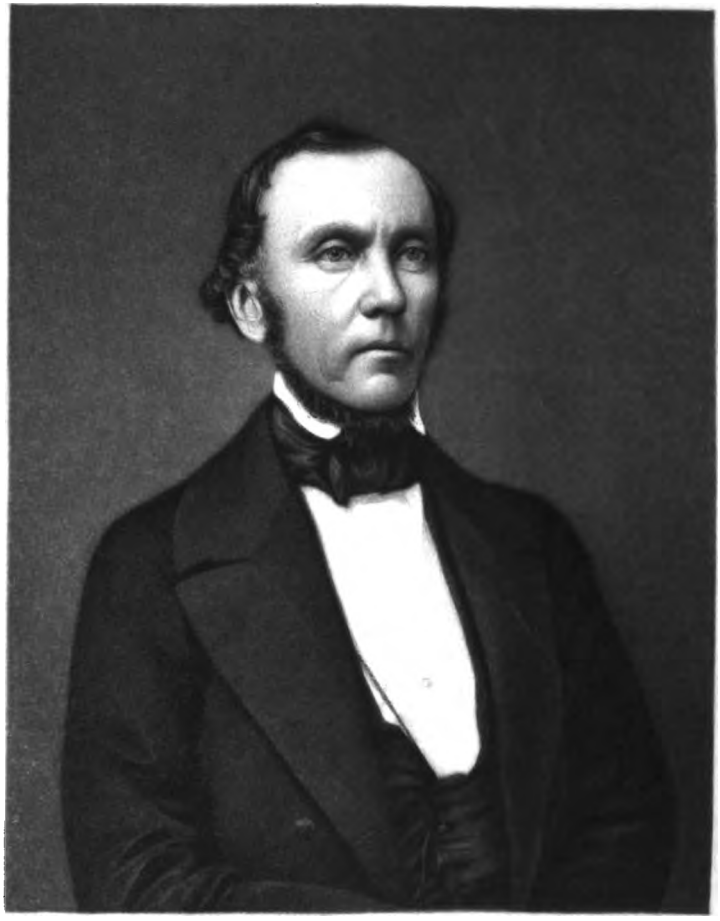

Respectfully your obt. servt

G. H. Bowers

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rended by 8,000 troops and 400 pieces of ordnance, cost the lives of eleven Americans; one hour's conflict in the streets of New-York,

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VOL. XIV. JUNE, 1849. NO. CXXXII.

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

Assuredly the great boast of our form of government, and that which constitutes its chief excellence over those of the nations of the old world, is that its laws emanate from the people themselves, are based upon public opinion, and are supported by a universal respect for their operation. There are no privileges or prerogatives vested in any order of nobles which would enable them to make laws not congenial to the people to whom they are applied, and to administer them by bloody means unknown to the statutes. An intelligent respect which the American people everywhere pay to the laws enacted by their sanction, to the rights of property and of individuals, forms almost the sole safeguard between republicanism and anarchy, and no more impregnable barrier could be devised. It follows, however, that the laws emanating from the people should be faithfully administered by the persons elected by the public voice to do so; and by the means provided and placed at the disposal of the chief magistrate. It is not enough that the majesty of the law should be jealously guarded, and its behests rigidly enforced; but it must be done by legal means. The object of law is to preserve life and liberty; to ensure safety in person and property to every peaceful citizen. When it answers these ends it is good; but when its enforcement is undertaken by illegal means, which are productive of more mischief to the peaceful many, than could possibly have grown out of the infringement sought to be suppressed, the responsibility of substituting illegal for legal means becomes fearful.

Deeply impressed as we are with the awful responsibility of preserving the integrity of the laws, it is with deep humiliation we have to record a most appalling deed of blood, alike disgraceful to the American name and injurious to the character of our institutions. Without a question at issue, or a principle at stake, New-York city has presented the appearance of a stormed fortress; and more American lives have been sacrificed in its streets than were requisite to ensure the most brilliant triumphs in Mexico. Nineteen days investment, siege, and capture of Vera Cruz, with its supposed impregnable fortress, defended by 5,000 troops and 400 pieces of ordnance, cost the lives of eleven Americans; one hour's conflict in the streets of New-York,

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without an object, cost twenty-two lives of men and women! with some twenty more desperately wounded, and daily dying. In the crowded streets of New-York, in the heart of a population of 500,000 people, after the massacre, were more troops mustered with loaded weapons than entered the valley of the capital of Mexico under Scott; and guns, charged with grape, enfiladed all the streets leading to the bivouac, reckless of the consequences to the innocent many, of a discharge upon the guilty few. When we reflect upon the nature of our institutions, based upon popular opinion, and on the general respect for the laws which is everywhere manifest, we become horror-struck at such a terrible spectacle conjured up in our midst without notice. From a municipal riot the matter assumes a national importance; and the question at once forces itself upon the citizen—whether, indeed, the lives and property of all are at the mercy of a conflict between rioters and militia; if, indeed, the civil arm of our law is so weak, that a riot in our midst cannot be suppressed without means more dangerous to the friends of order than to the turbulently disposed. If it shall be found, after patient investigation, that the lives of a whole community were ruthlessly jeopardized by military violence, because the civil authorities were too negligent in the application of the means at their disposal for preserving order, thereby creating wide-spread devastation—then a fearful responsibility rests upon those who, forgetful of the conditions of the nineteenth century, have gone back to the customs of a barbaric age.

The events of the 10th May, at the Astor Place Opera, New-York, require to be carefully reconsidered and analyzed, because they involve most important questions, of which, that whether the military really forms a part of the government under which we live, and whether we are at all times under martial law—at all times liable to be shot down in the pursuit of our peaceful avocations, if distant rioters provoke militia-men to fire through crowded streets. In this view we have thought proper to depart from our usual custom, and to recount the events which have stained our municipal annals with blood, and our institutions with the crimes of absolutism. What is called the riot at the Astor Place Opera, is properly two distinct riots, growing out of separate causes, prosecuted by different means, and leading to very different results, although on the same scene of action. The first of these, and the one which was the immediate cause of developing the other, originated in the determination to hiss an actor off the stage, for alleged misconduct to an American abroad, and for gratuitous insults to an American audience here. The second was a manifestation against what is called the "codfish aristocracy" of New-York, of feelings that have been gradually engendered by an insidious press. The first of these demonstrations completely succeeded; the actor, although he went through his part in dumb show, violence being suppressed by the police, was not heard, but relinquished his engagement, left the city at two o'clock the next morning, by special conveyance, and the country by the first steamer. So far the mob triumphed. The appearance of the military to interfere with any popular movement, whether it be that of an unlawful mob or of a legal assembly, always excites anger in the American breast. The universal disregard in which the militia is held, is manifest in repeated modifications of the laws organizing it, until they have become nearly nominal. The uniform volunteer companies are for the most part composed of young men, whose inexperi-

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ence is flattered with the wearing of military baubles, and coats of fantastic hues and shapes. Many of the officers have the more substantial benefits of the system, in the expenditure of the revenues derived from fines and emoluments: a common sentiment of both officers and men is a pruriency of display, and is fruitful of those numerous military titles that have attracted the ridicule of foreign tourists, and been the basis of the charge, that at heart we are fond of distinctions of rank. When boys or men take pride or pleasure in the daily handling of murderous weapons, naturally the desire to use those weapons gains upon their better understandings; and their minds gradually become open to the conviction, even upon the most trivial occasions, that it is necessary to use them. A considerable portion of the *elite* of these companies is officered and manned by those who claim position in that class of society which for many months has been daily assailed in the diurnal press, as "exclusives," "cod-fish aristocracy," and with other opprobrious epithets; because it would seem that, in the exercise of an indefeasible right, a number of gentlemen had subscribed for the establishment of an opera in Astor Place, where they might indulge a taste for a high order of music, and at the same time encourage the art among us, by raising the standard of excellence, and rewarding those well who attain to it. This was certainly both a laudable and a lawful undertaking; and if it did not fully succeed, it is a matter rather to be regretted than ridiculed. Nevertheless, a portion of the daily press has unceasingly assailed both the committee and the manager; holding them up to ridicule, and exciting against them the prejudices of a large portion of the community of different tastes, and who would neither have known or cared for their existence, had they not continually encountered inflammatory articles against them. In this state of affairs, when the theatre-going public assembled to express disapprobation of an actor, they encountered, for the first time in the history of such undertakings, a body of militia to defend this "aristocratic opera-house" actor. From that moment all the prejudices against both "aristocracy" and "militia" vented itself upon the latter; the cry was no longer Macready, but "cod-fish guards," "aristocratic escort," and the riot swelled to a bloody issue. With every victim of the shot the popular mind received a new impulse. Sympathy with the wounded, and indignation at the atrocity of the murders, thrilled through the community, producing the necessity for the strong force mustered on the succeeding days. In this conflict the military conquered, as the mob had triumphed in respect to the actor.

We cannot in this consummation recognize any triumph of the laws, nor find any cause to congratulate the friends of order that the arm of the law has been sufficient for the emergency. The bayonet and cartridge are not elements in the administration of the American laws, and when we find them unwarrantably obtruded on occasions where but a moderate vigor on the part of the civil force would have sufficed, we can but regard it as a cowardly dereliction of duty on the part of the magistrate, and a bold stride towards that policy which enabled the Russian pro-consul to inform his chief, that "order reigns in Warsaw."

The immediate cause of the outbreak was the announcement of the appearance of Mr. Macready in the characters of Shakspeare. With the dispute, which has been the means of precipitating this bloody issue, our readers are acquainted, and we do not now propose to go into its merits.

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In common with, we think, a majority of the public, we believe Mr. Forrest to be an injured man; that he was the victim of Mr. Macready's arts in London, and of his own independent way of stating his own case here. His letters, published in the daily papers, fastened prevarication upon his rival in a manner not to be shaken off. And, although the latter published exculpatory statements, they did not satisfy the public. In a court of law no solemnity of enunciation will make the evidence of an interested party avail him in his own case; and when Mr. Macready appeals from a charge of treachery and meanness, to his alleged agents in those acts for evidence of his innocence, he but insults the tribunal before which he makes his appeal. On the score of gratitude to America and Americans, Mr. Macready was bound to extend every facility to Mr. Forrest, which he failed to do; nevertheless, in October, 1848, he played to a New-York audience, and was well received. Not content with that, he appears to have been determined to insult Mr. Forrest in the city of his home. Accordingly, on the occasion of his benefit, he delivered himself of the following speech in return for the large sums of money he had pocketed :—

"It is, I believe, a custom here that an actor, on his benefit night, should add to the performances advertised a tribute of his acknowledgements for the favor you may have extended to him. May I, without offence, remark that this is a practice often "more honored in the breach than the observance." The honest artist gives you the best efforts of his mind, if he has one, with no small amount of physical exertion to boot; and you usually testify to him with sufficient significance your appreciation of his desert. In ordinary cases the mutual relation between the player and his audience might well end here. But I have a motive for trespassing further on your patience. There is something, apart from this, for which I would thank you. It cannot be disproved, however, the failure of the plan may be quoted in denial of its existence—that a project was on foot to excite on this, my farewell visit to the American stage, a hostile feeling against me with the American public. Your most kind and flattering reception of me has baffled the intentions of my unprovoked antagonists. You have demonstrated that you regard art, however humble its sphere, as banded with no political faction, nor the exclusive product of any particular country. With the same spontaneous feeling that has made the honored names of Irving, Prescott, Bryant, Leslie, Powers and others, almost "household words" of endearment and adoration in England, you have extended to the laborer of a poorer vineyard the frank and generous meed of your approval. In this you have only justified my confidence in your liberality, and have given virtual evidence to my would-be assailants of your conviction, that the muse whose province it is to uphold the stage as the noblest picture of human life—"high actions and high passions best describing," is restricted in her influence neither by soil nor party, but speaks the language of poetry and of nature, through her chosen ministers, the universal heart of man. It is for this, that with sentiments of grateful respect, I am proud to thank you."

Without any evidence whatever of the existence of any disposition to prevent his performance, Mr. Macready not only thought proper to taunt the friends of Mr. Forrest with a supposed failure, but he also, in a most extraordinary manner, alluded to the political opinions of his suppositious enemies. The sneering inference contained in the first four lines, to the effect, that the generous desire of an American audience to applaud a favorite actor personally, is only a desire to get more for their money than is set down in the bills, might be passed with contempt; but

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this added to what subsequently transpired, could not but fail to draw down upon him a portion of that public indignation, which in all countries and under all circumstances, has visited actors who offend the opinions of the theatre-going public. The great Kean, both in London and in Boston, was repeatedly driven from the stage for his indiscretions; and all the cities of the Union, at all times, have afforded examples where actors, great and small, have been hissed off the stage. In fact, in theatrical matters, the right to suspend the performances of an offending actor is become as it were common law. In order not to multiply examples to too great a length, we will merely remind our readers of the great riot in this city concerning Anderson, the English actor —which, although sufficiently serious, was suppressed by the police— and pass on to the consideration of the last great riot, which took place previous to that of the 10th of May, the recent difficulties that occurred at the opera between the *Empresario* and some of the singers not having assumed a serious character.

In May, 1836, Mr. and Mrs. Wood were engaged as vocalists at the Park Theatre, then under the management of the late E. Simpson. At that time sang also at the same theatre, Mrs. Conduit. It happened that this latter lady had selected Guy Mannering for performance on the occasion of her benefit, and Mrs. Wood being also to receive a benefit on the evening previous to that of Mrs. Conduit, without knowing that it had already been selected by the other lady, fixed upon the same play. The musical critic of the New-York Courier and Enquirer, for some reason that did not come before the public, taking sides with Mrs. Conduit, endeavored to force Mrs. Wood to relinquish the play, and published an article offensive to Mr. Wood, who, in company with another gentleman, went to the office of the Courier, and saw the responsible editor, who promised to make the retraction Mr. Wood demanded. The paper, however, persisted in the attack, and some persons in the theatre hissed Mr. Wood, who then came forward, stated his case, and appealed to the public justice. On the following morning, May 27, 1836, a long article appeared in the Courier, by the responsible editor, of which the following is the material portion :—

"Flattered by the success of his falsehoods, he calls for a trial at the Park, and we speak the voice of thousands who have marked his impudent swaggering in relation to this matter, when we say, *let his desire be gratified* THIS EVENING. The theatre-going public feel aggrieved by his impudent falsehoods and ungenerous conduct to Mrs. Conduit, and we, therefore, advise all females to abstain from going to the theatre to-night, while we call upon all those who disapprove of Wood's conduct, as also upon his supporters, to go there and let him learn the precise estimation in which he is held. It is but proper and just that he should be taught his place, and we, at least, are determined to be in attendance and raise our voice against him.

"Of the right of any man to express his disapprobation at the theatre there can be no earthly question. To do so is no more a breach of the peace than to applaud; and we caution the police how they presume to interfere. Let the manager beware how *he* requests such interference, and let him and them bear in mind the scenes which followed their illegal and unjustifiable opposition to the public will when it was attempted to force *Anderson* upon the Park audience. If, on that occasion, the manager had bowed to the public voice, as it was his duty to do, and if the police officers had not presumed to interfere with those who *hissed* any more than those who *applauded*, the riots which

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took place on that occasion would never have occurred. We shall go to the Park to-night and openly express our opposition, and as peaceably as those who go to applaud. Let those who think as we do of the conduct of Mr. W. also repair there; and we venture to predict there will be no breach of the peace on their part, and that Mr. Wood will never again be heard by an American audience.

"One word of advice to the manager. Do not permit the house to be *packed* before the doors are opened; and do not attempt to interfere after they are opened.

"All who are familiar with the history of theatricals in *London* are well aware, that if an actor does anything to offend the public, his opponents as well as his friends go to the theatre, and by their opposition and applause *peaceably* determine upon his fate. The police do not presume to interfere, and the parties exert their lungs for or against an actor to the full extent of their disposition."

In accordance with this announcement the riot took place. The responsible editor of the Courier and his followers appeared. The doors were broken down—the mob rushed in, forced themselves into the boxes, and uproar and confusion prevailed. Missiles of all descriptions were launched upon the stage, and a beam of wood, thrown at Mrs. Wood, was warded off by Mr. Placide, who saved her life thereby. Other missiles followed. The mayor and authorities were present, but could do nothing; and after the Woods were withdrawn, the uproar subsided on the singing of the Marseillais by Mr. Richings. On the following morning the Courier contained the following notice:—

"As we anticipated, the Park audience *drove* Mr. Wood from the stage last night, and refused to retire until assured by the manager, Mr. Simpson, that the Woods *should not again be allowed to perform.*"

The untimely and melancholy fate of that sweet lady, Mrs. Wood, who never recovered her spirits, followed as a consequence of offence being taken by the adherents of the press. It will be observed that that most deplorable transaction arose not from any offence offered by the Woods to an American audience, but was simply a private quarrel with another actress, espoused by an editor, who defied, by twelve hours' notice, the authorities, and scoffed at their *right* to interfere. This is a precedent going to show what is theatrical common law in respect to actors. Mr. Macready had offended not only the friends of Mr. Forrest, but a large portion of the New-York populace, and on the occasion of his second appearance they assembled and hissed him off—showing him that the taunt contained in his speech on the occasion of his benefit, that a plan had been foiled, was short of the truth, and the matter was apparently at an end, as usual in such cases.

If Mr. Macready, after the lapse of a few nights, had again appeared, probably no farther attempt would have been made to interfere with him. A large number of persons—who sympathized with Mr. Forrest, under the belief that he had suffered contumely in London *because* he was an American—were satisfied with having shown the Englishman that Americans would requite such national indignities. There is, however, unhappily a class of persons, who seize upon every occasion to thrust themselves before the public, seeking to make personal capital out of the most trivial transaction. Those persons got up a card, and procured to it many eminent signatures, which, we are persuaded would, upon more

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mature reflection, have been withheld. There appeared accordingly, in the public prints, the following card :—

"MACREADY AND FORREST.

"To W. C. MACREADY, ESQ. :

"Dear Sir :—The undersigned, having heard that the outrage at the Astor Place Opera House, on Monday Evening, is likely to have the effect of preventing you from continuing your performances, and from concluding your intended farewell engagement on the American stage, take this public method of requesting you to re-consider your decision, and of assuring you that the good sense and respect for order, prevailing in this community, will sustain you on the subsequent nights of your performances :—

Ambrose L. Jordan,
Edward Sandford,
Willis Hall,
James Foster, Jr.,
Duncan C. Pell,
Ogden Hoffman,
Howard Henderson,
Samuel Ruggles,
James Collis,
Edward S. Gold,
William Kent,
John W. Francis,
Wessell S. Smith,
W. M. Prichard,
Benjamin D. Silliman,
David Austen,
*M. M. Noah,
F. R. Tillou,
*Henry J. Raymond,
Pierre M. Irving,
Denning Duer,
†Moses H. Grinnell,
Simeon Draper,
Henry A. Stone,
‡Washington Irving,
Francis B. Cutting,
Joseph L. White,
Matthew Morgan,
David C. Colder,
Ogden P. Edwards,
John R. Bartlett,
*Richard Grant White,
Evert A. Duyckinck,
J. Prescott Hall,
Robert J. Dillon,
Ralph Lockwood,
William C. Barret,
David Graham,
Edward Curtis,
*James Brooks,
J. E. DeKay,
Jacob Little,
H. W. Field,
Charles A. Davis,
‡Herman Melville,
George Bruce,
*Cornelius Matthews."

This most injudicious epistle, however daintily worded, was not only a challenge to those who entertained displeasure at the actor's conduct, but was casting opprobrium upon them for the exercise of their indefeasible right of expressing that displeasure. The public took it in this light, and the New-York Herald, ever prurient of mischief, noticed it in the following manner editorially :—

"Now, it is well known that this was considered a settled case, that Wood should never appear again on the American stage. But he did appear again. In Mr. Macready's case, there is a like difference of opinion, and a similar crisis. The respectable, literary and philosophical portion of the city are determined that he shall appear again, and have the decision of Monday reversed to-night. *If they are properly supported by the Mayor and police, and if there are courage and capacity in Washington Irving and his associates, to act with as much skill as they write*, we rather think that Mr. Macready will succeed, and be permitted to play his engagement, and act before all those who wish to see him in his fine characters."

Mr. Macready, in accordance with the invitation, and as he has since told the public, against his better judgment, renewed his engagement for several nights. It became instantly evident that this challenge was to be accepted, and that a contest for the mastery would take place. A riot

* Editors. † Ex-Members of Congress. ‡ Authors.

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was inevitable. The difference between this and the Wood riot existed in the fact, that the parties who were then opposed to the actor, were in the present case they who sustained the actor. The following paragraph appeared in the Courier and Enquirer in connection with it:—

"The writer of this paragraph, who is one of the editors of this paper, witnessed the outrages at the Astor Place Opera House on Monday night, which he mentioned yesterday morning. *In connecting the name of Mr. Forrest with their perpetration, he spoke from no knowledge of facts which would establish any such connection.* His statements upon this point were entirely inferential. He had no doubt *whatever that the circumstances of Mr. Forrest's controversy with Mr. Macready, and the fact that Mr. Forrest had declared in public that Mr. Macready should never be permitted to appear again upon the American stage in this city, warranted the inference* which he drew, that the disturbances on Monday night was of Mr. Forrest's procurement. He makes this explanation, because the paragraph was published without the knowledge of the responsible editor, who does not deem the facts sufficient to warrant the assertion that Mr. Forrest had anything to do with the outrage in question. Had the writer anticipated any such difference of opinion, the paragraph, of course, would not have been published. R.

"P. S.—Since the foregoing was written, we have received the following letter from Mr. Sedgwick, to which we very cheerfully give place; and only regret that any charge against, or allusion to, Mr. Forrest, in connection with this disgraceful riot, should have been made. It is quite certain that there is no evidence of Mr. Forrest's being a party to the proceeding; and we are bound to assume that he was not; and it is also evident that such was our conviction previous to the receipt of Mr. Sedgwick's note, from the fact that the foregoing had been already prepared for publication by our associate, and we so apprised Mr. Sedgwick's messenger. J. W. W."

"No. 56 WALL-STREET, May 8, 1849.

"*To the Proprietor of the Courier and Enquirer:*

"I am desired by Mr. Forrest to call your attention to the article in your paper in this day's date, in which you have seen fit to charge him, with participation in the disturbances that took place last evening at the Astor Place Opera House.

"I am instructed to say, that every charge against Mr. Forrest, contained in the article in question, is absolutely and grossly false; and as the attack is coupled with reflections of a most improper and offensive character, I hope that you will see the propriety of retracting and withdrawing the accusation in the most immediate, direct and ample manner.

"The charges which you have made are of the most serious character, and you will, I am satisfied, see the propriety and justice of this demand.

"I am, respectfully, your obd't serv't.,

"THEODORE SEDGWICK."

The charge and retraction followed rapidly, and on the following day the following appeared:—

"We have received the following letter from Mr. Sedgwick in reference to the disturbances at the Astor Place Opera House on Monday night. It will be seen that Mr. Forrest denies having ever 'declared in public that Mr. Macready should never be permitted to appear again upon the stage of this city.' *Under this denial, we, of course, presume we were misinformed in regard to the*

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matter, and accordingly withdraw entirely the inference drawn from the alleged statement.

"We cheerfully publish Mr. Sedgwick's letter, and can only renew the expression of regret that the original statement should have been made:

"No. 56 WALL-STREET, May 9th, 1849.

"*To the Proprietor of the Courier and New-York Enquirer:*

"Your article in the Courier of this morning has been examined by Mr. Forrest with every disposition to accept any satisfactory withdrawal of the charges contained in the article in your paper of the 8th, and any reasonable explanation of the insertion of so erroneous and injurious a statement.

"But your paper of this morning contains an assertion which Mr. Forrest cannot for a moment allow to pass uncontradicted.

"You state '*as a fact*,' in the article to which I refer, '*that Mr. Forrest had declared in public that Mr. Macready should never be permitted to appear again upon the stage in this city*,' and the inference again said to 'be warranted by the fact, is, that the disturbance on Monday night was Mr. Forrest's procurement.'

"Mr. Forrest pronounces this assertion to be absolutely false; and I am instructed to request that you will at once contradict it, or give the authority on whose information the statement is made.

"I am respectfully, your obd't. serv't.,

"THEODORE SEDGWICK."

It will be observed that this charge made by the Courier against Mr. Forrest, is the same as that insinuated by Mr. Macready in his speech, and while it was impossible to produce any evidence of the grave offence charged, it betrays the *spirit* of the challenge to the opposers of the actor. Mr. Forrest was, however, it appears, not to be trifled with, and retraction was promptly made. It now became evident that something must be done to preserve the peace of the city. The mayor sent for the manager, Mr. Niblo, and he attended at 11 o'clock, A. M. with Mr. Hackett. The mayor proposed to close the theatre. In this, he was resisted by the manager, who, in fact, governed the city in that respect. The mayor seemed to feel that it was his duty to close the house, but he was troubled with the indecision that beset Macbeth, and this want of firmness was fatal. The Mayor of Philadelphia, a few years since, when a riot was threatened, in consequence of an attempt to play a drama founded on the Mercer tragedy, promptly closed the house. It has been argued that the actor in the pursuit of a lawful calling, was entitled to protection, at all costs; in this we apprehend lies an error. Theatrical representations are not lawful in the sense that other occupations are lawful. They cannot be carried on without an express license, for which a tax is charged, and the necessity of the license grows out of the fact that they may, unchecked, offend good morals or disturb the public peace. Every man's calling is subject to prohibition when the public interests demand it. This has frequently been decided in the English as well as in our own law courts. It was particularly tested in England, in the case of a person who, within his own window, exposed a picture which daily attracted crowds, in consequence of which he was arrested, but having means, contested his right to have his own picture in his own window. This was ably argued, and carried to the court of last resort, when his right was confirmed; but it was also decided that that right must, when necessary, yield to the general

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interests. In the case of the exhibition of the model artists in New-York, they were permitted until an indefinable line in respect of costume was passed, and then the police arrested the performers and closed the house. In the case of certain poor and friendless preachers of the gospel, many in New-York have been arrested and imprisoned, because they collected crowds. What are called disorderly houses, are daily broken up, when no actual disturbance occurs, because they offend good morals. A few years since, when Robert Morris, Esq., was mayor, the church in Crosby-street, in the exercise of a most perfect right, proceeded to remove the remains in a burial ground, which had not been disturbed for many years. This gave rise to a popular commotion, which endangered the peace of the city, and the mayor promptly prohibited the proceedings of the church until the excitement was allayed. It never occurred to him to call upon soldiers to shoot the mob, even in order to defend the church in an indefeasable right. In the case of cholera, sick patients were taken forcibly from their own houses by authority, and died on the way to the hospital. The mayor, on the present occasion, which was that of a direct challenge between the friends of Macready on one hand, to his opponents on the other, to come and fight at the Astor Place Opera, being overruled by the actors, determined to permit the performance to take sides with Macready's friends against his opponents, and to defend the house. Having arrived at this conclusion, it would seem natural that he should consult with his chief of police as to the means at the disposal of the authorities to keep the peace. What these are, is known to every citizen, being provided by a law for which they all voted. There are at his disposal, under the chief of police, nine hundred men,* who receive annual salaries of $500 per annum each. These are divided into companies under sufficient captains, who all report to the chief. In addition to this force, he can appoint as many special constables as the occasion may require. Now this force is not all on duty at once, but when difficulty occurs, all should be on the spot. At sea, a ship's crew is divided into watches, but a gale of wind calls all hands upon deck. At 11 o'clock on the morning of Thursday, the mayor summoned the chief, and Major General Charles W. Sandford, commanding the military forces of this county, and they appeared. Having decided, against his own judgment and the advice of recorder Tallmadge, to prevent the actor from being hissed, the mayor enquired of the chief if the civil force would be sufficient to suppress the disturbance. Now, as we have stated, this officer is in command of nine hundred athletic men, accustomed to manly exercise, receiving adequate salaries, and organized under proper captains,† their whole duty being to keep the peace.

* Art. 1, sec. 2, law of May, 1846.

† POLICE ORGANIZATION FOR 1849.

Wards.	Stations.	Force.	Wards.	Stations.	Force.
1	Old Slip	59	11	Union Market	45
2	60 Gold-street	43	12	Harlem, Yorkville, Bloomingdale,	33
3	38 Robinson-street	43	13	Attorney-street	48
4	31 Roosevelt-street	60	14	Centre Market	54
5	48 Leonard-street	55	15	220 Mercer-street	40
6	Hall of Justice	66	16	20th Street	43
7	Corner Pike-street	63	17	Corner 3rd Street	51
8	Corner Prince-street	56	18	29th Street	43
9	Jefferson Market	50			
10	Essex Market	48		Total Force	900

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Knowing these facts, he deliberately replied that they would not be sufficient. The mayor then asked if the military would also be required, and he replied, yes!* General Sandford declined giving an opinion. Soon after, the order for the military was given. Now, it will be observed, that "the military" forms no part of our government. There is no law whatever recognizing it any way as a part of the executive branch. It is a form of defence adopted against foreign enemies; but as a means of internal government, the ballot-box was long since substituted for the bayonet. The captain and private, as well as any other citizen, may be deputised as assistant constables to aid in keeping the peace, but only as assistant constables. As executioners, a part they sometimes volunteer to assume, they are not recognized by the law. The civil police are sometimes obliged to take life, but only when it is in defence of their lives; their military aid has no more right to use a musket than has a constable, and neither has either right to give the other liberty to take life. Nevertheless, there is this proneness on the part of the authorities, on the smallest occasion, to neglect their duties, and throw the responsibility of keeping the peace upon the military, and the officious vanity of these officers always seconds the call. The erroneous impression that the militia are necessary to keep the peace, and that they are a legally constituted branch of the executive, seems to be the main argument for preserving their organization; and this dangerous impression being shared by civil officers, prompts them to depend upon the militia, paralysing their own energies. In consequence of the order, General Sandford called out the 7th regiment of National Guards, numbering four hundred men, and a troop of horse; but it appears that only two hundred infantry and forty horsemen obeyed the summons. It appears from the evidence that he ordered a small force, because he thought there was to be a large police force, and the police force was small, because the chief knew that the military was to be present. It does not appear that any consultation was held, or that the mayor, who should have directed all, troubled himself about the matter.

From 11 A. M. until the hour of performance, the chief on his part, and the general on his, had to prepare, and it appears that the Opera House was placed in a state of siege, by nailing planks across its lower windows and strengthening its defences. At the proper time, the chief, out of his command of nine hundred men, which he thought insufficient to keep the peace without the soldiers, assembled three hundred and twenty-five, with whom, at 4 P. M., he repaired to the spot. Of these, he posted seventy-five in the house of Mrs. Langdon, a grand-daughter of the late John Jacob Astor, (what these men were placed there for has not been explained,) two hundred in the Opera House, and fifty in the streets. It will be remembered that Astor Place commences on the Bowery, and in its course to Broadway, divides at about half the distance, the northern branch being called Eighth-street, and the southern, Astor Place. The Opera House is the point of division. There are two entrances to to the house, one on each street—Mrs. Langdon's house being opposite on Astor Place. Now, it is obvious, that having delivered an opinion that nine hundred policemen would not be sufficient to prevent the actor from being hissed, the authorities would naturally make the most of their

* Evidence before the Coroner.

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force—and the station-houses could easily have been supplied with special constables for the evening, while the whole regular force concentrated upon the scene of the expected riot. Nothing of the kind, however, was done. But as soon as the crowd began to press, the military was sent for. It would appear very evident that there was from the first no intention of relying upon the police. That it was pre-determined to depend out of doors wholly upon the militia, and to induce them to take all the responsibility.

The Chief of Police states in his evidence, that there was a tumult in the house. Some persons "shook their fists at Macready," and for this he ordered persons arrested, and "ordered the amphitheatre to be cleared of all those disturbing the peace; this was done, and quiet was restored. The attack commenced outside, by throwing stones at the windows." Now, it would seem, that until the police commenced making arrests for "shaking fists," there was no overt-act; the usual noise of a theatre was somewhat exaggerated. The police in the house were in sufficient force to prevent any breach of the peace. They made what arrests they pleased without difficulty, and the play was played out to the end, when the actor was called out, hissed and applauded, and he then went home. Around the building on the outside were, it appears, about two hundred boys, from 12 to 18 years of age,* throwing stones at the building; and these, by the testimony of all parties, constituted the whole of the mob. A large concourse of people was assembled, but they took no part whatever in the disturbance; so far from it that, among the crowd of spectators, were standing some of the gentlemen who signed the above paper to support Macready; and, as appears from the testimony, as in that of John Clarke, book-binder, many were remonstrating with others who were throwing stones. It has been said that no spectators had any right to be there. This may be true in despotic governments, where there are two parties only, the people and the government, and the latter wishes no disinterested witnesses of its executions. Under our institutions all citizens have a right to see for themselves how

* Evidence before the Coroner.—Gen. Hall.—"The rioters appeared to be boys from 15 to 18 and 20 years of age, and I don't believe there was over 1,000."

S. L. Wylie, Piano-Forte Maker.—"The persons engaged in throwing stones were mostly boys, from 16 to 20 years of age."

S. W. Gaines, Counsellor at Law.—"There were so few persons engaged throwing stones, that it was a matter of surprise to those witnessing it, why the police did not stop it."

Jesse C. Haviland, Contractor.—"There was a good many boys, possibly two or three hundred, throwing stones at the Astor Opera House."

T. J. Belvin, Boatman.—"I saw a lot of half-grown boys throwing stones at the Astor Opera House."

S. H. Stewart, Clerk of Police.—"Those who were assailing the door were mostly boys and young men, 15 to 17 years of age."

Dennis Ryer, Ex-Policeman.—"I saw some boys, and a few men, throwing stones."

John Clarke, Book-Binder.—"I saw some boys pick up stones and throw them, and *one man, whom I told he ought to be ashamed of himself, for he ought to know better.*"

B. P. Fairchild, Capt. Police.—"From one to two hundred boys were throwing stones."

John B. Leveridge.—"The boys were throwing stones."

Charles Cook, Assistant Captain 1st Ward Police.—"The voices appeared to come from boys of 16 years of age; on the second fire they appeared to scatter, and in a quarter of an hour the street was cleared."

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the laws are executed, and it is also the acknowledged duty of all good citizens to aid in keeping the peace, a duty which requires their presence, unless the chief magistrate, having provided himself with a sufficient number of special constables, requests, by proclamation, all others to stay away. No such proclamation was, however, issued. Now we know, from personal observation, that among the concourse there were numbers like John Clarke, desirous to preserve order, and if, previous to the arrival of the military, the mayor had come out and appealed to citizens present to aid in the arrest of the disturbers of the peace, he would have been promptly and efficiently responded to. It will be remembered that, although the chief had told the mayor at 11 o'clock, A. M., that the whole police force would not be sufficient to preserve the peace, and the mayor had, in consequence, ordered out the military with murderous weapons, he tells us that, at nine o'clock in the evening, when Gen. Hall was soliciting leave to fire, "there was no proclamation issued by me that day; I issued none, because I was not sufficiently informed of the state of facts to deem it necessary; the means taken through the day were precautionary." Would it not also have been "precautionary" to issue a proclamation, requesting citizens to refrain from congregating? We think this illustrates the fact that the authorities regard, what should only be the last resort in extreme cases, viz., the ordering out of the military, with loaded weapons, to shoot citizens, as a very trivial affair, of much less consequence than to issue a proclamation. Now it will be observed that 200 policemen in the theatre effected their object, in preventing any violence, if any was intended, beyond hissing, which, however, does not appear, and of which there is no probability. From concurrent testimony there were, then, 200 boys outside to be arrested, and for that duty 50 policemen only were detailed; the 75 who constituted a guard for Mrs. Langdon, it would appear, took no part. After the arrests in the house, the throwing of stones outside became more serious, and the chief, in his evidence, says: "I then rallied a body of policemen on the Eighth-street side, opened the doors, and charged the crowd, and drove them from the rear of the house; a number of the policemen were driven into the house badly wounded; almost all of them were more or less injured; the cry was then, where are the military?" Now, Mr. Stewart, clerk of police, says of this transaction:

"The number ordered out was fifteen men. On my going into the streets there apeared to be quite a concourse of people. There was quite a crowd about the door, *but not very dense.* I could not see how far the crowd extended. Those who were assailing the door were mostly boys and young men 15 and 17 years of age. Several of them were concerned in assailing the door. I cannot say how many. *Certainly a very small proportion of the crowd. The police arrested from six to ten of them and brought them in the house,* and the attack on the door in Astor Place, and the force and press, appeared to increase after this.

Of 900 policemen, 15! only ventured among the boys outside on Eighth-street, and, although they arrested 10 of them, it was thought the military were necessary. In the evidence it is repeatedly stated generally that numbers of the police were injured, but there are no *specifications.* The testimony concurs on all sides that there was no serious violence until the military made its appearance. Up to this time the nature

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of the assemblage is very accurately described by the clerk of the police, Mr. Stewart, in his evidence before the coroner:

"There was a large crowd in Astor Place. The whole street in front of the theatre, for more than its length, was full of people—not very dense, however, for I could pass in and out among the crowd with ease, though not without danger of being hit with bricks and stones. This crowd was not very turbulent. There appeared to be a very large number of them. I should think a very large majority of them were here as spectators. The actors in the disturbances, of whom there did not appear to be many at that time, appeared to be mere lads—perhaps from fifteen to twenty years of age."

Now it appears evident that had the 550 policemen, who were at the command of the authorities, gone into that crowd, they could have had little difficulty in arresting the whole of these turbulent boys, amid the good wishes of the by-standers. No life would have been lost. The laws would have been sustained in a *legal* way, and the moral conviction would have gone forth to the world, that our civil force is equal to any emergency. Unhappily, however, instead of ordering 500 athletic policemen to the spot, 200 young men, with loaded muskets, were sent for, and the indignation their appearance created, at once drew from indifferent spectators expressions of disapprobation; and when it was understood by the crowd that the horsemen were exclusively Germans, or "Hessians," as they were called, the ill feeling their appearance excited, it may well be supposed, was by no means abated. These circumstances added both to the numbers and audacity of the turbulent, and the whole riot changed its aspect. It was no longer against the house,* but against the "aristocracy" and their "guards," the military. It will not be understood that any ill feeling existed against the young gentlemen personally who have a taste for military display. As a whole, they behaved well, and although under mistaken views of their position relative to the government as military, but obeyed orders, and to the high honor of the gentlemen who compose the 7th regiment of National Guards, it may be stated, that they have relinquished a proposed excursion to Philadelphia for the purpose of appropriating the money, it would cost, to the relief of the friends of those who lost their lives on that awful night; and we hope the civil authorities will imitate so laudable and praiseworthy an example. It was now the case that Gens. Sandford and Hall, with 200 young men, became the object of attack to the whole active rioters, and their judgments and presence of mind seem not to have been of the clearest under these circumstances. That there were very many stones thrown at them, is no doubt true; the horse, in particular, were driven altogether from the ground; but it is also the case, that the military standing under the building were hit by stones, rebounding from the wall above, against which they had been

* Evidence before Coroner.—Stewart, Clerk of the Police.—"I think the appearance of the military seemed to provoke and excite the mob. At the time of the firing the police could not have quelled the riot; for the assault was directed entirely against the military, and not against the house."

Dennis Ryer.—"I said so then, and I say the same now, that had the chief of police organized his force properly, *they could have dispersed the mob; that is, with the force he had stationed in the theatre; but after the military had arrived, it was impossible then for the police to disperse them.* I was assistant captain for nine months, when I resigned; I resigned last February, a year ago."

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thrown.* Some of the military left the ranks because they would not fire upon their fellow-citizens. Nevertheless, the natural consequences of danger, pain and opprobrious epithets, were the growing irritation of the military. The necessity of firing was far more manifest to those hit than to those as yet uninjured. Gen. Hall, in his evidence, informs us: "One of my men was knocked down, and he said to Col. Duryea, with his face all over blood, 'this is too bad, and not to *be allowed to resent it.*' 'Never mind,' said the colonel, 'stick to your guns.'" The colonel had not been hit. Gen. Hall was himself hit, however, by stones, and gave the order to load with some hesitation, as he knew that "each was a ball cartridge."

The report that Capt. Shumway was shot in the leg, that Capt. Pond was injured, the "noise of the stones striking against the muskets," "the hallooing of the people," the complaints of the men, the urging of the chief of police to fire, and the blows of the stones, were more than the general could stand, more particularly when, as the general informs us in his evidence:—"I was also told that my face was bleeding; I had not felt any stone or pain, more than like the prick of a pin. At home, however, a small *ball* was found in my cheek, a *little larger than the head of a pin;* my cheek bled for more than two hours."—And the extraordinary spectacle was presented, of a subordinate military officer leaving his command, to hunt up a civil officer who would take the responsibility of ordering the men to fire, and in his eagerness to get the order, fairly threatened the chief magistrate who hesitated to give it. The ceremony of getting an order from a civil magistrate was finally gone through with, but the circumstances amounted to a command from the military. The Mayor states that he was not on the ground fifteen minutes, before General Hall *solicited orders* to fire, which were refused, yet he continued to urge the necessity upon the Mayor until that officer left the house. General Hall then went to the Recorder with a like request, and was again refused. He then went to the Sheriff and urged him to give the order, and this time the solicitation of General Sandford being added, the Sheriff gave the order "to fire over their heads." Now, without stopping to inquire how far nervousness, irritation, pain and resentment, to say nothing of military aspiration, conspired in the breast of General Hall to convince him of the necessity of firing, and to stimulate him to hunt up somebody that would give a color of legality to the homicides, we will pass on to the appalling fact, that these persons having loaded weapons at their command, were entirely oblivious of the fact, that beyond the circle of noisy boys that surrounded them, and within reach of the messengers of death, were the streets and houses of New-York filled with innocent families guiltless of riot, and very many ignorant of its existence. Yet these persons ordered guns loaded with full charges and heavy shot to be *fired over the heads of the rioters, with perfect indifference as to the mischief the shot might do beyond.* The result was what might have been expected, a long list of dead and wounded, few of whom were among the guilty! A shot passed through the sash of a window before which two ladies were standing.

* W. M. Kinney, Policeman.—"Before we were driven to the curb, the stones hit us; whether they were thrown at us or the door, I cannot say; afterwards they went over our heads."

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"An oyster shantee, kept by a colored man, at the corner of Lafayette and Astor Place, was pierced by two bullets, one of them just entering at the upper corner of the door frame, and being turned downwards, *grazed an old woman, named Sarah Sewell, in the face.* It did her no injury, and she was going about during the day. The public house, No. 23 Eighth-street, opposite Lafayette Place, has ten bullet marks, three of which entered the dwelling, one of them through the door, and the remaining two through the dwelling-room windows, and into a closet, *almost hitting children who were in bed.*

"Mrs. Brenan, housekeeper for Mr. Kernochan, corner of Second Avenue and 9th street, while passing up the Bowery on her way home, leaning upon the arm of a man, was struck with a ball in her left thigh.

"Bridget Fagan, Irish, 30 years old, shot in the left leg, just below the knee. Lives in Eleventh street, between Avenues 1 and 2. She was two blocks off, walking with her husband on their way home, and fell into his arms.

"Asa F. Collins, aged 45 years, residing at 41st street and 3d avenue, a man of some little property. Mr. Collins was descending from one of the railroad cars, at the time of the firing of the military, a distance of 100 yards from the scene of disorder, a ball from a musket struck him in the neck."

Such were some of the awful consequences of substituting 200 militia for 500 policemen, to quell a riot. It has been endeavored to palliate these unparallelled atrocities by arguing that all those shot deserved it. The New-York Courier and Enquirer, the same print that got up the Wood riots, reasons thus :—

"Another, representing that he done nothing, was found to have been shot *in a direction which necessarily implied that his arm was raised to throw a stone*, at the moment he received the wound. And another of the killed was struck directly on the top of his head—while stooping, *undoubtedly* to pick up a stone."

Such cogent reasons for taking life, are of the ultra circumstantial character.

Now, if we turn to evidence of spectators, the complete hallucination of the authorities becomes more manifest. That of Stephen W. Gains, counsellor at law, is so clear, and coincides so completely with our own observation, and with that of all with whom we have conversed, we give it entire.

"Stephen W. Gains, sworn, says :—I am a counsellor at law, residing at No. 180 East Broadway. On Thursday evening last I was at the corner of Astor Place and Lafayette Place; I stood upon a pile of boards; I stood there from half-past eight o'clock until after the last discharge of musketry; from the place where I stood I had a fair view of the Opera House; when I first got there, the space between me and the theatre was filled with people, but not densely crowded at that time. I saw persons throwing stones at the principal entrance, and at the windows of the Opera House; they were nearly in front of the Opera House; sometimes a single stone, and at other times a volley. About fifty feet in front of the house was the principal scene of action. The streets towards the Bowery were filled with people; there were no stones thrown from the quarter where I stood, and *there was so few engaged in actually stoning the house, that it was a surprise to those witnessing it why the police did not stop it.* I saw the fire from the discharge of the muskets as it left the barrels, as the lamps were out; some of them were fired nearly perpendicular, some on an inclined plane towards the house of Mrs. Langdon, and others horizontally; this was the first discharge. We had no intimation of firing where I stood, until I saw the flash; several other volleys were discharged immediately. *Previous to*

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firing the last volley, the streets were nearly cleared; most of the people had left the inclosure where I was; there were, perhaps, half-a-dozen on the sidewalk in front of where I was. I was still standing on the boards, when the last discharge took place up Astor Place towards the Bowery; between me and the soldiers the space was clear; there was a small number of persons on the corner opposite Mrs. Langdon's house; they were out of the range of the fire."

It will be observed that the people were retiring, and the street was nearly cleared before the last volley, which carried death to many. That of Sylvester L. Wylie is also very remarkable.

"SYLVESTER L. WYLIE, piano forte maker, residing at No. 342 Third avenue, being sworn, says:—Before the shooting I did not hear any order given to disperse; it might have been given, but the noise was so great it could not have been heard, except in a very loud voice. I saw others wounded at the same discharge of musketry. At the time the military levelled their muskets, it was about half a minute before they fired; the crowd then opened each way. *When they fired, one soldier took down his musket and did something to his lock, then took aim at a man's breast, apparently, and then fired: this was after all the rest had discharged their muskets.* I took no part in the riot, any more than went there to see what was going on. After I took the deceased to the station house, I did not come back. I saw some four or five others shot by the same discharge."

We might go on with quoting evidence, but enough we think has been advanced, to show that the only serious riot was against the military, produced by their presence and acts. The 22 deaths, and some 30 wounded, gave the victory to the troops, who occupied the ground for two days in imposing force.

"The testimony was given to the jury at half-past six o'clock. The door was closed, and officers stationed so as to keep all persons from holding any conversation with them. The jury, after being out about two hours and a half, brought in the following verdict:—

"VERDICT.

"We believe that George A. Curtis, John McDonald, Thomas Aylward, George Lincoln, Timothy Burns, Henry Otten, George W. Brown, William Butler, George W. Taylor, Owen Burns, Thomas Bulman, Niel Gray Mellis, Asa F. Collins, William Armer, Thomas Kearnin, Matthew Cahill, and George W. Gedney, came to their deaths by gun-shot wounds, fired by the military during the riot before the Opera House, on Thursday evening, 10th of May instant, by order of the civil authorities of the city of New-York; and that the circumstances existing at the time justified the authorities in giving the order to fire upon the mob. *We further believe that, if a larger number of the police had been ordered out, the necessity of a resort to the use of the military might have been avoided.*

"New-York, May 14, 1849.

"(Signed.)

"Jas. H. Perkins, Foreman.	Joseph W. Brewster,	Edward C. Robinson,
O. H. Wilson,	George Dawson,	William S. Smith,
Leonard H. Regur,	William Banta,	Thomas S. Miller,
James Copsey,	J. C. Baldwin,	Wm. Ballagh, Jr."
Samuel Raynor,	Leander M. Sammis,	

The jury were a long time, two and a half hours, in arriving at the

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conclusion that the deaths were justifiable at all. The verdict, as rendered, simply exculpates the military for firing in self-defence, after they were wrongfully placed in situations where their lives were endangered.

After this carnival of blood, inspired by the most infatuated folly, the grand-jury of the county made the following presentment, recommending what, if the mayor had had moral courage to do in the first instance, would have saved many lives, and our country a lasting disgrace:—

"*To the Hon. the Court of Sessions of the city and county of New-York:*

"The Grand-Jury Inquest, taking into consideration the highly excited state of the public feeling, growing out of the riot of the last twenty-four hours, would present the necessity of adopting such conciliatory measures as may tend to allay the excitement, and recommend that the performance at the Opera House be suspended for the present.

"(Signed.) JOHN CAMPBELL, *Foreman.*

"New-York, May 11, 1849."

All these transactions have cast a deep stain on the American character; and chiefly because it will be alleged that our boasted institutions are, after all, dependent on the bloody means that have cemented the reeking thrones of European despots; and it is a most melancholy circumstance, that this carnival of blood has been gloated over as a triumph of law and order—a consolation which we cannot draw from it. While our sympathies are deeply enlisted with our dead and wounded fellow-citizens, whose blood has been sacrificed to an illegal connection between government and militia, we regret that the authorities have been completely foiled in the object for which they contended, which was, the support of the actor and manager in their supposed rights. The engagement of the former was broken up, and himself a midnight fugitive from the city; while the manager has been subjected to heavy loss in the continuous closing of the house—and for this our streets have flowed with blood, and our fair name indelibly stained.

The whole difficulty has grown out of two facts—one is, that the right of the public to hiss an actor was denied; and for the first time attempted to be suppressed. The other was the illegal employment of the military to coerce citizens. There seems to be a superstition prevalent among the militia officers, that if a civil officer gives the word to fire, that it is all right. Now, the only justification for firing at all is, self-defence, and that is as good for the private firing without orders as for a platoon ordered by the police. In England there is a thing called a "riot act," which has doubtless given rise to the military traditions. That act was invented in 1714 to *abridge* the rights of citizens and to strengthen the arm of tyrany. On tunrning to it, in the English statutes at large, many singular and important features are observable. Prominent among them is the fact, that the power to take life under it could not be exercised until one hour after the proclamation contained in the act *was read by the head of the civil authority.* Previous to its enactment, life could not be legally taken at all. No allusion is made in it to the employment of the military, but, on the contrary, it refers to the necessary violence which may be employed by the police. It also distinctly recognizes the principle, that but for this act, the taking of life, even to suppress a riot, would subject the party doing it, or directing it to be done, to trial for murder; hence the

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act provides, that he shall be exempted from that liability, provided all the formalities of the act are complied with; so that it is manifest that, even under the British riot act, the parties who caused the twenty-two citizens to be shot, on the 10th of May, could not be justified, and would be subject to trial for homicide. This act has never been re-enacted here, but on the contrary, repugnant provisions were intentionally placed in our constitutions and laws, forbidding such a sacrifice of the lives of American citizens. The constitution of New-York, as well as that of all the States, expressly provides that no person shall be deprived of life unless in due process of law; and the constitution of the United States provides, that Congress shall protect against "domestic violence," a provision entirely useless, if it had been contemplated that the militia might shoot whenever they thought it necessary. Now, the English riot act provides that on one hour's notice by the "head of the civil authority," viz. the mayor, life may be taken if necessary. In the present case the mayor not only gave no notice, but personally refused to give any order to take life, and many lives were soon after taken by the militia in self-defence, as they allege. But by what "due process of law," and on what ground, were innocent lives at a distance taken? It has been well stated in a contemporary journal:—"When, in the Lord George Gordon riots in London, Newgate had been broken open, scores of houses burned, including the dwelling and library of Lord Mansfield, and the mob, thousands strong, were marching up to the Parliament House, with the avowed purpose of destroying it, Lord Mansfield, consulted by the ministry, denied the right of the king even to order the troops to fire on the people. The majority of the council decided against this opinion, and the rioters were shot down; but the correctness of the decision was questioned afterwards by Fox, in Parliament, and the exertion of military power, in such cases, is justified now rather by the plea of necessity than by the authority of law. Yet this disputed decision is all the warrant under which the magistrates in New-York acted. The constitution and the statute give no such power, for the state is chary of the lives of its citizens, and, in theory at least, recoils from these indiscriminate massacres of innocent and guilty, which, it is true, it fails on the other hand to punish, justifying its silence by the plea of necessity."

In London this is well understood, and was acted upon on the occasion of the great Chartist riots, a few years since. When a vast concourse of people advanced upon the Parliament House to change the government, no troops made their appearance; every citizen of London was deputized, and cheerfully acted as a special constable, and the danger was averted. In the bank and public offices troops were concentrated as a last resort, to preserve property, should the citizens of London, acting as special constables, be defeated by the insurgents. A shot fired, or even the presence of a soldier, might have subverted the government.

The military are liable to duty in the case of "insurrection," which signifies an armed and organized resistance to the government; but by no means signifies a number of persons collected to hiss an actor. The object of arresting persons who are disturbing the peace, is to prevent them from doing mischief—that is, destroying property and taking life. If the means employed for that purpose do ten times more mischief than the mob in its wildest excess contemplated, or could have effected, of what real value is such interference? Thirty dead bodies remain as

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monuments of the "vigor and efficiency" of the magistracy of New-York, and "two-thirds of the windows of the Opera House broken," are the evidences of the violence of the mob. Is there not an infinite disproportion between the retaliation and the provocation, even if all who were offered up to the public vengeance were guilty? The calm investigator must, however, decide, that citizens were slaughtered through the resentment of military illegally present, and that magistrates were conquered by the mob. It is argued by those who seek to justify the massacre of the 10th May, that the military are citizens, and therefore the homicides they commit are great moral examples. It is precisely because they are citizens that they should aid in enforcing the laws in a legal way. There is nothing whatever in the law recognizing their existence, that places them above the duties and responsibilities of other citizens. Spilling blood, by any parties, can only be justified as a last extremity, when no other means will stop a greater effusion. In cases of great and devastating fires, it has been customary, on responsibility of the community, to blow up buildings so situated that such a procedure will check the flames; but what would be thought of that officer, who, on the occasion of every fire, should order the demolition of all surrounding buildings for fear they would burn? The good which we hope will result from these bloody occurrences, is, that more vigor will be infused into the civil arm; that the officers of the city will be compelled rightly to estimate the responsibilities they assume upon accepting office; and that ample security will be taken, by legislative enactment, that the military shall not be called out upon every trivial occasion, when the cowardice of the proper officer prompts him to sacrifice life in order to avoid personal responsibility.

A SERENADE.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

Love, the charmer, lures me,
  At night's silent hour,
Minstrel-like to wander,
  Near thy fairy bower.
Rest, while angel visions,
  Hov'ring round thee, keep
Bright watch o'er thy slumbers,
  Fairest, dearest, sleep.

But if music tempt thee
  From thy bower to stray,
Come, my bark shall bear thee
  O'er the moonlit bay.
Gentle gales shall fan thee,
  While afar we roam,
Gentle waves shall murmur,
  Fairest, dearest, come.

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MY TRIP OVER THE ATLANTIC.

Mr. Editor:—

On leaving New-York, a month since, I pledged myself to correspond with you, through the pages of the Democratic Review, during my absence; and to exert myself actively in procuring for your readers such information of the actual state of Europe as would be at least interesting, and, perhaps, useful. Well, I am here, thanks to Providence, at Paris. I have been turning and twisting the matter, mentally, over and over again, as to what shape or form I should adopt, as best calculated to effect my object, and fulfil my promise of interesting, if not enlightening you. My intention was at first to write you nice, dapper articles of some ten pages each, on the domestic affairs of France; and the transitory condition of other European states. But this plan requires in style a certain formality, and in matter a necessary sequence, which would soon make my correspondence tiresome to me, and, perhaps, anything but attractive to your readers. Besides, it was soon evident that, with all the literary tact I could possibly bring to bear, a great deal of valuable and amusing material would escape mention, for want of a head to class it under, or for a pretext to insert it. For crude as I am in scribbling, I have observed, that something like harmony, or adaptation of parts to the whole, is necessary to whatever kind of writing—historical, romantic, descriptive, dramatic, or playful, &c., &c.—you may choose to adopt. The constant whirl and bustle I am living in, and I expect to live no where else, is at war with all rules of regularity—I mean of course in a literary sense;—and this was a moment when your readers were in extreme danger of being cut off from the smallest participation in my Parisian experiences—and which, perhaps, they may have managed to survive—for I had determined, rather than bore myself into composing deliberate essays, to wriggle out of my promise, and do something else for you by way of compensation. Just then it occurred to me there might be a compromise struck between us, which, after all, is the only satisfactory way to get through life; and I now propose it in due form.

If you will, Mr. Editor, from whatever motives you please—from amiablity or interest—agree to devote a certain portion, more or less, of the Review, each month, to my rattlings, without any stipulations in point of style or order, I will readily consent, on my part, to take up my literary quarters there, with all the easy familiarity one does in a diary; and thus, instead of memorandizing in commonplace books, I will journalize in the pages of the Review. There is only one drawback to this pleasant arrangement, so far as I am concerned; but that may be met by extreme discretion on the part of your readers:—If I should, by any chance—for with the best intentions such things occur—write or repeat what ought to be left unreported, pray let me ask the favor of its going no farther. Otherwise I may be accused by the ill-natured of bad taste, which the English, hang'em, so delight to sneer at, though it is one of their own especial failings; or I may, worse yet, get worthy people whom

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I respect, into serious difficulties, that no begging pardon will repair. You see, I hope, Mr. Editor, with your usual perspicuity, at a glance the utter propriety of my suggestion; and I beg you will take the first opportunity of hinting all this to your readers, and on their behaving towards me in the most confidential manner. And now, rid of my apprehensions, and free to roam wherever my vagrant pen invites me, and to express myself with all the off-handedness and familiar abandon of a man in a hurry, I sit me down of a lovely morning in March, in the Hotel des Princes, at Paris, and begin my "dottings down," as Willis neatly styles them.

But I should remark, *en passent*, that this rambling record of daily events will not prevent me at times making a higher flight; and perhaps I may call your attention upwards, occasionally, to the stately height of a political, or social essay, meant to be very instructive and impressive. I will give you due notice of any such formidable assault on your patience, that you may have your night-cap in readiness for a comfortable snooze over my prolixities.

I have been a week in Paris, and how I would like to dash at once at my first days' doings; but in that I would commit a grievous slight of omission, to many worthy subjects of commentary that filled up most agreeably the interval I spent on the Atlantic. A word or two first of the "Herman," and her commander, Captain Crabtree, and the many pleasant incidents that enlivened my time aboard of her.

Do you remember that dreadfully cold and snowy day, when I embarked, much against my will, in the suspected "Herman?" It was only because there was little chance of my reaching Boston in time for the Niagara, and my determination to be off at once, that I risked my esteemed self aboard a vessel that everybody considered tantamount to a wooden winding-sheet. I thought about one minute—for I never think longer about anything, you know—and I said, (who has not said it?) "it is my destiny—and here goes." Away went my baggage at once; and I followed it. I am not a fatalist; but only a few days before an event happened, which only caused me to drop my hat, but will colour my mind for life. I was of a sudden face to face with death—a horrible and instant death—without the power to resist or escape it. There it came, in the shape of an enormous mass of granite, hurled a hundred feet in the air from a quarry in blast, close by; and which I had unconsciously approached. I saw it descending right down upon me, and I turned to fly; but my feet slipping on the ice, I fell, and expected every moment to be my last. With a terrific dash it struck on an out-house, three feet from me, burying it in ruins, and shaking the earth under me As I got up, and rubbed my knee, severely bruised by my fall, I could not help dwelling on this mysterious problem, yclept, destiny. The impressive text of Dicky Allen, the famous Philadelphia negro preacher, occurred to my mind: "Wen de time comes, my brudders," he once exclaimed to his ebony congregation, "for you to die, ye mus die, and afore dat time comes, ye can't kill yerselves no how." It was under the influence of some such profound conviction that I strode aboard the "Herman," and entered my state-room, with all the grimness I would pick out a coffin, that I had reason to believe I should soon stand in need of. "We may get one, if the fates are propitious," I muttered to myself more than once, as I was arraying my traps about my cabin, "else I shall have to

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try my hand at drowning—a very chilly undertaking this time of year," I added, as I felt the steamer bumping against the heavy blocks of ice in the river. I was a good deal surprised at the size and comfort of my state-room—their over-abundance of drawers, and nice little places to put odd things away in—a great desideratum at sea, let me say. These preliminaries accomplished, I came out, and took a survey, for the first time, of the main saloon. Its great extent, form, proportions, and extreme elegance, astonished me greatly. It was painted in dazzling white, decorated richly in gold, and further adorned with fine medallions, representing on one side the scenery and monuments of Germany, and on the other those of America. The furniture was of cut velvet, and singularly graceful and commodious. A series of light torsel pillars supported the deck above, between which spacious sky-lights threw their radiance around. I walked slowly up and down this splendid apartment, examining the paintings, occasionally glancing at myself, of course accidentally, *en passant*, in the glittering mirrors which covered the two masts that ran through into the hold, until I was brimful of wonder and admiration. "Well," I exclaimed at last, "bad as this vessel may be, and destined, as no doubt she is, to go to the bottom one of these days, yet I must say that, in point of elegance and comfort, there is no saloon I ever saw aboard an ocean steamer to compare with this. That's certain." I mounted to the main deck, and was struck by its great length, unusual height from the water, and perfect security from heavy seas. Every moment my prejudices began to subside. What a pity that a vessel that has so many admirable points, should be defective in a vital part; that, in fine, she should not be fully sea-worthy. My walk of inspection was cut off by the dinner-bell. I have always had a deep aversion at sea to dining in the same saloon with sleeping-berths. Sounds and odors necessarily belong to them that are at war with appetite. But in this case the berths are, by a novel disposition, so *eloignés*, as the French say, that the groans of a poor, sea-sick wretch must be loud, indeed, to reach your startled ears. Our complement of passengers was small—some eighteen or so, which is not to be wondered at, at this time of year, together with the doubts of the safety of the steamer herself. There are at least two things in this world whose reputation must be intact to survive—and they are a vessel and a woman. The faintest breath of slander, and both are tainted mortally. From my position at the table I had a raking view of both sides, and a direct sight at the top.

The person seated there had a certain air of authority which plainly said, "I am the captain of this 'ere steamer. Does anybody doubt it?" There was all that in his manner, as he helped out the soup with a good deal of grace, casting, meanwhile, his keen, gray eye around the table, which embraced in a glance passengers, servants, and every other object that was a-mind to be looked at. The captain of a vessel at sea is really an important person. Your comforts and your personal independence are both, more or less, at his mercy, and to an American, a momentary surrender of either is a matter not utterly beneath his notice.

There was a trait in the demeanor of Captain Crabtree which I had observed was characteristic of all our American commanders—a certain sense of dignity, a good way this side of arrogance, and which naturally grew out of their position, full of grave responsibilities. But there is something more than this, hard to define, and which draws a distinction very broad

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between their manners and those of the English commanders, especially. The latter do not enjoy, evidently, the same deep consciousness of their individual equality, with all whom they may chance to encounter, as their American confrères. This is the direct result of different political institutions. The theory of the famous "British Constitution" is, that a lord is a higher and nobler thing than the captain of a commercial steamer, though the latter may chance to be, in many cases, a better bred and educated man. The consequence is, that the captains of the Cunard steamers, a fine set of men enough, have all a spice of a lord-respecting manner among them—whilst ours have not. Those things of fiction, noblemen—may see at once, the moment they come within the jurisdiction of a Yankee captain, that he must expect the same civility accorded to all the rest, but no more. This indication peeped out clear enough in the tone of our present skipper of the "Herman," and procured him my vote instanter. To my horror there was only one lady a-board, and she a bride of such new date, that she shrank from the concentrated glances of the whole ship's passengers, and regularly ran away every day the moment meals were over. To be sure she had a charming retreat, for the ladies' boudoir was a perfect gem of its kind. The loss of women's society anywhere is bad enough, but at sea the deprivation is really frightful. I turned with repugnance from the dreary prospect of contemplating bearded faces for the whole number of days it might please Providence to coop me up in such a dilemma.

Our first dinner passed off pleasantly enough. The meats were skilfully cooked, and abundant, and choice; the servants were attentive and obliging; the passengers were all for awhile under the chill of new-acquaintanceship, but gradually warmed into a little quiet chat. On my right was a neat, little man, with a face so expressive of good feeling and truth of heart, that I took a decided liking to him on the spot. He was an Englishman, but had lived much in America; so there was a chance of our occasionally agreeing. Opposite to me was a good-looking young man, whose features I had hardly time to scan before he began to turn very pale, and give infallible symptoms that his stomach was taking umbrage at the queer sea-motion, to which he declared he was, up to that hour, an entire stranger. Poor fellow! he rose and vanished, and that was the last of him; for nearly the whole voyage through I never saw him venture again on a perpendicular position. He was always crouching down in some out-of-the-way corner, and seemed apparently happy to be trodden on, at times, that he might feel there was still some vitality left. His sudden flight at the first dinner produced an unfavorable impression; for a great many valiant eaters were suddenly seized with mistrust. You could detect speculation in their eyes, as though they had began to calculate that every additional morsel swallowed would only entail just so much inevitable disgorgement; and they laid down their forks, and sat brooding in dread expectation of a summons, that, like the last trump, they felt must be obeyed. The captain talked freely, and there was a voice responded to him, on his right, that greatly captivated me. It was clear, strong, and manly. I stretched over, but it belonged to the last man on my side, and he was out of sight. There's no sea-sickness in that tone, I thought to myself, and I went on munching—listening the while to what the invisible passenger, with his clarion voice, was saying. There was extreme good sense in all he said, and remarkable simplicity

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and precision in his way of saying it. There was a correspondence which struck me between the mind and voice; and I waited till we rose from the table, to see if the outward man harmonized with the other elements. He turned out to be just what I had anticipated—a substantial, fine-looking man, with a face and expression of rare sagacity, and great elevation of sentiment. I fell into conversation with him, and was surprized at his ready information on all general subjects, and his thorough knowledge of character. He had evidently been in a good school for observation. I asked his name; and he turned out to be no other than Captain Nye, of the famous ship Independence, whose rapid flittings over the Atlantic has been the theme of so many laudatory paragraphs. But I have always heard that the success of this noble ship was not owing to the fine model only, but more to the skilful management of her vigilant commander, whilst his agreeable personal qualities rendered the "Independence," for many years, the preferred of all our famous packets. During the whole of my delightful trip in the "Herman" I kept up close companionship with Captain Nye; and, besides a pretty free exchange of lively anecdotes between us, a great deal of time was usefully employed in discussing the rival destinies henceforth of ships and steamers. I learned, with great satisfaction, that he was to take command of one of the new line of steamships from New-York to Liverpool, got up under the auspicies of that singularly energetic merchant, E. K. Collins, Esq. My enquiries were copious as to the qualities of these new vessels; and, from the particulars he furnished, I am convinced they will be the greatest wonders of the deep. Infinite pains and expense have been lavished on their strength; for their enormous timbers have not only been laid in such a fashion as to add new security, and bolted down with an endless number of iron pins, but some $35,000 additional have been spent on copper fastenings, never before employed. Captain Nye has lent all his vast experience to devising new and ingenious improvements in all that touches the comfort of passengers; and, amongst other novelties, the dining-room is to run crosswise in the forepart of the steamer. The only essential point that remains to be tested, is the efficiency of her engines. Will they be strong enough? That is beyond question from the attention bestowed on them. But will they urge vessels of their mammoth size, 3,000 tons, over the Atlantic, at the same rate of speed the smaller vessels of the Cunard line are able to attain? Should they turn out somewhat slower, they will yet be a thousand-fold superior in comfort; for the new steamers of the English line, from their desperate efforts at speed, are half the time buried in the water; and it is a common thing, in rough weather, to find yourself cut off, for days together, from the use of the deck, whilst all below is damp and wet. And this is not the worst of it either; for such is the haste of the Cunard vessels to get on, that they risk their safety constantly in the perilous navigation of the Nova Scotia coast. Every one of the old line has run on the dangerous breakers that abound in that unhospitable region; and not unfrequently have they crossed the broad Atlantic trusting entirely to their pumps to keep them afloat. This, if desired, can easily be substantiated; but good care is taken that such terrible facts are kept out of the English newspapers, whilst ample advertisement is readily afforded to any disasters that befall our own steamships. This is the result of rivalry, but not a fair way of showing it. The Cunard steamers are noble vessels, and admirably

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appointed; but a few hours, more or less, in the length of their passages, are nothing, compared to the awful dangers they are constantly incurring by their precipitate haste. I have crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, and feel myself authorized by experience to give a bit of advice to all sea-travellers hereafter; and that is simply to go direct from New-York or Boston to Europe, without risking the numberless perils of stopping at Halifax, where the treacherous currents and skulking breakers diminish vastly the chances of getting safely over. *Verbum sap.*

To return to the "Herman." I examined this fine vessel with extreme minuteness from top to bottom, fore and aft. I even went poking one day, with a strong fit of "nothing to do" on me, down into a capacious coal-hole, and yet I could find nothing to excite my suspicions, or to justify doubts, whilst a thousand new charms were developing themselves every day. I shall not soon forget my joy, one rainy, wet afternoon, when I felt a repugnance to go below, and yet could invent no other place to go to. I started off in desperation from the engine-room, where the heat and smell are not always agreeable, when opening a door, by mistake, I found myself—where does the reader suppose?—why, in a downright, orthodox "barber's shop," with its rows of pigeon-holes and white shaving pots; its commodious washing basins, and capacious chair, securely strapped to the floor. These paraphernalia were nicely railed off from another portion of the room that was encircled with luxurious sofas, and hung round in the most approved style, with engravings of our prominent New-York hotels. Of all snuggeries, that "barber's shop," in wet weather or dry, surpassed anything I ever met at sea.

The days of my voyage glided over with singular rapidity, and for the first time in my life I caught myself regretting its early close—there was so much unusual comfort, undoubtedly enhanced by the small number of passengers, and their very agreeable character. There was so much pleasant conversation; such nice eating and drinking; a good deal of walking; and a little light reading. But nothing in my own case afforded such intense delight, as the chances on every side of lounging away the time—sometimes with my head over the bulwarks, watching the regular revolutions of the paddle-wheel, and at others staring vacantly at the stove-pipe, and wondering how its fiery redness at parting had turned so snowy white under the familiar caresses of the waves. For the first time I caught a true appreciation of that Lazaroni luxury, *dolce far niente;* and it is worth working hard, as I had done for the two previous years, to discover all the enjoyment concealed in the deep recesses of downright idleness. Having been all my life that worthless thing, a man of leisure, I knew nothing of the pleasure of idleness, from being always so; no more than a rich man born, knows of the happiness of being rich. But two years of incessant application was now recompensed by the sweets I found in indolence that conscience acquiesced in.

I ought not to miss this occasion of making my acknowledgments, for many pleasant hours of converse with our consul at Basle, Switzerland, Mr. Goundie, whose vicinity to Germany, and strong republican sympathies, had kept him constantly informed of all the late movements there, to set up an improved order of things. He was well-acquainted with all the popular leaders of distinction—Hecker, (now in the United States,) Struve, and Herwig. He described them all as good men, and true; nor yet of that rash and reckless temperament which the turn of events had

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induced many to think them. It was clear enough from facts he detailed, that Hecker was entrapped, by thoughtless partisans, into heading the uprising, which he was assured required only his presence to make universal and enthusiastic. It turned out differently, for the people had not yet made up their minds what course to take, and they very wisely demurred not to put their heads out only to be shot at. Some few bold and hardy fellows did, and Hecker imprudently, but bravely, threw himself into the revolutionary current, hoping for the best. He failed, and was obliged to expatriate himself, whilst poor Struve and the rest were seized, imprisoned, and will, doubtless, be condemned to languish long in Austrian dungeons. There is one great gain that Hecker will derive from his residence in the United States, and it is a want essentially needed by all the republican chiefs of Europe, and that is a practical acquaintance with democratic institutions, their structure, their working, and their clear and positive results. The misfortune which attended all the brilliant, marvellous successes of the popular cause in Germany, Italy, and France, in the year 1848, was that when the people had the sovereign power in their hands, their leaders were incapable of telling them how to employ it, and so the chance—the blessed chance was lost, and re-action necessarily set in. The masses were compelled to re-adopt the old system more or less, because no new one had been offered them instead. There is no public man on either side, monarchical or popular, who has any correct idea of the sort of govermental system at present adapted to the altered and enlightened condition of Europe. It is not sufficient to recommend them as a model our own constitutions, state or federal, but an intimate practical knowledge there is necessary to show when and how they can be applied in part to the different moral and physical situation of European communities. This is the advantage Hecker will not fail to derive from his residence amongst us; and I yet look forward to his being President of the German Confederation, after he has, in a convention of all the German States, been the proposer of a lasting federal constitution for his fatherland. To come back to Mr. Goundie, there is a part of his character which arrested my admiring attention. He had lived several years already abroad, and instead of losing, as I am ashamed to say many of our official representatives do, his pure Americanism, he had only grown more and more convinced of the truth and justice of our glorious principles. Yes, it is true, and lamentable, that not a few of our diplomatic and consular functionaries become blinded by the false glare of monarchical pomp, and finding themselves, of a sudden, participating in the luxuries and voluptuousness of a pampered class, they grow intoxicated, and begin to doubt whether plain, ungilded democracy is, after all, the *summum bonum* they had hitherto taken it for. They lose their republican nerves in the presence of regal splendor, and inhale with thoughtless eagerness the poisonous infection which makes the atmosphere of courts and palaces. There are now, and have been other ludicrous instances of this, where noisy ranters at home about liberty and equality, have found their ideas abroad singularly metamorphosed. I don't mean, of course, to be personal, and still less do I mean to include in this serious charge the whole of our foreign corps abroad. By no means, for the mass of them is sound; but there are always some who exemplify the French proverb, *les extremes se touchent*, and who, from

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violent republicanism, set off with great alacrity in the opposite direction. *Fecit qui capit.*

I remember, that when our voyage began to exceed twelve days, enquiries naturally arose as to the time of getting in. Captain Crabtree made no secret of his opinion on that point, and he promised us, at least, sixteen or seventeen days. The murder was now out, and I saw why the "Herman," with all her excellence as a sea vessel, was constantly cried down as a steamer. I was resolved to investigate for myself the meaning of this inferiority, and I set about it methodically. I had kept a close eye the whole time on the engines, and nothing could, certainly, behave better than they did. Their action was steady, and regular alike in storm and calm, nor were they stopped the whole way for a single repair. But I will plainly state, that I don't like their structure. The parts are all too long, and might, without objection, be heavier. The piston has a ten foot stroke, and eight or nine is plenty at sea. It is a different thing altogether from the North River, that truly fierce and capricious ocean, with its mammoth waves striking with a force that makes wood and iron shiver and shake again. The engines of the "Herman" too, are higher up in the vessel than they need be, but they are so abundantly secured that this hardly amounts to a fault. On the whole, they are now in a condition to impel the "Herman" as they did last June, over the Atlantic, in eleven days and twenty hours. Well, what was the reason then, that we must take seventeen days to do the same thing. Some of our weather had been bad enough, but not to explain this delay. The secret at last leaked out—we had come to sea with an insufficient supply of coals; and this disgraceful oversight was the sole fault of the company, which, from the start, has shamefully mismanaged the fine steamers of this Bremen line. I think it right to employ strong language on this occasion, for not merely is it a matter of vital importance to the property and lives of passengers, that a steam vessel should be carefully supplied with fuel, but every American has suffered deep annoyance at the repeated failure of these steamers, which our English rivals, naturally enough, have been ever ready to laugh at. It is well both for the stockholders and for the country to know where the fault lies, and I beg to point with steady finger at the blundering directors who have hitherto trifled with the interests of this noble enterprise. The agent, Mr. Mills, is an efficient and experienced man, and Capt. Crabtree, of the "Herman," is not only capable of managing his vessel, as few others could do, but of managing the company too; but the very worthy and complacent gentlemen, who have the final and only say in the matter, will take no advice from either, and the consequence is very plain, they have well-nigh ruined the line, and brought discredit on the nation. For the eye of the world is on the Atlantic, and English and American steamers are struggling there for the supremacy. I don't mean to assert, that because the committee of direction is mostly German, and less informed in nautical matters than their brother Yankees, that they have for that reason bungled so abominably; but how can people who are not captains of vessels, and are, therefore, ignorant of ten thousand details that affect a vessel's safety and speed at sea—how can they, I ask, arrogate to themselves plenary knowledge, and refuse to listen to common sense, without running themselves into trouble, and unluckily drag a good many after them? In our case, instead of filling in a large supply of coals,

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these economical marplots put on board an enormous amount of cedar timber for Bremen, whose freight was not worth the trouble of loading it. There was not room enough for coal, and we should have got out half way over, but the Captain slackened speed, and measured out his coal almost by the bushel. In this way our passage was lengthened to seventeen, instead of thirteen or fourteen days. And what caps the climax of this stupid conduct in the directors, is that Capt. Crabtree not only represented what the result would be, but took the pains to write down his written protest and prediction. The upshot of it all was, that the steamer was obliged to put into Southampton, and throw away a $1000 on coal, lose a day in doing it, and then fail in keeping her regular day on her return trip. I have made this *exposé* for the benefit of all parties concerned. It is a pity to see the interests of individuals, and the destinies of these noble steamers sacrificed, without entering a *caveat* in the straight-forward, but inoffensive way I have done.

The gradual substitution of steamers for sailing vessels on the Atlantic, is destined to effect marvellous revolutions of all kinds, political, commercial, and social, by abridging at least one-third the time formerly consumed in passing from Europe to America. From the many pleasant stories I listened to every day over the dinner table, there was still another result likely to follow the gradual abandonment of the famous New-York "Liners," for it was pretty plain that the romance of life at sea was well-nigh over. The somewhat long period of four and six weeks that was formerly the duration of an Atlantic passage, naturally led to a deal of friendly companionship amongst the passengers, that often ripened into close acquaintance and enduring friendship; and not unfrequently have these casual rencontres on sea-board been the arena of active courtship, terminating in the haven of matrimony. By-the-bye, I may remark, there is no ordeal for character like that of a sea-voyage; the inspection is so close, and the exposure so constant, that whatever defects may escape detection on land, from the studied reserve which people may easily assume for a few hours, but which wears out in many days, that the true disposition of an individual may be very accurately discovered, if the observer is at all competent to form an opinion. Therefore, it may well be recommended to all suspicious bachelors, to induce their *bella inamorata* to make one trip to Liverpool, and if that trial turns out satisfactorily, they may fear no disappointment in their best hopes in all else. Another reason why a sea voyage is more favorable, perhaps, to the fermentation of the tender passion is, that dearth of all other employment leaves both sexes to the rude mercy of each other's relative attractions, and for the want of something else, I will not say, better to do, they begin for amusement-sake to try them on each other. My English friend whom I spoke of above, related, with a certain degree of reserve, a story in illustration of the above reflections, suggested by it, that were I in search of incidents for a Magazine Tale, at so many dollars a page, I could easily contrive to work up into a narration that could hardly fail to be interesting, if it stopped short of the *thrilling* effect that seems indispensible in these days for a successful story. Singers and writers must *thrill* well, or there is no hope for either. Mr. H——, it appears, was running over to New-York, in the crack ship "Yorkshire," I won't say when, exactly, for the parties are all living; but it was considerably this side a hundred years ago. It was fine summer weather, and the ship was

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crowded with agreeable people. After a few days dedicated to Neptune, and the odious worship he exacts from the most rigid stomachs, people began to settle their faces, comb their hair, and return to a consciousness that they were human beings, subject to all the exigencies of the nineteenth century.

My hero in question, who, though a very quiet man, and a strictly moral one, yet, like many of that ilk, is none the less an ardent admirer of all pretty women, was not among the last to discover that, amongst a whole bevy of lovely creatures, there was a couple, two sisters, of surpassing beauty. His reminiscences on this point were somewhat painful, and he withheld such exact description of their separate merits, as to disable me from furnishing a true portrait of the shape of their heads, the color of their hair—in a word, as sailor's say, of "the cut of their jibs." Were I writing a tale, I should invent all this; but I will take no such liberties with my confiding readers. Mr. H—— dwelt more emphatically on their peculiar dispositions; and from these much may be inferred. The elder was a somewhat haughty beauty—her head was erect, her step commanding, her gesture decided, and her dark eye (they *must* have been dark) flashed at contradiction. The passengers soon gave her the *sobriquet* of the "countess." She was of mettle far too imperious to do more than attract the admiring but distant glances of my shy friend of Birmingham. But her sister, the fair Jessy, (she could be no other than fair) was in everything a contrast to the proud countess. Her nature was soft, her voice so sweet, and her eye so languishing. No one was afraid to approach *her;* but my friend, utterly reckless of consequences, took exquisite delight in daily abandoning himself to the wild intoxication of her seductive charms. There was, from all accounts, a tremendous struggle, amongst a crowd of pretenders, for the arms of these bewitching syrens, when they manifested the smallest disposition to walk, the deck; but, at last, the superior claims of two lucky individuals were recognized, and submitted to by the murmuring throng of discontents. These were my narrator, and another person, whose country I forget—a Spaniard, I think, who spoke all languages, sang all schools of music, and shone incomparable in manners, dress, and *savoire vivre*, to say nothing of well-trimmed whiskers, and "a love of a moustache," as the ladies say. I should not omit to mention one incident that would do for the pathetic part of the story, if it were intended for a magazine, as aforesaid. There was a good, honest-souled German aboard, that, totally unfit as he was to compete with the accomplished Spanish Don, and otherwise ill-adapted to meet the requirements of the aspiring "countess," nevertheless lost all control of himself, and fell head over heels in desperate love with her. His only joy was to sit anywhere, and regard her; but his daily agony was to witness the devotion of the detested but favored Don. He buried all his tumultuous emotions in the sympathetic breast of Mr. H——, who was so happy in his suit with Jessy, that he could afford a little consolation to the victimized German. "One day," said H——, "I went into his state-room. It was just after dinner, on the fourth of July, when I had been called on to make a speech. Poor Sour-crout was lying in his berth, the big tears rolling down his cheeks; when he saw me he leaped up, and cried, 'Oh, what would I not have given—all that I am worth in the world—if I had been in your place to-day, only for a minute!' "Why?" I asked in surprise. 'Why, did you not see—did you not feel,

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that *her* eyes were upon you? *She* was gazing on you—the heartless, adorable creature—and you did not know it. Oh, if it had been me!' and he broke out into violent sobs. "I should add," continued H——, that he had been drinking some wine; and as he began to make savage faces, and swear he would go on deck, and butcher the Spaniard on the spot, I thought it prudent to lock him up."

After a delightful passage of some weeks, the "Yorkshire" furled her fluttering sails, of a lovely evening in August, in New-York Bay. Whilst all the rest were excited at the thought of reaching the shore, and were busy at their baggage, the countess and the gallant cavalier, Jessy and her not less devoted suitor, were pacing the deck in silence—a prey to profound emotion. "What the Spaniard thought or said, I don't know," remarked H——, "nor am I disposed to say all that escaped my trembling lips; whilst Jessy was speechless, and seemed absorbed in pensive thought. Her bright eyes wandered over the bay; and sometimes, I thought, they appeared to search for some expected object. Alas, poor girl! I reflected, she is musing on the morrow, perchance, the day of an expected separation forever. She little dreams that my intentions are resolved, and——. Just then a small steamer, from New-York, drew up alongside the "Yorkshire;" and in a minute more a couple of handsome young men, Englishmen evidently, jumped aboard, whom the "countess" and Jessie espying, uttered, both of them, a shriek of joy, and threw themselves headlong into their open arms. The Spaniard and I stood amazed." "Did she ever tell you they had brothers," I asked him. "Never, the minx," he replied. The two young ladies, and their amiable mother, all from Scotland, I should have said, and bound for Canada, immediately descended with their gay escort into the steamer, merely throwing us, bewildered by all we saw, a careless 'adieu, adieu,' the levity of whose tone froze our very vitals, and away they all went to the city. How we spent the night, I don't want to remember; but next morning the avalanche, that had been the whole time, little to our knowledge, impending over our heads, came down in one awful crash; for picking up the newspaper, almost the first paragraph ran thus:—'Quite romantic.—Last evening, after the arrival of the ship "Yorkshire," in our harbor, from Liverpool, two lovely young ladies, who were passengers, Miss —— and Miss ——, were married to Hon. ———, and ———, Esq., their betrothed of some years standing; and who had been awaiting for some days, with intense anxiety, their arrival at New-York.' I fell back, thunderstruck, in my chair. My door flew open, and the Spaniard shot in like a wild bull that had first escaped from baiting. He held a newspaper in his hand, which he extended towards me—and I held up mine. It was a moment when our two portraits should have been taken; for our faces were probably never before or since filled with so much expression. Of a sudden I heard loud peals of laughter, which grated on my nerves like a file; and in rolled, his eyes dancing with delight, the former *cut* and desponding German—now glorying in the abasement of his rival, who fled at his approach."

This story, told with great *naiveté* by Mr. H——, who still smarted under his wounds, was greatly relished by us passengers, those who heard it, on board the "Herman," and made us all regret somewhat less that the short trips of a steamer, together with double and treble the former number of travellers, renders these "romantic events," of the olden tim e far less common, or possible.

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A couple of days before the end of our journey I sat myself down to write. I had got so full of steamships, and all thereunto appertaining, that I was determined to give way to my cogitations in a formal, deliberate manner. I felt that little was yet known on the subject, and that much might be written with advantage. A quiet, but earnest competition was going on between England and the United States for the mastery of the Atlantic, and though we had but just entered the field, it was beyond doubt that we should soon overtake our elder rival. I thought the subject a worthy one for the pages of the "Review," and I began what follows. Whether it is so dreadfully interesting as to inspire regrets that I never finished it, remains to be seen; but the pleasure of doing nothing, for a few hours longer, enticed me away, and so, after a few abortive efforts to sit still and go on, I threw down my pen, and went to work story-telling with Captain Nye, who was near at hand. I think, Mr. Editor, there will be some utility in giving this first scratching of a grand topic, yet to be dug to the bottom, for it may, perchance, induce some of your contributors, far more capable, (why not yourself,) to take up my disjointed remarks, and make a standard essay for consultation hereafter. I headed my intended article thus:—

"THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN ENGLISH AND AMERICAN STEAMSHIPS."

All nations seem fully aroused, at length, to the conveniences and multitudinous advantages of a steam marine. But there is something more than mere commercial rivalry, which is at the bottom of the steady and earnest exertions making by England and the United States, not only to add continually to their steam force, but to obtain full and familiar acquaintance with all the mysteries of this novel and difficult mode of navigation. It is sufficiently proved by history, that no European country can successfully contest the supremacy England has so long maintained on the ocean; but an instinctive consciousness seems to possess her, that she has, at last, encountered a competitor for her briny honors, who is likely to dispel the prestige which has loved hitherto to encircle her brow, and who may, perchance, succeed by skilful and determined effort to the sovereign heirship of the sea god's trident. The peculiar geographical position of England seems to have marked her out amongst all other nations as destined for the chief control of the ocean, for her insular situation, surrounded on every side by seas of magnitude, has compelled her, from earliest times, to active and regular efforts at sea navigation. In consequence, her maritime population has always exceeded in numbers and nautical experience that of all other countries of Europe, and has been the palpable and natural cause of her superior success on that element. But the necessity which drove the first inhabitants of the United States to face, undismayed, the varied dangers of the fearful deep in quest of a new home in the wilderness, seemed to inspire them with a greater regard for an element which treated them with less harshness than their fellow men. From the earliest days, therefore, of our colonial history, the hardy sons of New-England displayed a hereditary fondness for naval enterprise, and so rapid was their acquisition, both of experience and skill, that in the maritime contests between England and France, they were able to render effectual aid to the triumphant cause of their mother-country. It is a highly interesting

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subject of study to watch the early and precocious development of our naval force, and which has been graphically and most ably treated by one of our leading national writers, Fennimore Cooper; but I will pass over this more distant period to take a hasty glance at the wonders it performed, amid the astonishment of the world, in our second war with England. Though judiciously inadequate in numbers to contend with the myriad fleets of the haughty mistress of the seas, yet, to her mortification, and, even to our own surprise, it was soon discovered, that in every qualification of seamanship, which had hitherto constituted her main advantage over other nations, that the youthful American navy was in no respect inferior, whilst it displayed no lack of that proud confidence, so often the secret of success, the natural offspring of conscious skill. They met with grim composure the arrogant onset of their world-renowned foe, and by manœuvreing as skilful, and gunnery more precise and deadly, they soon changed the taunts and ridicule of their supercilious adversary into exclamations of frenzy and imprecations of hate. It was soon apparent, from the results of numerous contests, that we had overtaken the English nation in a path of triumph, where, of all others, it was most vital to her interests that she should stand alone and peerless. But there was still a difficulty in the way of our successful rivalry which seemed insuperable, and threatened to leave, perhaps, for long years, the sovereign rule of the ocean in the tyrannical hands which had so grossly abused it, and which consisted in the vast superiority in numbers of the English marine, and our utter inability to cope with those immense resources, in capital and men, which enabled her to increase it at her will, and to an unlimited extent. At this moment—how strange the dispensation, as though Providence had decreed our final ascendancy—it was reserved for the inventive genius of our own favored land to bring forth a new mechanism, which, by its wonderful efficacy and transcendent merits, at once superseded all existing advantages, and placed every nation on a broad level of equality. The steam-engine reared its ponderous but symmetrical form, and bid all mankind awake to the glorious contemplation of its usefulness and complete adaptation to their varied wants. Nature herself was rudely aroused by this extraordinary apparition, for, with the shrill snorting of the war-horse it seemed to cry to her, "Yield thee, O nature, to the ordinations of thy Creator! for with my advent man becomes thy master. All difficulties of space and time henceforth disappear, for with my iron wings, which know neither fatigue nor weakness, I will overspread both land and sea. I will penetrate to thy darkest recesses in the bowels of the earth, and drag forth unexhausted thy richest treasures. I will ascend with unfaltering step thy proudest mountains, and ride securely on the fiercest billows of the enraged ocean. Resist me not, for my strength is matchless; fly me not, for my speed scorns distance. Yield thee, O nature! for thy hour has come."

These last words were prophetic, for with them my nature gave way, and I betook myself to other occupations as intimated, more congenial than penny-a-lining was just at that moment.

On Thursday, March 8th, we entered the British channel, and it was a right pleasant sight to see the waters, right and left, thickly sprinkled over with busy craft, bound in and out on their several errands of industrious gain. I have been so much accustomed of late years to visit Eu-

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rope, that the first sight of its shores have ceased to produce that moving effect that, of yore, they were sure to awaken. But even now I could not contemplate them with utter indifference, for the extraordinary events of last year had imparted a new and deeper interest to the old world, and I could almost fancy, as the breeze came fluttering off the land, that it brought with it echoes of the deadly struggle that the long-oppressed and infuriated masses had at length undertaken against their hated task-masters. I longed for a newspaper, that it might give me news of recent events, for every day now brings forth whole pages of history, and I had lost, in coming away before the arrival of the last steamer, full four weeks of, doubtless, important occurrences. It was my purpose to devote myself, from the hour of my landing, to the most earnest investigation of the contest between the upper and lower classes of Europe now raging, and never to close but in the final subjugation of the aristocracies to the will and wants of the people. The temporary lulls that may occur at times, superficial observers may consider as re-actions; but it will be seen by the results, that the masses of Europe intend to have a large share hereafter in the management of their own affairs. Whether it may happen that by dint of trickery the monarchies may win sufficient numbers over to their side to bolster them up in their tyrannical career; and whether the people, for want of enlightened and honest leaders, may be compelled to endure yet for some little time longer the refusal of their demands, are both contingencies that the future can alone resolve. But it is an object of immense importance, in either case, that the American people should be fully informed of the true nature of the present troubles agitating Europe. It is not more important for the destinies of the world than it is supremely difficult for America to obtain this information. Where is it to be found? Assuredly not in the European press: least of all, in the English journals. The whole of this cohort is under the direct influence of an aristocratic society, whose wealth and influence it dares not, if it were so inclined, resist. Perhaps the only paper published abroad that can be at all depended upon for correct political or general information, is that of "Wilmer & Smith's European Times." From its peculiar position, published in England, but meant for American circulation, the proprietors recognize the wisdom of a perfect impartiality. At least, such is always its motives, I am persuaded, and when led into error, it is less from want of sympathy, I doubt not, with the popular cause, than from the universal misrepresentations of European journalism.

The honest disposition manifested by this well-conducted journal to convey fair and accurate impressions of events, induces me to put it on its guard against some of the Jesuitical phrases of the day. For instance, the monarchical press of England, the *Times*, *Chronicle*, *Post*, &c., constantly employ the expression of "the cause of order," as identical with monarchy, whilst it is their policy to apply the term "anarchy" to all righteous efforts on the part of the people to obtain their just demands. This monstrous abuse of terms is meant to mislead public opinion, and in the United States, so far removed from the scene of action, it is highly important that our public should be warned against this pitiful deceit of the enemies of the people. It is not, of course, for the interest of a journal, like that of Wilmer & Smith's, intended for American patronage chiefly, to fall into the traps of these hypocrites; and a little vigilance

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only will suffice to preserve them. I have been for several years the constant reader of this excellent journal, whose compilations of foreign news are unsurpassed, and this is the only shadow of a fault I have ever detected. It is of paramount importance to the United States that the "European Times" should give an unbiassed interpretation of the daily history of Europe, for its influence over the American press is beyond question. Entire columns of its news are immediately transferred on arrival to our journals on the sea-board, and are thence spread over the whole surface of our vast confederacy. When the public of America know that they may place full reliance on the unprejudiced statements of a press in the happy position of the "European Times," its power and fortunes repose on a solid and durable basis. We commend this journal heartily to the personal perusal of those who seek direct and complete information of all great European events.

We went steaming finely along the channel on the said 8th of March, and after dinner, on the same day, I had my last wrangle with my English neighbor on the right. He was so good-natured, and otherwise agreeable, that I departed from my usual custom of avoiding argumentation with people I differ from, and I was in the daily habit, to the amusement of the passengers, of discussing with Mr. H—— the comparative merits of our opposite systems of government, aristocratic and democratic. As my studies had taken this direction, I was more familiar with the subject, and readier, therefore, with arguments and facts. Besides, it is much the easiest side to demonstrate the superior truth of democracy, for it advocates the rights and welfare of all, whilst aristocracy is only the cause of a class. Yet, my English adversary, whilst he frequently admitted, with that specious candor which is so English, that I was right in my views, still he clung in spite of demonstration and logic with a tenacity, which results from education and prejudice, to his own dear English oligarchy, at once the most oppressive and arrogant of all systems of government. My friend belonged to the manufacturing class of England, which is accustomed to exercise a despotic and irresponsible power over vast bodies of men; and under the aristocratic habits of that country, there is so broad a sense of inequality amongst classes, that the manufacturer loves to revel in the consciousness of his feudal superiority, and to regard the men in his employ, and entirely subject to his will, as so many subject vassals of the olden time. Under our institutions no such sentiments can exist on either side, for the possession of equal political rights gives to the workman a sense of independence which rescues him from serfdom, whilst the employer must rely upon his real merits of education and conduct for ascendancy over one his inferior in fortune. This is a natural state of things, and therefore lasting, whilst the English and European structure of society is founded only on the ignorance of the masses of their true position, and with their progressive enlightenment it must pass away. It is next to impossible apparently to beat these truths into the head of an Englishman—that is, of the middle classes—for they like to lord it over the lower classes, even as they are rode upon by the upper aristocracy. The English are very fond of boasting of their "British Independence" and nationality; as far as other countries are concerned, there is such a sentiment, but individually it exists not. On the contrary, there is something that, to an American eye, smacks of the intensely servile in their souls, else why do they bow their heads with so

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cringing a sense of inferiority before that fiction of their laws, styled a lord. The English at home are so much accustomed to be treated *du haut en bas*, to be regarded with supercilious indifference by their nobility, that they avenge themselves abroad by an impertinent assumption of national superiority, which betrays itself not only in many ridiculous airs, but in a spirit of bitter depreciation. For this reason, they are of all nations the most cordially disliked. What a pity that a people endowed with so many rare virtues, should be so *dénaturé*, so deformed by a vicious political constitution.

All the latter part of our passage it had been queried, whether we should get in before the departure of the Cunard steamer on the 10th, and our chances were so promising on the 8th, that Captain Nye, who was anxious to return in her, since his only object had been to cross in an American, and go back in an English steamer, began to talk of landing somewhere on the English coast the ensuing morning, and striking a bee-line, as they say in the West, for Liverpool. My Birmingham friend decided on accompanying him. This first breaking up of our small and harmonious party was looked on by all of us with great regret, and out of deference to the occasion, we all assembled about ten the previous evening "to drink a bumper at parting," though we had, up to this moment, been the most remarkably temperate set I had ever seen at sea.

The champagne went sparkling round, and we all grew merry under its genial inspiration. It is a time-honored custom, as all Atlantic travellers know, on the last day of the passage, to devote an hour or so after dinner to speechifying, beginning with the captain's health. It is always evident on these occasions that mischief is brewing from the musing manner and constrained air of those who premeditate opening the floodgates of their eloquence. But in contemplating the smiling physiognomies of all gathered around our festive board, I could easily perceive that not the first phrase of a speech had been engendered in a single brain present. Captain Crabtree began to grow talkative, and was spinning yarns. Captain Nye was, in his usual clear and forcible way, expressing his opinion about something. None of the others were otherwise occupied than sipping their wine, cutting up their cold beef, and listening to a racy anecdote. I love a prank, especially of that kind that comes under the heading of "unrehearsed stage-efforts." I delight in getting people into amusing difficulties, and enjoy vastly their plunges and struggles in getting back to land again. This, then, was an admirable opportunity for the gratification of this roguish propensity. I rapped suddenly two or three times on the table with the handle of my knife, and it had the effect of a thunder-clap. Every face changed expression in a moment, for nobody knew whose turn it would be to ward off a complimentary allusion in an unprepared reply. Captain Crabtree for the first time lost something of his usual serenity, but I saw he was preparing to make fight, come when the blow might. But it was not there I intended my assault, which everybody expected. Captain Nye was singled out as my victim, which he little dreamt of, as he sat there secretly enjoying his neighbor Crabtree's unexpected visitation. I should premise that it was an immense effort on my part to undertake this oratorical adventure. From a strange timidity, I had never overcome, I had always shrunk from a speech; and if it had been necessary to get up in a formal way and deliver my sentiments, I should infallibly have abandoned my fun.

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But I did nothing more than sit still, and rattle off what I had to say as fast as I could pelt, and then give myself up to the diversion which followed. When Captain Nye found himself the object of my glorification, he started in astonishment, and assumed such a look of lively humor, that it liked to have put me out of countenance. He got up at last, after everybody had done applauding. He hemmed two or three times; pulled down his waistcoat, then leaned over on the table, and said, "Gentlemen, this is really——" He stopped, and took a fig out of a plate before him, and when he got it in his mouth, he looked as if he wished it was anywhere but there. After gulping it down at the risk of choking, he began again, and what with looking down the table and up, he managed to collect his ideas. Anybody may be thrown off his balance, but Captain Nye is not a man to stay off long. So he made a good speech, and toasted Captain Crabtree. "I suppose I must stand up too," he said as he rose, though it was palpable that he would have, a thousand times, preferred doing the very opposite. "It is usual," he continued, "on the last day of a passage to be called on in this way, but I beg to assure you this is quite unexpected." And that is just why, I said to myself, that I set the ball a-going. My manufacturing friend was the next sufferer, and so intense were his apprehensions, that he would have slipped off, as some did, but I held him fast by the button-hole, with assurances that he was in no danger. His embarrassment when called on was ludicrous beyond measure. He writhed and twisted in his effort to drag up an idea till he got one of his legs over his bench, which at last brought him down. He grasped and squeezed his unfortunate wine-glass till I thought it would cry out. The best of the fun was, that he would stick fast in the middle of a sentence, when, after sundry pulls at his leg and severe pressure of his glass, he would go off with such a jerk as to go clear over into the middle of another clause, when he was brought up, wordless, as before. This was the richest thing of the whole. The work went bravely on, and self-immolation was the order of the night. I was congratulating myself on the complete success of my mirthful conceit, when Captain Nye, with an emphasis of manner that forebode an act which he had calmly meditated, called on the gentlemen to fill their glasses. What's coming now, thought I, looking round for more unfortunates. With a sly wink, as though he knew the force of the missile he was going to throw, the Captain began eulogizing me in the most extravagant manner. I was thunder-struck; for having made my poor apology of a speech at the beginning, it never occurred to me that by any accident I should be called on afterwards. Whilst I was undergoing this terrible process of being toasted, my sensations were novel and most excruciating. Remorse for what I had inflicted on others first seized me; followed soon by a crushing sense of the necessity of mounting into the same pillory, I lost myself so completely that the table began to swim, the glasses to dance, and everything to whirl round, till I could neither hear nor see. I don't know when my tormentor stopped, but I felt myself called on by the whole table, and I rose with a profound consciousness that I had not an idea in my head, not even a word in sight to help express it. To my astonishment, the moment I found myself standing I recovered my composure. Nothing else saved me. I began with coolness to observe that I had nothing to say, and was setting to work to prove it, when—I shall never forget, nor forgive it—I was interrupted by Captain Crabtree, and

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requested politely to get out from between the table and bench, where I felt pretty safe, and take an open place on the floor, where he added, "I could stand up as nature made me." This was an ordeal that would have been trying to an old hand, and it was tremendously so to me. But my courage happily rose with the occasion, and invoking my better genius, I threw myself headlong into a sea of phrases, and without hearing a word of what I said any more than if my ears had been stopped, I managed to splash on, till I sat down, warmly applauded for what they were pleased to call an excellent speech. From that day to this, I never could recall a single word of what I uttered, which has perplexed me greatly. For my memory is a strong one; so much so, that I once carried in my head for a couple of days, before I wrote them down, three long and remarkable conversations with Chateaubriand, De Tocqueville and Baron Charles Dupin; and yet my mind never retained the faintest trace of what escaped it on this occasion. One most satisfactory result, however, has succeeded this maiden attempt of mine at a speech. I had always looked forward to any such mischance as a dreaded rock I was sure to split on; but since the moment I was thrown bump up against it, without even time to think of a *fender*, and escaped a wreck, I have ceased to regard the peril with anything like the same fear; and should I ever be compelled to face it again, I will at least mount the breach with intrepidity, though I may sink in the effort.

At 11 o'clock on the 9th of March we entered the harbor of Southampton, and in a minute after we were boarded by our well-known consul at this place, who likewise fills the responsible situation of agent of this line.

He was an old acquaintance of mine, though many years had elapsed since we had met. He remembered my face and name instantly; but for some time mistook me for a cousin of the same name, and similar appearance. This laughable error of his, led to some diverting confusion of dates, facts, and places; and though I undertook to explain *á plusieurs reprises*, which was the real *Dromio*, I left him, I think, at last in doubt on this main point. Such was my lively anxiety to get the news, that at midnight I accompanied Mr. Croskey on shore, as he assured me a glimpse of the London papers of that day at his office. To my surprise I found the streets of Southampton covered with a thin coating of snow; and a sharp, cutting wind helped to revive, rather unpleasantly, my American reminiscences of the climate I had just left behind me. It was a treat, and a new sensation, to find myself on solid earth again; but it was difficult to convince myself that it was really stationary, such was the strong sense of undulation I had brought with me from off the sea. For the sake of a short cut the consul proposed to cross a park, and set me the example of leaping lightly over its enclosure. Though no bad hand at such exercises, I found it impossible to gather steadiness sufficient for the feat, and was compelled ingloriously to abandon it. True to his word, I no sooner found myself within his comfortable quarters, than my friend placed in my hands a copy of the "Times," of that day. I devoured its contents; but they turned out quite meagre. Things were pretty generally in the state that the last dates had left them in England, in statu quo; France murmuring, but tranquil; Italy agitated, but undecided; Germany taking breath; Russia abiding her time. It was singular, the magical effect of that ten minutes' perusal of a newspa-

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per. My mind, which had lain for some two weeks in a refreshing state of inactivity, almost approaching to torpor, was in an instant aroused to violent action. Ideas, recollections, and speculations—covering the present, past, and future—all took wing like a covey of startled quails at the sound of a gun, and began fluttering, jostling, and crossing each other in dire confusion—in which lamentable condition they are like to remain till I go to sea again.

It is only when out of the circle of the daily press that my faculties fold their pinions, and take to their nest. In returning to the "Herman," I passed several neat English inns, that had such a clean and comfortable look, that I wondered I could withstand the temptation, and persist in going back to the steamer. This is the first time I ever encountered a ship or steamer, that could tempt me to sacrifice the length and breadth of a bed, ashore, for the contracted confines of a sea lodgment. It is impossible to say more of the "Herman."

The next morning, packing up was the order of the day; and at every moment a painful interruption ensued, in the shape of a farewell. I parted with the deepest regret with one after another of the most agreeable set of men that I had ever the good fortune to meet. My own turn came at last; and, after exchanging addresses with a few who remained on ship-board, bound to Bremen, I went ashore. By an accident, as my foot touched the quay, my glance fell on the "Herman;" and the extraordinary contrast she presented to the fleet of English steamers lying in the harbor so astonished and delighted me, that, letting my baggage go off alone to the custom-house, I stepped aside, and calmly reposing my back against a substantial warehouse, I folded my arms, and gave myself up to the novel and captivating sight before me. There must have been over twenty English steamers, of all sizes, but generally of the largest class, grouped head and stern together, in the port of Southampton, that lovely, bright morning in March. They were all employed on commercial service—some plying to France and Spain; some to Egypt; and others to Mexico; but though well-built vessels, and many of heavy tonnage, yet they sank into pitiful insignificance alongside the majestic proportions of the noble "Herman." I could not for my life have suppressed a glow of national pride—an exalted swell of the heart—as I compared the gigantic bulk, and towering height of the American leviathan, with the puny and short-coming proportions of the various specimens of the English marine that were there gathered about me. The "Herman" had a tranquil, conscious look of her superiority; and I could almost imagine that her spirit was looking out of one of her own cabin windows, quietly enjoying, like me, the ludicrous figure the English steamers cut alongside of her. I don't know if ever I met before so striking an illustration of the two countries. It was as if the whole thirty states of our vast confederacy, with their endless territory stretching to the Pacific, had skipped over the Atlantic, and set to work measuring length and breadth with little, diminutive England. With all due credit to the power, enterprise, and well-directed energy of Britain, I could not help thinking that, in a few short years, her empire, in comparison with the American Union, was infallibly destined to present a contrast as broad as was offered to my dazzled vision on the day I speak of the haven of Southampton. It may seem like a bit of unbridled presumption to give way to such an inference—perhaps very bad taste to express it; but I

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have an enormous propensity to say what I think, and in this instance, really, I see no harm in it.

I ordered my potmanteau from the custom-house, on board a neat little steamer, called the "Superb," bound that night for Havre. Selecting my berth, and receiving instructions to embark before midnight, I left the deck, and, clearing rapidly its noble line of warehouses, I came out into an open space, fronting the town. The first object that struck my gaze, fluttering from a lofty staff, over our consul's house, was the American flag. It is worth crossing an ocean, or a desert, to experience the tumultuous emotions of pride, of joy, and affection, awakened in the heart of an American at the sight of his country's banner waving securely in a foreign land. An Englishman or a Frenchman may, of right, give way, in his turn, too, to the haughtiest sentiments of patriotic pride, in contemplating his national ensign, which are emblazoned in victory and ennobled by power. But it is not as a symbol of triumphant force that an American turns to greet his glorious standard; but as the inspiring emblem of a new class of principles, fraught with the best interests of the whole human race. It is as the image and promise of man's redemption on earth, from the cruelty of his fellows, that he loves to regard it; and not merely as the truculent souvenir of brutal slaughter, or the flaunting sign of worthless conquests. His satisfaction, then, receives no check from his conscience, as he daily sees its pure glory extending, and the wonder and respect of nations rapidly deepening, as its current extends around the globe.

It was to a train of musing like this I gave way as I threaded the streets of Southampton, on a short tour of inspection before dinner. I have been so constantly in the habit of visiting England, that my impressions have lost all their distinctiveness, and to single out what to an American eye would be singular or novel, would cause me no small perplexity. The neat and smooth aspect of the well-macadamized streets of any English town is always a feature of great attraction, and one can't help envying the temperance of a climate that allows such an improvement practicable. One of our tremendous frosts would take it up in a single thaw. The shops of Southampton are, many of them, large and elegant, and all characterized by that air of nicety and good order which is eminently national. There is nothing, however, in an English town more interesting than the numerous traces of respectable old age displayed in the time-worn tenements that abound on every side. Whilst a European in America is constantly struck by the newness and freshness of every object, an American has just an opposite series of sensations from the numerous evidences of great antiquity which greet him in the shape of monuments, edifices, and less pretending structures.

When I got to the consulate, where I had accepted an invitation to dine, I found an unexpected treat in the perusal of all the London morning papers. I was curious to examine their tone and direction, amid surrounding events of such mighty import.

The English government has fallen into a false position. The time seems to have arrived, when Providence has decided that it shall throw off the mask it has so long and successfully worn, in order to be recognized, at last, in its true and odious character. The aristocratic parties which have guided the government since 1688, have, in turn, affected more or less, to sympathize with the popular progress of the age, and of

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recent years we have seen, even military aid sent to the rescue of liberal principles on the continent of Europe. The real motive of conduct that harmonized so fairly with previous professions was nothing more than a shrewd hope, that by such means they might, in return, obtain certain commercial advantages over other nations. It was no concern for liberty whatever, but only a keen spirit of mercantile enterprize, that inspired these several demonstrations that wore the aspect of political sympathy. So far from seeking to benefit the oppressed condition of the popular cause, their interference was patiently tolerated, as has been always seen, by the people they came apparently to oppose, because it was well-known that the English mode of supporting liberty was rather a strangling than a saving process. The revolutions of the last year have possibly frightened the aristocracy of England, and they begin to dread the exposure of the ingenious, but hollow artifices by which they have bamboozled the world so long in the name of liberty. They begin to fear lest they may be called on for some more practical exemplification of liberal doctrines, than may suit the standard by which they have hitherto measured. All these apprehensions are daily visible in the press they influence. The "Times" has retrograded into the direct support of despotism in foreign countries, where they tend to suggest strong popular weakness. The "Chronicle" outbellows the "Morning Post" or "Standard" in vehement denunciations of the detested cause of the people. These observations struck me, as I rapidly glanced over the contents of the journals named, as I sat in the pleasant office of the consulate, awaiting the return of Mr. Croskey. I never derived more to my satisfaction than on this pleasant occasion, and my amiable host added much to the piquancy of the entertainment by his lovely and racy conversation. He related many interesting anecdotes of the late visit of the U. S. Ship St. Lawrence to Southampton, which had met with a welcome from all parties, official and otherwise, that had probably no precedent in England. Balls and dinners had been hospitably tendered to the officers of this noble vessel, both by the municipal authorities and the citizens of the town, and were returned with great spirit and generosity by the flattered recipients of these unusual attentions. Certainly, no one can regard, whatever his political bias, these friendly interchanges of kind feelings, with any other than sentiments of the most cordial approbation. There has never, in the history of nations, been an instance of two different countries that were so closely allied by ties of a moral and maternal nature, so strong and real as those of England and the United States. Their affections and interests, which so rarely happens in this world of perplexity, run happily in the same channel; and it is only a matter of wonder and regret, that a people with such solid motives to eternal alliance should be so widely separated by political systems, that are opposed and irreconcilable; and which, inspiring mutual suspicion and distrust, stands pre-eminently in the way of that cordial, deep, and honest sympathy, which is the only bases of a lasting connection. However true these considerations, there is no reason that opportunities for the cultivation of mutual esteem, like that of the visit of the St. Lawrence to Southampton, should be neglected or avoided. Without meaning to throw the shadow of an ungenerous reflection over a round of festivities, that did so much honor to all concerned, yet I learned, from various sources, that much of the merit

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their suggestion arose from the spirit and tact of our popular consul at Southampton, who has, as I heard on all sides, ingratiated himself deeply in the fastidious favor of all classes at Southampton, both commercial and fashionable.

We were still over our dessert, when Captain Crabtree dropped in upon us. I was exceedingly glad of this last opportunity of spending a few more pleasant moments in the society of this well-bred and well-informed gentleman. His society on ship-board was always agreeable; for, intelligent as I have always found the honorable fraternity to which he belongs, he possessed even more than the ordinary share of sound information, good sense, and freedom from prejudice, that distinguish them. In the performance of all the onerous and delicate duties of his command, no one could display greater devotion, activity, and tact. I bade him adieu with profound regret, wishing him all speed in his arduous course.

At midnight, the moon casting its soft radiance over a thousand picturesque objects, I wended my way to the pier-head, when I distinctly heard the shrill mutterings of the steam-pipe. I stopped for a moment, as I crossed under a low, broad archway, blackened by age, and which led me into a dark, narrow street, lined with small and dilapidated buildings. My guide seeing me gazing with interest on these objects, explained that this was the portal of the old town, now almost deserted. My mind flew back instantly to the epoch of the famous Earl of Southampton, the friend and munificent patron of Shakspeare, when this now neglected and decaying quarter was the scene of splendid hospitalities, and enlivened by the noble diversions of the most refined and brilliant era of English history. I should have loved to wander the whole night through on this enchanted ground; but the vital consideration that my baggage was on board the "Superb," just starting for France, put all romantic longings to flight, and I hastened hurriedly onward. Notwithstanding the seductive beauty of the night, I went at once below, and set to work, literally tumbling in; for by no other name can you christen the process of getting into a high berth, with no other aid than accident affords.

Just as I was dropping off the wheels began to turn; and directly they went round with a velocity and sputter that promised to "murder sleep" with a perfect Macbeth ferocity. I was right alongside of the wheel-house; and the last thing I remember was a desperate struggle between my determination to go asleep, and the demon of racket that had perched himself at my feet. The victory was mine; for, when I opened my eyes again, the rowdy-wheels were still; and we lay off the port of Havre, waiting for the tide to let us in.

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DANTON.

(Concluded.)

As it turned out, France was saved. The firmness and energy of Danton, and his bold eloquence, roused the patriotism of the capital, and soon reinforced Dumouriez's army with those invincible battalions of republican soldiers, by whose timely aid that able general baffled Brunswick at the Forest of Ardennes, and soon rolled back the tide of invasion over the frontier. And who shall say that the hand of Danton, in that critical hour, when the liberties of Europe hung trembling in the balance, did not save the Revolution? Who shall say that without him there had been a Republic? Who shall say that but for his potent arm France to-day might not have been slumbering quietly in the lap of monarchy? In this consists the renown of Danton, or his infamy, as men differently view it. He served the Revolution; he did it by his deeds, which told upon the destinies of his country. No idle theorist was he; no speculative, dreamy philosopher; no man of words when the time to act had come. There was a vigorous, massive manhood about him—a prompting of purpose—a greatness of action—a firmness of nerve—in short, an iron strength, that made him as he was, the MAN of the Revolution.

Danton was elected a member of the National Convention, and placed upon the most important of all its committees—that for preparing the plan for a constitution. His colleagues were some of the most celebrated men in the Convention—Siéyès, Vergniaud, Condorcet, Petion, Brissot, Barrère, and Thomas Paine. Soon after his election, the Convention passed a decree, that the same person should not hold the office of minister and deputy at the same time. Danton, preferring the tribune to the council, resigned his place in the ministry, and was succeeded by Garat.

The limits of the present sketch will not permit us to follow the career of this extraordinary man in the Convention. It was a career no less broadly and distinctly traced upon the face of the times than that which he had already pursued. As a legislator, as well as a popular demagogue, Danton has left his impress deeply marked upon the Revolution. Of all the men of that day, he seems most clearly to have comprehended the true spirit of the movement which was then convulsing France and the world, and to have devised the most apt and effectual means of carrying it forward. No one of his contemporaries—not even Mirabeau—displayed such profound and comprehensive statesmanship. He devised the most of those great measures of organization and defence, which, while they left much of terror, lent also such irresistible energy to the Revolution: which turned France into one vast military encampment, where martial law reigned supreme under the dictatorship of the Convention, but which finally saved, and which alone could save, the Republic from its enemies. We shall briefly notice a few of these measures.

On the 10th March, 1793, on Danton's recommendation, an extraor-

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dinary tribunal was created, to try offences and conspiracies against the Republic. We give his reasons for it in his own language: "In order to overawe your internal enemies your laws must be arbitrary, because they cannot be precise; because, how terrible soever they may be, they are preferable to these popular executions which now, as in September, would be the consequence of any delay in the execution of justice. Let us organize a tribunal, not to do good—that is impossible; but which shall do the least possible evil. We must be terrible to prevent our enemies from becoming so." This formidable institution subsequently became, in the hands of the Convention, the Revolutionary Tribunal, at whose bar Fouquier Tinville was the public accuser. Danton was condemned by it a year after its creation. "This very day, a year ago," he was heard to exclaim in prison, "I caused the Revolutionary Tribunal to be instituted. I had thought to prevent a new September massacre, and not let loose a scourge upon mankind. May God pardon me for it!"

At the same time, on motion of Danton, forty-one commissioners, of two deputies each, were sent by the Convention into the departments, armed with plenary powers to enforce the recruiting, disarm the refractory, and to seize upon horses and other property for military purposes. An extraordinary war tax, of a thousand million of francs, was also on his motion imposed upon *the rich*—a stern and severe measure, but one of imminent necessity. Both these decrees have been loudly condemned by those who see no "divine right" in any form of government but a monarchy to defend itself by extreme and arbitrary measures. They were, doubtless, arbitrary and despotic; but if no darker shadows than these rested upon Danton's revolutionary path, his justification as a statesman would be easy. If a government may justly sacrifice the lives of its citizens on a field of battle, in defence of national existence and liberty, may it not, in a case of necessity, to the same extent control their property?

It was on Danton's recommendation, too, that the Committee of Public Welfare was created, which subsequently centered in its own hands all the powers of the state. He himself was a member of it for the first three months of its existence, after which, becoming weary of public employment, he resigned. Had he remained upon it with such men as Carnôt, Prieur, and Lindet, the Republic might have been saved by the energy of that formidable executive power, without the fearful scenes which after his death occurred in the Place de la Revolution.

Danton was also the author of a law which provided for the payment of a day's wages to the poorer citizens, for attending two public meetings a week in their sections—a fierce stimulant to Jacobin energy—proving that he understood thoroughly, as is said of him, the "art of attracting interests to the Revolution."

He was the projector of the revolutionary army—a permanent military force organized at Paris to march against the rebellious departments, and to carry the decrees, and proclaim the sovereignty of the Convention all over France, at the cannon's mouth.

Lastly, in the month of August, 1793, when the war cloud once more gathered black over the Republic—when all Europe was closing on every side around France, and threatening her with destruction—when nothing but the energy of enthusiasm or of despair could save

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the country—in this last terrific crises of the Revolution, Danton stood forth the colossus of the Convention. He urged through that memorable decree of the levy *en masse*, and the permanent requisition, which placed the entire Republic, men and property, at the disposal of the government, and poured the whole wealth and resources of France into the lap of the Convention; which raised, as if by magic, fourteen armies, and sent forth more than a million of republican bayonets to decide the struggle between democracy and absolutism on the battle-field of Europe.

These are some of the measures projected and carried through by this remarkable man. Each of them, it is to be observed, form a part of a vast and comprehensive system, for consolidating the Revolution and securing its triumphs over its enemies; not one of them was devised for the gratification of a paltry vengeance, or a private hatred; or even for the purpose of obtaining an ephemeral popularity. He was a demagogue indeed—a leader of the people—but not a sycophant for popular favor or popular applause. A man of action rather than of words—he served the Revolution for itself, and into every action he threw the full impulse of his heart and the strength of his manhood. In the most perilous hours of the Republic he stood forth in the breach, firm and immovable as a column of granite; and that potent voice of his, "reverberating from the dome" of the Tuilleries, was wont to infuse a portion of his own courage into the Convention, when the hearts of the stoutest were quailing. It was at such a time that Danton, in a phrase—a single sentence—clothing a grand idea in the striking imagery of his wild imagination, and hurling it down upon his audience with the inspiration of an improvisator, made his influence felt upon the Revolution. Said he at one time: "A nation in a state of revolution cannot be conquered;" and again: "The kings of Europe have taken arms against the Republic; we cast down at their feet the head of a king as our gage of battle!" When urging the Convention to act with decision and promptness: "The Convention has in its hands the popular thunderbolts; let it hurl them at the head of the tyrants!" And once more, on a memorable occasion, kindling up with the grandeur of his theme, he exclaimed: "The people have nothing to give but blood. They give it profusely. Come, then, mercenary men, give you of your wealth. What! you have a whole nation for a lever, reason for a fulcrum, and you have not yet overturned the world! Throw aside your miserable quarrels! I know but the enemy! Let us crush the enemy! What though they call me bloodthirsty? What care I for my reputation? Let my name be blighted, but let France be free."*

The decline of Danton's popularity dates from the insurrection of the people against the Girondins, on the 31st May, 1793. He refused to take part in it, or to violate the national representation, although he had openly broken with the Girondins, and was regarded by them as a political enemy. Danton was desirous of putting a stop to the violence and disorder of the times, and of bringing back the government to something like moderation. This was the cause of his subsequent breach with Robespierre and the Jacobins and which brought him to the

* Que mon mon soit flétri, que la France soit libre.

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scaffold. He had embraced the Revolution with all the fiery promptings of his nature; by it he would stand or fall. He had attacked royalty and aristocracy when they sought to crush the people; he had combated the enemies of the Revolution, and grappled with tyranny in every form—unscrupulous often as to the means, so the end was obtained; but he refused to attack the national representatives, for he saw in such a conquest no benefit to the great cause; and, unlike Robespierre and some of his colleagues, he had no personal hatreds or private animosities to gratify. He had devised, too, all these extraordinary measures which raised the Revolution above the reach of coalition. He had done all that he conceived it *necessary* to do; and there he wished to stop. When the public danger no longer required those severe measures that terror prompted, Danton desired to abandon them. He wished to abolish the revolutionary committees; he wished to release the hundred thousand suspected persons who filled the prisons of France; and to stop the axe of the guillotine!

These moderate opinions of Danton occasioned a sensible decline in his popularity. He was obliged to justify himself at the Jacobins. And at length, wearied of public employment, he asked and obtained permission to retire for a short time into the country. This was in October, 1793. One of the private reasons for his retirement from public affairs, which he revealed in confidence to his family, was his horror at the approaching trial of Marie Antoinette. This unfortunate princess, so obnoxious to the people at large, had yet overcome the prejudices, enlisted the sympathy, and commanded the respect of all who personally approached her. A single interview had disarmed Mirabeau; a few words had conquered Barnave; and the heart of Danton, in his turn, had been deeply touched at her misfortunes. It is true he had voted for the death of the king, as a measure of political justice and necessity; but he had not concealed his design before the trial to pursue a more lenient course. Said he one day to a company of Jacobins, who reproached him for his want of zeal in this matter: "Nations save, but do not revenge themselves. I am a revolutionist, not a ferocious beast. I do not love the blood of vanquished kings; address yourselves to Marat." From this circumstance probably originated the charge of his enemies against him, before alluded to, that he endeavored to negotiate a mercenary treaty with the English government to save the king.

Disgust at the excesses of the government, over which his influence was now in a great measure lost, pity for the queen, and the imprisoned Girondists, whose fate he already foresaw, thus led Danton for a time to separate himself from the Revolution; but he did not publicly assign the true motives of his retirement. He went to his native village with the young wife whom he had just married, Mademoiselle de Gely, a beautiful girl of sixteen, to whom he was tenderly attached. Their marriage had been solemnized with religious ceremonies, by a nonjuring Catholic priest, to whom Danton had previously confessed. In the earlier years of the Revolution he had married Mademoiselle Charpentier. The influence of this lady, for whom Danton had never ceased to cherish the warmest affection, it is said, had insensibly corrected the grosser immoralities of his life, and led him from the wild disorders of his youth to more regular domestic habits. She died a

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few months before his second marriage, leaving him two small children.* These children, with his wife, alone shared his retreat, in the quiet seclusion of his home at Arcis-sur-Aube. Here, for the time, Danton passed from public notice, and struggled to forget the fierce strifes and maddening excitements in which his public life had passed.

But strive as he will, he cannot bury the past, nor separate himself from the present. Ever and anon the voice of dread commotion rose up in thunder tones from Paris. Pale death is hovering over the capital; the axe of the guillotine is in motion; and the fearful portents of the times foretell the approaching Reign of Terror. During the first month of Danton's retirement, upward of sixty victims were brought to the block. Among them were the queen and the Girondins. The news fell upon his ear like a death-knell. Some of these men had been his personal enemies; others, like Vergniaud, and Petion, now an outlaw and an exile, his friends. He bore none of them hatred; he admired in all of them their genius, their virtues, their eloquence. The rough heart of Danton was melted with pity at their fate—was melted even to tears.

There was then still in this man of terror and energy—this man so relentless in purpose, so vast in comprehension, so mighty in action—something of a noble sensibility and a generous manhood, to relieve and soften the sterner traits which his public career developed. *He wept at the death of the Girondins.* One passage like this, so simple, and yet so descriptive, presents us a different character from the Danton which partial history sketches. Nay, more; in his domestic relations he was kind, affectionate and gentle—"a good father, a good friend." "My friends will not forget me." So he could say of himself to the last with truth. He lavished upon his wife and his children the whole wealth of his heart. He delighted in the charms of social intercourse and in the society of his friends. He would sit for hours and listen with rapture to the witty discourse of his friend Camille Desmoulins. The scenes of rural life and the beauties of nature were to him objects of passionate admiration. Even in his prison, when but a step from the scaffold, he spoke constantly to his fellow-captives of trees and flowers, and the country;† and his mind reverted back to the days of his childhood and his innocence. In short, Danton had sensibility, generosity, and the instincts of a noble nature; he had that which often passes in the estimation of men for virtue, but is not; he had, if not a sensitive conscience, at least a large and manly heart.

Danton returned to Paris near the close of the year 1793. He found himself already outstripped in the revolutionary race. If not forgotten in his retreat, he had been remembered only to be pointed at with the finger of suspicion. "He has settled the gold of Belgium upon his wife, and has deserted the Revolution to revel in luxury."—"He is about to emigrate to Switzerland."—"He conspired with Dumouriez."—"He has grown a *moderate*, and will betray the Revolu-

* "These two sons of Danton, alarmed at the effects of their name, retired to their family domain, and cultivated it with their own hands. Like the son of Cromwell, they preferred the shade and the silence the more, as the name had a too sinister reputation, and too wide an extension in the world. They remained unmarried, that the name might die with them."—*Lamartine's His. Girondins.*

† Memoirs of Riouffe.

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tion." Such were the charges that had been circulated against him, and which he was now to meet. Danton had come back to Paris with the resolution of combating the popular despotism which was desolating the Republic, and of restoring order and moderation; but he found that an absence of two months had made him almost a stranger to the Revolution. He stood now where six months before the Girondins had stood. The hour had not yet come to roll back the mighty wave of the Revolution. Mirabeau had attempted it prematurely, and death had anticipated his failure; Lafayette had attempted it, and failed; the republicans of the Gironde had attempted it, and failed; Danton was now to attempt it and to fail, like all who had preceded him.

He took his seat again in the Convention. It was well-known that his favorite measure was the entire reorganization of the Committee of Public Welfare, retaining upon it Robespierre alone, whom he still regarded as his friend. He was particularly anxious that Barrère, Couthon, Billaud-Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, and St. Just, whom he considered the authors of the violence and atrocities of the government, should be dismissed. He proposed to elect upon the committee men of moderate views, and yet of the requisite energy to uphold the government, and to save the Revolution. The members of the committee saw that their hour was come, unless the arm of this still powerful tribune was struck down. It was necessary, however, to gain over Robespierre to the sacrifice—and Robespierre was easily gained.

Camille Desmoulins, shocked at the excesses of the government, had, with the advice of Danton, established his paper, the *Vieux Cordelier*. Camille hurled on every side of him the polished shafts of his satire, at the despotic system of terror—the guillotine—the prisons crowded with victims—"the law of the suspect"—the religion of atheism. The writings of this brilliant young man glowed with the delicate wit, the pointed epigram, the keen satire, the classic elegance of his sprightly genius. They at once acquired immense popularity, for the great heart of the nation—the intelligence of the people—responded to the sentiments of humanity. They were levelled at the faction of Hebert and the atheists, whom Robespierre was seeking to destroy—they hit Robespierre himself and the government.

The gloomy and suspicious mind of Robespierre soon led him to consider Danton and Camille as the self-constituted censors of a government of which he was the chief—and as his personal enemies. If Danton were removed, he would be left without a rival. The feeling of enmity strengthened; it needed but an opportunity to manifest itself in open hostility. The opportunity came; the commune consented to give up Hebert and his associates, who were arrested and executed; Robespierre in his turn consented that Danton should be struck down. Danton sought a last interview with Robespierre. It terminated in a complete rupture. The one was impassioned, earnest as ever, and justly indignant; the other was cold and silent. "No doubt," said Danton, as he was about to part, "it is necessary to put down the royalists; but we should strike such blows only as will benefit the Republic; we must not confound the innocent with the guilty." "And who told you," said the dictator sharply, "that one innocent person had perished?" The brow of Danton clouded, and his lip

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trembled with scorn, as he turned to a friend at his side, and replied: "What say you to this! Not one innocent person has perished!"

The die is then cast. Danton had staked his life upon the hazard of the game he was playing, and, a loser, he is about to pay the forfeit. His friends urge him to arouse himself and face the danger with his accustomed energy—to avail himself of his great name, his resources and his eloquence—to attack Robespierre and the decemvirs, and by crushing them to save himself, and overturn the system of terror; but all in vain. His stout heart has almost lost its confidence in the Revolution—its reliance upon itself. The scenes in the Place de la Revolution—the death carts daily rolling through the streets of Paris—the axe of the guillotine forever in motion, and the prisons groaning with victims ready for the scaffold—scenes too fearful for even this stern child of the Revolution to look upon without loathing and horror, meet him on every side. His hope in the Republic is well nigh crushed. He will make no effort to confront his enemies. His voice shall never more "reverberate from the dome of the Tuilleries;" it may, and for the last time, from that of Fouquier Tinville's judgment hall! To the entreaties of his friends he says: "My life is not worth the trouble. I am sick of the world. I would rather be guillotined than guillotine." There is still a chance left him to escape; and his friends warmly urge upon him, if he will not confront his enemies, to save himself by a voluntary exile. But Danton loves his native land too well, and prefers the guillotine itself to banishment; he replies to the entreaties of his friends: "Can a man carry away his country on the sole of his shoe?"

The Committee of Public Welfare had decreed his arrest. He was himself informed of it, and urged once more to fly. "They will not dare," he muttered, apparently to the last doubting the resolution of his enemies. On the night of the 10th Germinal (March 30th, 1794,) his house was surrounded, and he was arrested, and with his friends Camille, Philipeaux, Lacroix, and Westerman, lodged in Luxemburg prison. The next day they were removed to the Conciergerie, that anti-chamber of the revolutionary tribunal, and placed in the same room which the Girondins had occupied. A shade of despondency for a moment rested upon Danton's brow, as the door of the prison closed upon him. His thoughts were far away from the scene that surrounded him; they were with his young wife and his little ones, now bereaved, with the home he loved, now desolate, with the budding trees and flowers that were just beginning to make glad the face of nature, and he was heard to murmur: "It were better far to be a poor fisherman than to govern men." Better might it have been, indeed, for one like him, with his frank, joyous nature, all unruffled by the turmoil and strife of such a career as his. Or better still, perhaps, could he have stemmed the swift current for yet a little while longer; for who can tell but in that arm of strength France might have found her future chief, and the Revolution its true leader, in its struggle with arbitrary power? Who can tell but that powerful intellect and indomitable will might have arrested the footsteps of the ambitious Corsican—might have consolidated liberty and restrained licentiousness—might have wielded powers that would not have degenerated into a military despotism—might have caused the glory of Austerlitz and Wagram to enshrine the banners of a republic and not the eagles of empire?

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Danton appeared at the bar of the Revolutionary tribunal with a proud mien and haughty step. Like Mirabeau on his death-bed, conscious of the greatness of his name and the scenic effect of his position, he seemed not unwilling to dramatise this last act of his life, and to pass from the stage of the world with the eclat of a great actor, and amid the applause of the spectators. "I am Danton," he proudly answered, to the usual question as to his name and place of abode, "a name well known in the Revolution. My residence will soon be annihilation. I shall live in the pantheon of history!" During the trial of the accused, which lasted several days, Danton defended himself with all his accustomed energy and vehemence, but with little judgment or discretion. As he rose to speak, a profound silence reigned over the thronged assembly. At sight of the colossal figure and rugged features of the man who had so often waked the slumbering passions of the people, and roused their patriotic energies with his rude eloquence, the popular feeling revived for their favorite. Danton saw his advantage, and seemed, in his defence, to be addressing himself to the people, and urging them to sedition against the tyrants, rather than to the jury, by whom he probably saw himself already condemned. His stentorian voice resounded through the hall, and fell upon the ears of the multitude in the streets. Every faculty of his soul concentrated into one intense, burning, resistless feeling of indignation; he hurled his denunciations at his enemies, at the Committee, and even defied the tribunal itself. The president rang his bell to restore order, but Danton, raising his powerful voice to its full compass, exclaimed: "The voice of a man who is defending his honor and his life must be heard, and cannot be overpowered by the sound of your bell." Toward the close of the trial the prisoners were denied the liberty of a further hearing. Camille tore to pieces the defence he had committed to paper, which he and Danton afterwards threw into the faces of the judges. This has usually been related as a piece of trivial and childish sport on the part of these prisoners, ill suited to the place and the moment; but Lamartine with more truth says, that it was done with the tragic gesture of accused men, who had been denied a hearing, and thus disarmed of the means of defending their lives. The conviction of the accused, however, was not unattended with great difficulty. The sympathy of the people was powerfully excited, and a popular outbreak was feared. The jury, subservient as they were, could scarcely be prevailed upon to convict the prisoners. At length, St. Just and Robespierre procured a decree of the Convention denying the accused the right of further hearing, and the jury, on the fourth day of the trial, passed upon them the customary sentence of death.

The accusations against Danton were furnished by St. Just. They charged, among other things, that he had conspired with Mirabeau, with Dumouriez, with the Girondins, and with foreigners; that he was engaged to betray the republic, and to restore royalty. These charges were similarly framed, and were based upon like grounds with those upon which the Girondins were convicted. The accusation against the Girondins of conspiracy against the Republic was not only entirely unfounded, but malicious. It was a calumny rather than a serious charge. The same may be said, to a certain extent, in respect to the accusations against Danton. How far he was connected with Mirabeau, or whether connected with him at all or not, does not distinctly appear.

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Certainly nothing deserving the name of a treasonable conspiracy could have existed between these two men; for at the very hour that Mirabeau was passing from the stage, Danton was redoubling those Herculean efforts in behalf of the popular cause, which have rendered his name famous in the Revolution. His connexion with Dumouriez, and his intercourse with the Girondins, was more susceptible of proof, and undoubtedly furnished the main apology for his conviction. Danton himself could not wholly deny this fact on his trial; the avowal of which was almost certain conviction. He sought, therefore, to evade it; and this threw upon his defence that embarrassment which he manifested during the whole trial. Between Dumouriez and Danton there had existed the very best understanding. When Dumouriez returned to Paris, in the fall of 1792, from that victorious campaign which saved France from the army of Brunswick, he met with Danton, and a certain intimacy at once sprang up between them. Each saw and appreciated the qualities of the other. The one was the head, the other the right arm of the Revolution. They were applauded together at the Jacobins and the theatres, and the great statesman of the Revolution shared the honors that the people lavished upon the great general. Dumouriez belonged to the party of the Gironde. His keen eye saw at a glance where the deficiency in that party lay, and he attempted to remedy it, by effecting a union between Danton and the Girondins. He declared to his friends that he found Danton the only MAN in the Republic. Such an union would have brought to that ill-fated party the requisite energy and strength to have enabled it to control the Convention. It might have been made, for Danton's political views were nearly allied with those of the Girondins. There was, too, an intimacy existing between him and the prominent leaders of that party; and even long after the departure of Dumouriez from Paris, Danton's interviews and negociations with the Girondins were kept up with a view of forming such an union as would give the moderate republicans a controlling influence upon the Revolution. The best and most illustrious of the Girondins, Vergniaud, Condorcet, and Siéyès, were in favor of the reconciliation; Danton earnestly desired it. But every time the conference was brought to an end without results. The younger and more ardent of the Girondins, unable to sacrifice their resentments to the good of their country, refused an alliance with the popular conspirator of the 10th of August, and the remorseless statesman of the days of September. "Between virtue and vice," said Barbaroux, no reconciliation is possible. Such was the extent of Danton's conspiracy with the Girondins to overthrow the Republic. If they were guilty of treason he was guilty. That part of the accusation which charged him with a design of restoring the monarchy with the Duke of Orleans at its head, is perhaps equally vague and groundless, although not so easily capable of explanation. A statement in respect to Danton, so improbable, seems to have found favor with some writers, and Lamartine himself adopts it. He tells us that Danton meditated a restoration of the monarchy, by means of the army; and that about the time of his second marriage, when he was becoming weary of the excesses of the Revolution, he dispatched a messenger to the Duke of Orleans, with the proposal, which was rejected by that prince. Our confidence in the correctness of this statement or surmise of Lamartine is much shaken by several considerations. First, it is a mere dictum, without reference to

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any authority, which is indeed an objection that can be urged against most, or all of those new historical facts he adduces in his dramatic history.* In the second place, it is improbable, and at variance both with the character of Danton and Philippe Egalité. The supposition that Danton should have had the weakness to imagine he could place the Duke of Orleans upon the throne, is even less absurd than to suppose the Duke would have had the *virtue* to decline the proffered crown. A more loathsome, revolting, despicable character, it is difficult to find in history, than Philippe of Orleans. Lamartine seems to excuse and palliate his connexion with the Revolution, and to look upon his vices, his mean and disgraceful intrigues, and his heaven-daring wickedness, with the complaisance and respect due the then reigning dynasty. It was the father of Louis Philippe, whose republican virtue withstood Danton's offer of a crown, not that social outlaw, the Jacobin Prince, who voted the death of his near kinsman, Louis XVI. Perhaps Danton may have meditated the restoration of the monarchy as the means of averting the excesses of the Republic, but certainly Philippe Egalité never, unless like Cæsar, refused the crown.

The charges against Danton, therefore, if not wholly false, were distorted and unjust. His real crime, if his enemies call it such, was *moderatism*, not treason. He undoubtedly contemplated a modification of the government, but not to betray the Republic or the popular cause. What was the exact form of government he desired is unknown; perhaps, as Lamartine suggests, a limited monarchy, with a king, chosen by the people, at its head; or such a constitutional monarchy as Lafayette had advocated, surrounded with republican institutions; but more probably a consolidated republic, with an energetic executive, and a government that should have been able at once to enforce order, to suppress lawless violence, and to maintain liberty. Danton died for endeavoring to moderate the Revolution, and for refusing to follow it in its excesses; for this the Girondins had died before him; for this the heads of a thousand Frenchmen rolled from the scaffold in the Place de la Revolution!

The prisoners were executed on the 16th Germinal (April 5th, 1794,) amid a vast concourse of spectators, who, satiated with the scene of an ordinary execution, now thronged the guillotine with eager curiosity to see how this Danton would die.

We must here again refer to the paper of Mr. Nicholas Hentz, who, in his mention of Danton's death, seems to indulge in something like the bitterness of a personal spite and enmity against the great rival and victim of Robespierre. He says that Danton went to his death like a coward, pale and trembling; and that his companion, Camille Desmoulins, exhibited the most heroic firmness. This extraordinary statement is wholly destitute of truth, if any reliance can be placed upon the concurring testimony of every other contemporary, or upon general history. Danton never appeared with a more composed countenance or haughty mien, than when on his way to the guillotine. His brow was without a cloud, his arms folded, his eye calmly serene, surveying with indifference the crowd. Poor Camille, dragged down

* One of the most curious of these is Danton's prediction to Louis Philippe, related for the first by this author. "France will become a monarchy and you will be king. Remember the prediction of Danton!" So singular a prediction is surely worthy of a passing reference to the authority upon which it is stated.

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by the relentless hand of the same destiny, exhibited less firmness, and in the accents of despair attempted to address the people. Danton quieted him as he would the frantic passion of a child: "Be still, my friend—take no notice of this vile rabble." At the foot of the guillotine a momentary emotion passed over the countenance of Danton—not of weakness or fear, but an emotion prompted by the better impulses of his nature: "Oh, my best beloved one," he was heard to murmur, "my wife, I shall never see thee again!"—then checking himself, he added, as though in self-reproach: "Danton! no weakness!" With a firm, proud step, he ascended the scaffold. "Show my head to the people," said he to the executioner, "it will be a sight well worth seeing." The blade of the guillotine fell, and Danton's head rolled into the basket. Camille recovered his composure at the last moment; he and his companions, Herault, Sechelles, Lacroix, Philipeaux, and Westerman, met their fate with the same unshrinking firmness.

Such was the end of this formidable revolutionist.* He died in the thirty-fifth year of his age, in the prime of vigorous manhood. We regard his character as one of the most striking of the age in which he lived. There is a broadness, a depth, an individuality in it—a greatness of evil as well as of good—which stamps it as the legitimate creation of the Revolution. His intellect, his passions, his vices, his comprehension, his actions—all were great. They stood out prominent as the rugged outlines of his features—massive as the stalwart proportions of his frame—in striking contrast with the common mass of mankind around him. He seemed made by and for the revolution—made to engraft the thoughts and passions of his own mind upon it—to stamp the impress of his own character upon the nation, and in the midst of that grand, social convulsion, to shape the destinies of empire. Danton was a democrat from conviction and by instinct. In this he acted no part. He sprang from the masses. If the Revolution had had an articulate voice, he would have been its organ of speech; he was the very incarnation of the Revolution—the child of the people, the type of that fierce and uncontrollable democracy which sprang into life, fully armed, from feudal slavery—reflecting by turns all the levity, the ferocity, the energy, the love of country, the generosity, the wild enthusiasm, the determined will, the stern courage of that populace which raised him aloft to his place of eminence and power. We shall not now attempt to scan his private morality; he had many and glaring vices. Nor can his public life, or his character as a statesman, bear the test of an examination, for a moment, by the side of those whom the world by common consent regards as models of true statesman-

* We cannot refrain from quoting the following fine passage from Carlyle, who, of all the English writers, seems to have most clearly understood and correctly appreciated Danton, as a revolutionist and a statesman. In a few sentences, in his unique and idiomatic style of expression, he sums up Danton's character thus: "So passes—like a gigantic mass of valor, ostentation, fury, affection and wild revolutionary force and manhood—this Danton, to his unknown home. He was of Arcis-sur-Aube; born of good farmer people there. He had many sins; but one worse sin he had not—that of cant. No hollow formalist, deceptive, and self-deceptive, ghastly to the natural sense, was this; but a very man; with all his dross he was a man; fiery-real, from the great fire-bosom of nature herself. He saved France from Brunswick; he walked straight his own wild road whither it led him. He may live for some generations in the memory of man."

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ship. But impartial history should never shrink from doing even Danton the justice to record, that with all his vices and defects he possessed many of the attributes of greatness—and of a heroic, a generous, and a noble nature.

We are aware that in some of these views we are running counter to many of the cherished and venerable prejudices of the age. Truth, however, is never to be found until the rubbish of prejudice is cleared away, and this often requires the labor of years. The name of Cromwell was execrated by mankind for many years after his death, as Danton's has been; but posterity is beginning to be just to the memory of the Great Protector, and to vindicate it from the false aspersions which calumny and malice have cast upon it. We do not say that the time will ever come when Danton's name can be vindicated; but the time has come, and now is, when men may venture, even in his own country, to do justice to the public character of the man who saved the first French Republic.

VERSES ON THE DAY OF WATERLOO.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

Old soldiers tell me, "We may thank thy Muse,
That now the People *popular* songs can sing:
Laugh thou at laurels faction may refuse;
To *our* exploits again thy numbers string.
Sing of that day, which traitors dared invoke,
That latest day of ruin, though of fame."
I said, my moist eyes drooping as I spoke,
"Ne'er shall my verse be saddened by that name."

In Athens, who of Cheronea's day
Would sing, the whilst his tuneful lyre he swept?
Doubting her gods, crest-fallen Athens lay,
And cursing Philip, o'er her fortunes wept.
On such a day our glorious empire fell;
Then, charged with chains for us, the stranger came;
Degenerate Frenchmen deigned to greet him well:
Ne'er shall my verse be saddened by that name.

"Giant of battles, he at length must fall!
Hasten, brave people," cry the despot train;
"Freedom herself shall spread his funeral pall,
And saved by you, by you alone we'll reign."
The giant sinks—the dwarfs, forgetful, swear
In slavish yoke the universe to tame;
Alas for Glory! doubly cheated there!
Ne'er shall my verse be saddened by that name.

But hold! the scions of another age
Even now the causes of my grief demand;
Why should this wreck, in truth, *their* thoughts engage?
Their buoyant cradles floated safe to land.
May *they* be happy! their ascending star
Of that disastrous day blots out the shame!
Still, were that day but some vain dream afar,
Ne'er should my verse be saddened by its name.

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MINNA VON BARNHELM;

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF G. E. LESSING.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

SCENE—*The Apartment of The* FRAULEIN. *The* FRAULEIN, (*dressed richly, but with taste.*) FRANCISCA, (*rising from a table, which a servant removes.*)

Francisca. You cannot possibly be satisfied, gracious Fraulein?

Fraulein. Do you think so, Francisca? Perhaps I did not sit down hungry.

Francisca. We have made out to avoid mentioning his name during the repast; but we should also have resolved not to think of him.

Fraulein. Truly, I have thought of nothing else.

Francisca. I noticed that I attempted to speak of a hundred things, and you answered me perversely each time. (*Another servant brings in coffee.*) Here comes that, over which one can better indulge in fancies. Delicious, melancholy coffee!

Fraulein. Fancies? I was indulging in none. I was thinking over the lesson which I will give him. Have you understood me aright, Francisca?

Francisca. Oh, yes; but it would be better that he should spare us this trouble.

Fraulein. You will see that I know him thoroughly. The man who now refuses me, with abundance of riches, will contend against the whole world for me, so soon as he hears that I am unfortunate and friendless.

Francisca (*very earnestly.*) And thus must the most refined selfishness always be gratified.

Fraulein. Moralist!—But see! a little while ago, you accused me of vanity, now of selfishness. But let me alone, at present, dear Francisca; you shall also do what you will with your sergeant.

Francisca. With my sergeant?

Fraulein. Yes, if you deny it entirely, still it is true. I have not yet seen him, but from every word you have said to me concerning him, I prophesy that he will be yours.

SCENE II.—RICCANT DE LA MARLINIERE. *The* FRAULEIN. FRANCISCA.

Riccant (*still half behind the scene.*) Est-il permis, Monsieur le Major?

Fraulein. What is this? Will he come in here? (*Going towards the door.*)

Riccant. Parbleu! I am wrong.—Mais non—I am not wrong. C'est sa chambre.

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Francisca. Truly, gracious Fraulein, this gentleman thinks to find here Major Von Tellheim.

Riccant. Just so! Le Major de Tellheim, juste, my belle enfant, c'est lui que je cherche. Où est-il?

Francisca. He does not occupy this room now.

Riccant. Comment? But four and twenty hours since he vas here! And he not here now? Vare is he den?

Fraulein (*coming towards him.*) Sir?

Riccant. Ah, Madame, Mademoiselle. Your ladyship's pardon!

Fraulein. Sir, your mistake is very excusable, and your surprise very natural. Major Tellheim has had the kindness to give up his apartment to me, as I was a stranger and knew not where to gain admittance.

Riccant. Ah, voilà de ses politesses! C'est un très-galant homme que ce Major!

Fraulein. Where he has gone, in the meantime, I am sorry to confess, I do not know.

Riccant. Your ladyship not know? C'est dommage; j'en suis faché.

Fraulein. I ought, by all means, to have inquired concerning this.—Of course, his friends would seek for him here.

Riccant. I am very much his friend, your ladyship.

Fraulein. Francisca, do you not know—

Francisca. No, gracious Fraulein.

Riccant. I have great necessity to speak to him. I come to bring him a nouvelle, at which he vill be very glad.

Fraulein. I regret it so much the more. Still, I hope to speak with him shortly. If it will make no difference from whom he receives the good news, then I would communicate it to him myself, sir.

Riccant. I understand. Mademoiselle parle Français? Mais sans doute; telle que je la vois!—Le demande était bien impolie; vous me pardonnerez, Mademoiselle.

Fraulein. Sir—

Riccant. No? you speak no French, your ladyship?

Fraulein. Sir, if I were in France, I would endeavor to speak it. But wherefore, here? I perceive, sir, that you understand me—and I shall certainly understand you. Say whatever you please.

Riccant. Good! Good!—I can also explain in your language.—Sachez donc, Mademoiselle. Your ladyship will know, dat I come from de table of de minister. Minister von—vat is de name of de minister on de long street, in de broad place?

Fraulein. I am not at all acquainted here?

Riccant. Now, de minister of de var department. I have dined dere to-day;—I dine à l'ordinaire vid him;—and dere Major Tellheim vas spoken of: et le ministre m'a dit en confidence, car son excellence est de mes amis, et il n'y a point de mysterès entre nous. His Excellency, I say, has confided to me, dat de affairs of de Major are at de point to end, and to end good. He have made a rapport to de king, and de king have resolved dereupon, tout-à-fait en faveur de Major. Monsieur, m'a dit Son Excellence, vous comprenez bien, que tout depend de la manière, dont on fait envisager les choses au Roi, et vous me connoissez. Cela fait un très-joli garçon que ce Tellheim, et ne sais-je pas que vous l'aimez? Les amis de ses amis sont aussi miens. Il coute un peu cher

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au Roi ce Tellheim, mais est-ce que l'on sert les Rois pour rien? If faut s'entr'aider en ce monde; et quand il s'agit de pertes, que ce soit le Roi, qui en fasse et non pas un honnete-homme de nous autres. Voilà le principe dont je ne me depars jamais. Vat say your ladyship to dat? Not true, dat he is brave man? Ah, que Son Excellence a le coeur bien placé! He has au reste assured me, if de Major has not already une lettre de main—a royal message, dat he vil infailliblement receive one to-day.

Fraulein. Truly, sir, this intelligence will be very acceptable to the Major. But I would be able to call by name the friend who takes so much interest in his fortune.

Riccant. My name, does your ladyship say? Vous voyez en moi le Chevalier Riccant de la Marliniere, Signeur de prét-au-val de la Branche de Brans d'or. Your ladyship is surprised to learn me of such great, great family, qui est véritablement du Sang Royal. Il faut le dire; je suis sans doute le Cadet le plus aventureux que la maison a jamais eu —I have served since I vas eleven years. An affaire d'honneur compelled me to flee. Since den I have served His Holiness de Pope, de Republic St. Marino, de Polish crown and de States-General, until finally I have remove hither. Ah, Mademoiselle, que je voudrais n'avoir jamais vû ce pays-la. Had I remained in de service of de States-General, den I should now be, at least, a colonel. But here one must ever be a capitaine, and now a discharged capitaine.

Fraulein. That is very unfortunate.

Riccant. Oui, Mademoiselle, me voilà reformé et par-lá mis sur le pavé!

Fraulein. I pity you very much.

Riccant. Vous etes bien bonne, Mademoiselle. No, one cannot rise here in de service. A man like me to reformer! A man who has ruinir himself in dis service!—I have lost dereby twenty six tousand livres. What have I now? Tranchons le mot; je n'ai pas le son, et me voilà exactement vis-a-vis de rien.

Fraulein. It grieves me very much.

Riccant. Vous êtes bien bonne, Mademoiselle. But as people say, one misfortune follows anoder; qu'un malheur ne vient jamais seul; so wid me? Vat can an honnêt-homme of my extraction have for a ressource, but play. Now have I always played wid fortune on my side, when I do not need fortune. Now, I am in need, Mademoiselle, je joue avez un guignon qui surpasse toute croyance. During fifteen days, not one passed dat I did not lose. Since yesterday, I have lost tree times. Je sais bien, qu'ily avoit quelque chose de plus que le jeu. Car parmi mes ponteurs se trouvaient certaines Dames—I vill say no more. One must be gallant to de ladies. They have also to-day invitir me to give revanche; mais—vous m'entendez, Mademoiselle. One must first know how he shall live, before he can have anything to play wid.

Fraulein. I will not suppose, sir—

Riccant. Vous etes bien bonne, Mademoiselle.

Fraulein (*taking Francisca aside.*) Francisca, I do really pity the man. Think you, he would be offended, if I offered him something?

Francisca. It does not appear to me that he would.

Fraulein. Good!—Sir, I understand—that you play; that you make a bank; doubtless, in places where there is anything to be won. I must inform you, that I—also am very fond of play.

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Riccant. Tant mieux, Mademoiselle, tant mieux! Tous les gens d'esprit aiment le jeu à la fureur.

Fraulein. That I would gladly win; would willingly venture my gold with a man who knows—how to play.—Would you be inclined, sir, to take me into partnership with you? to allow me a sbare in your bank?

Riccant. Comment, Mademoiselle, vous voulez être de moitié avec moi? De tout mon cœur.

Fraulein. At first, only with a trifle. (*Takes money from her casket.*)

Riccant. Ah, Mademoiselle, vous êtes charmante!

Fraulein. I have here what I won a short time since; only ten pistoles—I am really ashamed, so small a sum.

Riccant. Donnez toujours, Mademoiselle, donnez, (*taking it.*)

Fraulein. Without doubt, sir, your bank is very respectable.

Riccant. Yes, indeed; very respectable. Ten pistoles? Your ladyship vill den be interessir in my bank, pour le tiers. Truly for le tiers dere should be—something more. Yet vid a beautiful dame, one must not be so precise. I congratulate myself to come in liaison vid your ladyship, et des ce moment je recommence à bien augurer de ma fortune.

Fraulein. But I cannot be present when you play, sir.

Riccant. What need your ladyship be present? Ve gamesters are honorable people among ourselves.

Fraulein. If we are fortunate, sir, then you will bring to me my share. But if we are unfortunate—

Riccant. Den I vil come and get recruits. Is it not so, your ladyship?

Fraulein. In time, the recruits must fail. Therefore, defend our money well, sir.

Riccant. Vat does your ladyship take me for? For a simpleton? For a blockhead?

Fraulein. Pardon me, sir—

Riccant. Je suis des Bons, Mademoiselle, savez-vous ce que cela vent dire? I am skilled—

Fraulein. But still, sir—

Riccant. Je sais monter coup—

Fraulein (*surprised.*) Would you?

Riccant. Je file la carte avec une adresse—

Fraulein. Never!

Riccant. Je fais santer la coupe avec une dexterité—

Fraulein. Still, you would not do this, sir?

Riccant. No! your ladyship, vy not? Donnez moi un pigeonneau à plumer, et—

Fraulein. Play false? Cheat?

Riccant. Comment, Mademoiselle? Vous apellez cela cheat? Corriger la fortune, l'enchainer sous ses doigts, etre sur de son fait, do you call dis cheating? O, vat a poor language is yours! What an impolite language!

Fraulein. No, sir; if you think so—

Riccant. Laissez-moi faire Mademoiselle, and be tranquil! Vat matters it to you, how I play?—Enough, to-morrow, your ladyship shall see me again, vid a hundred pistoles, or not see me at all. Votre tres-humble, Mademoiselle, votre tres-humble. (*Hurrying away.*)

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Fraulein (*looking at him with surprise and displeasure.*) The last, I hope, sir; the last!

SCENE III.—*The* FRAULEIN. FRANCISCA.

Francisca (*exasperated.*) Can I still speak? Oh! beautiful! beautiful!

Fraulein. Mock me; I deserve it. (*After a little reflection, more quietly.*) Mock me not; I do not deserve it.

Francisca. Excellent! you have performed a most praiseworthy act; you have helped a robber upon his feet again!

Fraulein. It was intended for an unfortunate man.

Francisca. And what is best of all, the fellow will consider you as one of his equals. Oh, I must follow him and take back the money. (*Will go out.*)

Fraulein. Francisca, do not let the coffee get entirely cold; pour it out.

Francisca. He must give it back again; you have thought differently of it; you will not play in company with him. Ten pistoles! You thought, Fraulein, that he was a beggar! (*Minna pours out the coffee herself.*) Who would give so large a sum to a beggar? And besides, to endeavor to spare him the mortification of begging? Those liberal ones who mistake a beggar from generosity, will, in turn, be misunderstood by the beggar. Now may you have it, Fraulein, if he looks upon your gift, as I know not what—(*and offers Francisca a dish.*) Would you put my blood in still greater commotion? I may not drink it! (*Minna sets it away again.*) "Parbleu, your ladyship, one cannot rise in de service here." (*Imitating the Frenchman's tone.*) Surely not, if people let rogues run about, unhanged, in this way.

Fraulein (*cold and thoughtful, while she drinks.*) Maiden, you understand good men so well; but when will you learn to have more patience with wicked people? And yet they are men also;—and often not nearly as bad as they appear;—only, one must seek for their good side. I fancy that this Frenchman is only conceited. From mere vanity he represents himself as a player; he wishes not to appear to be indebted to me; he will spare himself thanks. Perhaps, that having paid some small debts, he will live quietly and sparingly with the rest, while it lasts, without thinking of play. If so, dear Francisca, let him get recruits if he wishes. (*Gives her the dish.*) There, set it away. But, say, ought not Tellheim to be here, by this time?

Francisca. No, gracious Fraulein, I cannot do either; I can neither seek out the virtues of the wicked man, nor the faults of the good!

Fraulein. But he will surely come?

Francisca. He should stay away!—You perceive in him, in him, this best of men, a little pride, and would you therefore provoke him so cruelly?

Fraulein. Are you coming there again?—Silence, this will I do now. If you deprive me of this pleasure—if you do not say and do everything which we have agreed upon, I will leave you alone with him—and then! There, he is coming now, perhaps!

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SCENE IV.—PAUL WERNER, (*who enters, in a stiff posture, as if on parade.*) *The* FRAULEIN. FRANCISCA.

Francisca. No, it is only his beloved sergeant.

Fraulein. Beloved sergeant? To whom does this beloved refer?

Francisca. Gracious Fraulein, do not embarrass the man!—At your service, Herr Sergeant; what do you bring to us?

Werner (approaching the Fraulein without noticing Francisca.) Major Von Tellheim sends to the gracious Fraulein Von Barnhelm, by me, his sergeant, Werner, his most humble respects, and would say that he will be here soon.

Fraulein. Where is he now?

Werner. Your ladyship's pardon; we left our quarters before the clock struck three; but the war-treasurer met him on the way, and because, with such gentlemen there is no end to words, he gave me a sign to bring to the gracious Fraulein an account of the accident.

Fraulein. Very well, Herr Sergeant, I wish only that the war-treasurer may have something acceptable to communicate to the Major.

Werner. Such officers seldom have anything of the kind.—Has your ladyship any commands? (*Preparing to leave.*)

Francisca. Now, why gone again so soon, Herr Sergent? Have we then nothing to say to each other?

Werner (aside to Francisca, and in an earnest tone.) Not here, little maiden; it is contrary to respect, to subordination.—Gracious Fraulein—

Fraulein. I thank you for your trouble, Herr Sergeant. I should be pleased to become acquainted with you. Francisca has told me many things in your favor.

[*Werner makes a stiff bow, and retires.*

SCENE V.—*The* FRAULEIN. FRANCISCA.

Fraulein. This is thy sergeant, Francisca?

Francisca. I have time now to approach you for the contemptuous tone in which that *thy* is spoken!—Yes, gracious Fraulein, that is my sergeant! You find him, doubtless, rather stiff and awkward! He seemed so to me, also, at this time. But I observed, that he thought he must appear before your ladyship as if upon parade. And when soldiers parade—certainly they appear more like wooden puppets than like men. You should see and hear him, on the contrary, when he is himself.

Fraulein. That I certainly must do!

Francisca. He may be still in the hall? May I not go and chat with him a little?

Fraulein. I am unwilling to refuse you this pleasure, but you must remain here, Francisca. You must be present at our interview. A thought occurs to me now—(*taking a ring from her finger*)—There, take my ring, keep it safely, and give me the Major's.

Francisca. Why so?

Fraulein (while Francisca brings the other ring.) I do not really know myself; but I fancy that I foresee an occasion upon which I shall need it. Some one knocks. Give it to me quickly! (*She puts it on.*) It is he!

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SCENE VI.—VON TELLHEIM, (*in the same dress, but in other respects as Francisca had desired.*) *The* FRAULEIN. FRANCISCA.

Tellheim. Gracious Fraulein, you will pardon my delay?

Fraulein. O, Herr Major, shall we use, with each other, so much military etiquette? You are here! And the anticipation of a pleasure is itself a pleasure. Now? (*smiling as she looks at him,*) dear Tellheim, were we not, just now, children?

Tellheim. Yes, children perhaps, gracious Fraulein; children, who struggle against that to which they should have yielded.

Fraulein. We will ride forth, my friend, to look at the place a little, and afterwards to meet my uncle.

Tellheim. How?

Fraulein. Look you; thus of matters of most importance, we have not spoken yet. Yes, he arrives to-day. An accident is the cause of my arrival here a day before him.

Tellheim. The Count Von Bruchal? Has he returned?

Fraulein. The disturbance of the war drove him away to Italy;—peace has brought him back again. Think not of that, Tellheim. Formerly, we feared the strongest opposition to our engagement on his part.

Tellheim. To our engagement?

Fraulein. He is your friend. He has heard too much in your favor, from too many sources, not to esteem you. He is impatient to become personally acquainted with the man whom his heiress has chosen. He comes, as uncle, as guardian, as father, to give me to you.

Tellheim. Ah, Fraulein, why have you not read my letter? Why were you not willing to read it?

Fraulein. Your letter? Ay, I remember, you sent me one. How was it with that letter, Francisca? Did we read it or not? What did you write to me then, my friend?

Tellheim. Nothing but what honor enjoined upon me.

Fraulein. That is, not to leave an honorable maiden, who loves you. Certainly, honor enjoins this. Indeed, I should have read the letter! But what have I not read, that I can indeed bear?

Tellheim. Yes, you shall hear it.

Fraulein. No, I need not even hear it. It is understood of itself. Could you be capable of so cruel an act, as to desert me!—Do you know, that during my whole life, I should be disgraced? My countrywomen will point the finger at me. "That is she," will they say, "that is the Fraulein Von Barnhelm, who fancied, because she was rich, that she could obtain the noble Tellheim, as if noble men were to be had for gold!" So will it be said, for my countrywomen are all envious of me. That I am rich, they cannot deny; but they will not be aware of the fact, that I am also a tolerably good maiden, and worthy such a man. Is it not true, Tellheim?

Tellheim. Yes, yes, gracious Fraulein; therein I know your countrywomen. They will envy you very much—an officer dismissed from service, his honor tarnished, a cripple and a beggar!

Fraulein. And are you all this? I heard something about it, if I recollect aright, this morning. Here is then the evil and the good together. Let us examine each more closely. Are you dismissed from service? So I understand. I thought your regiment had only

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been incorporated anew? How happens it that they do not retain a man of your merit?

Tellheim. It happens as it must happen. The great have become convinced that a soldier does very little from loyalty to them, not much more from allegiance, but all for his own honor. How can they think themselves indebted to him therefor? The peace has made many of my equals unnecessary to them, and in the end, no one is necessary to them.

Fraulein. You speak as a man should; who is, also, on his part, independent of the great. And never were you more so than now. I give to the great my warmest thanks, for having relinquished their claims upon the man, whom, heretofore, I have but unwillingly shared with them. I am your commander, Tellheim; henceforth you will need no master. To find you discharged, this good fortune I had scarcely dreamed of!—But you are not merely discharged, you are something more! What else are you? A cripple, did you say? Now, (*scanning him from head to foot,*) the cripple is still tolerably entire and erect—appears still strong and healthy. Dear Tellheim, if you think to go a begging, upon the ground of having lost your limbs, I prophesy, that from few doors will you receive anything, except from those of such good-hearted maidens as myself.

Tellheim. Now I hear only the mirthful maiden, dear Minna.

Fraulein. And I, in your reproof, hear only the dear Minna. But I will jest no more; for I perceive you are really slightly crippled. A shot has lamed your right arm a little. Still, all things considered, that is not so very bad. I shall be so much the more secure from your blows.

Tellheim. Fraulein?

Fraulein. You will say, that you are so much the less secure from mine. Well, well, dear Tellheim, I hope you will not let it come to that.

Tellheim. You will be merry, my Fraulein. I lament that I cannot laugh with you.

Fraulein. Why not? What have you against laughter? Cannot one laugh and still be very serious? Dear Major, laughter keeps us much more reasonable than sadness. The proof lies before us; your merry friend judges your circumstances much more correctly than you do yourself. Because you are dismissed, you call yourself disgraced; because you have received a shot in your arm, you make yourself out a cripple. Is this right? Is there no exaggeration in this? And is it my arrangement, that all exaggerations are subjects for merriment? I wager, that if I should now examine your beggary, that would stand the test as little. You may have lost your equipage once, twice, thrice; by this or that banker, some capital may have disappeared; some loans, which you made while in service, you may have no prospect of receiving again; but are you therefore a beggar? If nothing remained for you, except what my uncle will bring—

Tellheim. Your uncle, gracious Fraulein, will bring nothing for me.

Fraulein. Nothing but the two thousand pistoles, which you so generously advanced to our state.

Tellheim. If you had but read my letter, gracious Fraulein!

Fraulein. Well, then, I have read it. But what I read therein upon this point is a perfect riddle to me. Impossible that of such a noble act they could have made a crime. Explain this to me, my friend.

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Tellheim. You remember, gracious Fraulein, that I had orders to collect the contributions in the domains in your vicinity with the utmost strictness. In order to spare myself this severity, I advanced the sum which was wanting.

Fraulein. I remember it well.—I loved you for that act, even before I had seen you.

Tellheim. The states gave me their notes, and I wished, at the conclusion of peace, to bring in these among the debts to be repaid by them. The notes were acknowledged valid, but the possession of them by myself was made a subject of dispute. Men curled the lip scornfully, when I assured them that the value had been delivered in ready money. They declared it a bribe, and fraud upon the state, because I so soon agreed with them for the smallest sum, with which I might have been satisfied only upon extreme necessity. So the notes went out of my hands, and when they are paid it will surely be to some one besides myself. Hereby, my Fraulein, I consider my honor to be tarnished; not by my discharge, which I should have demanded, if I had not received it. You are serious, my Fraulein? Why do you not laugh? Ha! ha! ha! I may laugh surely.

Fraulein. Oh, suppress that laugh, Tellheim! I entreat you! It is the fearful laugh of a misanthrope! No, you are not the man, to repent of a good deed, because unhappy consequences may have followed. No, it is impossible that these consequences should long continue. The truth must come to light. The testimony of my uncle—of all the states.

Tellheim. Of your uncle! Of the states! Ha! ha! ha!

Fraulein. Your laugh will kill me, Tellheim! If you have faith in virtue and in providence, Tellheim, do not laugh so! I never heard blasphemy more dreadful than your laugh!—And let us suppose the worst! If here they will misapprehend you, still you cannot be misunderstood by us. No, we cannot, we will not misunderstand you, Tellheim. And if the states have the slightest sense of honor, then I know what they must do. Still I am not wise; what is the necessity of this? Fancy to yourself, Tellheim, that you had, on some wild evening, lost two thousand pistoles. The king was an unlucky card for you, the queen (*pointing to herself,*) will be so much more favorable to you. Providence, believe me, always compensates the honorable man for his losses, and sometimes even beforehand. The deed which may deprive you of two thousand pistoles, won for you my heart. Without that deed, I should not have been anxious to become acquainted with you. You know I came uninvited in the first company, where I believed I should meet you. I came merely on your account. I came with the firm determination of loving you,—I loved you already!—with the firm determination of making you mine, even if I found you as dark and ugly as the Moor of Venice. You are not as dark and ugly, and you will not be as jealous. But, Tellheim, Tellheim, you resemble him much in some respects! Oh, these stern, inflexible men, who keep their eyes fastened upon the phantom of honor! hardening themselves against every other sentiment! Turn your eyes hither! upon me, Tellheim! (*absorbed and immovable, he is looking fixedly at one spot.*) Of what are you thinking? Do you not hear me?

Tellheim. (*Absent in mind.*) Oh, yes. But tell me, my Fraulein,

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how came the Moor in the Venetian service? Had the Moor no country of his own? Why did he let his arm and his blood to a foreign state?

Fraulein (*alarmed.*) Where are you, Tellheim? Now it is time we break off the conversation. Come! (*taking his hand.*) Francisca, let the carriage be brought.

Tellheim (*tearing himself away from the Fraulein, and going to Francisca.*) No, Francisca, I cannot have the honor of accompanying the Fraulein. Leave me to-day, in the possession of my senses, my Fraulein, and dismiss me. You have taken the best means to induce me to yield. I resist as much as possible. But because I still have my reason, therefore hear, my Fraulein, what I have firmly resolved upon; from which nothing shall dissuade me. If there is not still one more fortunate throw for me in the game; if an entirely new leaf is not turned over; if—

Fraulein. I must interrupt you, Herr Major. We should have told him of this before, Francisca. You never remind me of anything. Our conversation would have taken quite a different turn, Tellheim, if I had begun with the good news, which the Chevalier de la Marliniere just now came to bring to you.

Tellheim. The Chevalier de la Marliniere? Who is he?

Francisca. He may be a very good man, Herr Major, excepting—

Fraulein. Hush, Francisca!—He is also a discharged officer, who, in the Dutch service—

Tellheim. Ha! The Lieutenant Riccant!

Fraulein. And I declare that I am not his.

Fraulein. And that—I know not what minister—had assured him in confidence that your business was about to come to a happy conclusion. It must be, that a royal message is on the way to you.

Tellheim. How came Riccant and a minister together? Something truly must have taken place in regard to my affairs. For only just now, the war-treasurer assured me that the king had rejected everything which had been urged against me; and that I might take back the written promise, which I had given, not to leave this place until I had been completely exonerated. Still this may all be. They would allow me to run away. But there they are mistaken. I shall not leave. Sooner shall the severest calamity consume me before the eyes of my calumniators.

Fraulein. Obstinate man!

Tellheim. I need no favors: I wish for justice. My honor—

Fraulein. The honor of such a man as you—

Tellheim (*warmly.*) No, my Fraulein, you may be capable of judging aright on any other subject, but not on this Honor is not the voice of one's own conscience; it is not the testimony of a few honorable men—

Fraulein. No, no, I understand perfectly. Honor is—honor.

Tellheim. In short, my Fraulein,—you did not allow me to finish speaking. I would say, if they withhold from me so unjustly my due; if my honor becomes not entirely cleared from reproach—then, my Fraulein, I cannot be yours. For, in the eyes of the world, I am not worthy of you. The Fraulein Von Barnhelm deserves a man of spotless reputation. That is an unworthy love which does not hesitate to expose its object to disgrace. He is an unworthy man, who is not ashamed to owe all his good fortune to a lady, whose blind tenderness—

Fraulein. And you are in earnest, Herr Major?—(*suddenly turning from him.*) Francisca!

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Tellheim. You will not be angry my Fraulein?

Fraulein (*aside to Francisca.*) Now is the time! What do you advise me, Francisca?

Francisca. I can advise nothing. But truly he makes it rather embarassing to you.

Tellheim, (*interrupting them.*) You are angry, my Fraulein.

Fraulein, (*haughtily.*) Not in the least.

Tellheim. If I loved you less, my Fraulein—

Fraulein, (*still in the same tone.*) Oh, certainly, it would be my misfortune. And listen, Herr Major, I also will not be your misfortune. Love should be perfectly disinterested. It is well therefore that I have not been more frank! Perhaps your pity would have granted to me what your love refuses—(*drawing the ring slowly from her finger.*)

Tellheim. What mean you by that, Fraulein?

Fraulein. No, one must not make the other more fortunate, or more unfortunate. Such is true love! I believe you, Herr Major, and that you have too much honor, not to understand love.

Tellheim. You are jesting, my Fraulein?

Fraulein. Here, take back the ring with which you plighted your faith to me, (*offering him the ring.*) Let it be so! We will be, as if we had never known each other.

Tellheim. What do I hear?

Fraulein. And does this surprise you? Take it, sir. It has not surely been mere affection with you?

Tellheim, (*taking the ring from her hand*) Heaven! Can Minna speak thus?

Fraulein. You cannot be mine in one case, I cannot be yours in any. Your misfortune is probable; mine is certain. Farewell! (*going.*)

Tellheim. Whither, dearest Minna?

Fraulein. Sir, you offend me now by that familiar address.

Tellheim. What is it, my Fraulein? Whither would you go?

Fraulein. Let me go! To conceal my tears for you, Traitor! [*exit.*

SCENE VII.—MAJOR VON TELLHEIM. FRANCISCA.

Tellheim. Her tears? And shall I let her go? (*attempting to follow her.*)

Francisca, (*holding him back.*) No, surely, Herr Major! You would not follow her into her own room?

Tellheim. Her misfortune? Did she not speak of misfortune?

Francisca. Certainly; the misfortune of losing you, after—

Tellheim. After! after what? There is something concealed from me. What is it, Francisca? Speak—tell me—

Francisca. After she had, I would say, sacrificed so much for you.

Tellheim. Sacrificed for me?

Francisca. Hear, then, in short. It is very well for you, Herr Major, that you have freed yourself from her in this manner. Why should I not tell you? It cannot long remain a secret. We have run away. The Count Von Bruschal has disinherited his niece, because she would not accept a husband of his choosing. Hereupon all left her—all slighted her. What could we do? We resolved to seek him, for whom we—

Tellheim. I have heard enough!—Come, I must throw myself at her feet.

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Francisca. What are you thinking of? Go rather and thank your good fortune!

Tellheim. Wretch! for what do you take me? No, good Francisca, that counsel came not from your heart. Forgive my hasty anger!

Francisca. Do not detain me any longer. I must see how she is. So easily may something have happened to her. Go now! You had better come some other time, if you wish to come again. [*Follows the Fraulein.*

SCENE VIII.—MAJOR VON TELLHEIM.

But Francisca!—Oh, I will await you here! No, this is urgent!—When she sees my earnestness, she cannot but forgive me. Now, I need your aid, honest Werner! No, Minna, I am no traitor! [*Exit hastily.*

END OF ACT IV.

THE HILLS.

LIFT up your tow'ring summits! oh, ye hills!
Mount ever upward tow'rd the bending skies,
And let the rushing of your mighty rills,
Still play forever and its streams give rise.

Cloud cap't ye stand, and centuries have pass'd— [time,
And ye unchang'd have stood the lapse of
Have felt the rush of tempests and the blast
Play round the summits of your peaks sublime.

And crown'd with rock, ye never-dying hills,
Above ye oft the thunder's peal has burst,
And lightnings play where gush your thousand rills— [nursed.
Ye types of pow'r which morn's creation

Yea, lift your summits! hoary with the frost
Which time has gather'd on your lofty steeps,
In every clime ye boldly stretch aloft,
Mysterious monarchs with your azure peaks.

Clad in primeval grandeur, ye have stood
With sturdy forests on your stalwart sides;
Below ye rolls the ocean's swelling flood
In the full glory of its changing tides.

And on your brows, there, king-like eagles build
Their lofty eyries mid eternal rock;
By nature's voice your solitudes are fill'd,
And torrents roll, and thunders fiercely shock.

And low sweet flow'rets blossom and repose,
In meekness where your rocky columns rise;
Triumphant monuments, above which glows,
The sun's lone glory, and the bending skies.

Within your bosoms, lo! perchance are there
Rich mines unsought for and to all unknown,
And precious gems to sparkle in the hair
Of youth and beauty round a monarch's throne. [gaze
King of your race, Himmaleh! man doth
With awe and wonder as on high ye stand;
Enduring monuments of other days,
Rear'd by the glory of his mighty hand.

Then comes the Andes stretching far along
League after league, upon Columbia's shore, [long
Whose thousand peaks in solemn pomp pro-
The storm's wild echo, and the thunder's roar.

And the proud Alps, clad in eternal snows,
And fields of glaciers ever broad and vast,
Upon whose brow the living day-god throws
His earliest beams on peaks sublimely cast.

They have a power whose fame will far outlive [rush,
Empires and kingdoms in the Lauwine's*
And thron'd aloft their temples back will give
The morn's first impress, and the eve's last blush.

Their sister, too, Vesuvius, though she rears
Her head but gently, hath a wondrous dower—
And one lone city for a thousand years
Has slept a buried record of her pow'r.

There massive temples and bright gilded domes,
And marble fountains moulder and decay;
Her lava streams have swept o'er peaceful homes [away.
And borne with man, rich works of art

And every hill which lifteth far on high
Its airy summit where the eagles soar,
There, man will turn with an admiring eye,
And worship nature, and her God adore.

* The Avalanche.

Towanda, Penn.

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POPULAR PORTRAITS WITH PEN AND PENCIL.

HON. S. W. DOWNS, OF LOUISIANA.

The writer of the biographical sketch which is to follow, approaches the task he has voluntarily undertaken with no little pleasure. This is because the eventful public life of his subject is replete with facts bearing upon the progress of a great state of this Union, in the adoption of improvements in her laws and institutions, founded in the root of American liberty and national and social progress—the political principles of Thomas Jefferson. To him, it is indeed a pleasure to contemplate the career of Senator Downs, which in his mind's eye, presents a faithful type of the gradual verging of our country's institutions, to that condition of universal political equality among its citizens and all who should be its citizens, to which Thomas Jefferson looked forward as the ultimate result of the operation of his views of government, when carried out in spirit and in truth.

The yoke of special privilege, that old man of the sea upon all people, who would be free in fact, as in name, descended to us legitimately. In parting from the thraldom of our Mother-England, we rid ourselves of little more than her immediate government. Many of the principles of her constitution were fixed in the hearts of our fathers, as to this hour, not a few of the most odious features of her laws are still upon American statute books. Mr. Jefferson and his compeers, in their day laying out the plan of battle, commenced the struggle against the ascendency of both, which has been prosecuted by their disciples with more or less good fortune; and by none with more vigor and success than by the subject of our notice. For he has been to the state of Louisiana, what Andrew Jackson was to the United States; the destroyer of a monstrous scheme of special privileges under the guise of irresponsible and corrupt banking corporations, which, while industriously appropriating to themselves the proceeds of the labor of the people of the state, lost no opportunity by example, and the doctrines they caused to be promulgated in their justification, to sap the business morals of the community. As a democrat, I honor any man who has made a General Jackson sort of a fight against corrupt banks. This, however, was but a third of the task which history proves to have been that marked out for himself by Senator Downs, early in his career as a statesman. The extension of the right of suffrage, and the reform of the judiciary of his state, completing his labor of love for the principles of equal rights. In all these, he was eminently successful, as the reader will in the end perceive. The contemplation of his countenance, as traced upon the plate in this number of the Democratic Review, will strike all true-hearted republicans that he is indeed a reformer on principle; a man of deep thought, far-seeing sagacity, unyielding views of the fitness of things, ardent devotion to what

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he regards as the cause of right; courage to defend that cause against any and all odds, and industry, knowing no point at which to flag, short of the attainment of his object. Such, emphatically, has Senator Downs proved himself to be, in the crucible of perhaps the fiercest and longest struggle for reform which has distinguished the political progress of any state of this Union.

Solomon U. Downs was born in 1801, in Kentucky. I know nothing of the history of his childhood, or even of the given name or condition of his father, who, however, was able to give the son all the advantages of the best education then to be attained in the valley of the Mississippi. When a boy, he emigrated with his parents, I believe, to Louisiana, from whence he was sent to Tennessee, where he received his academical education under the tuition of the late Rev. T. Craighead, the early associate and fast friend of Andrew Jackson, who, in his day, was the most renowned instructor of youth in the state. When fit for college, he was entered in Transylvania University, where, after pursuing the usual course of studies, under the immediate supervision of the celebrated Dr Holley, he graduated. It was perhaps fortunate for Senator Downs, that both while under the tuition of that eminent scholar, Mr. Craighead, and when at college, his mates were, many of them, individuals of eminent abilities, as time has proved. Among his academical fellow students, were the late Richard Winn, since a lawyer of distinguished abilities, and a state senator for the parish of Rapides, in the Louisiana legislature; William H. Wharton, the pioneer of the Texas revolution, who first represented the young republic as minister to the United States; the talented and intrepid brother of the latter, the late John A. Wharton; Frederick Guion, late of the United States army, one of the most gifted sons of the South; and Judges John J. Guion, of Vicksburgh, Miss., and Felix Bosworth, of La., all of whom have made their respective marks upon the history of the times in which they lived.

At one period since General Downs has served the state of Louisiana, in the United States senate, four of his fellow senators had been his college mates at Transylvania University. They were Messrs. Atchison, Hannegan, Jefferson Davis and Jones of Iowa. This, I believe, is the only instance on record, where such a number of the graduates of a collegiate institution studying together, have served at one time in the Congress of the United States. I recur to it, more particularly to show that the attraction of mind in the ordinary collegiate intercourse of such college mates, must have done much in the way of early developing their intellectual powers.

After graduating at the university, General Downs commenced the study of the law, and on being admitted to the practice, according to the custom at the South, he soon found himself involved in politics. In 1828, his political speeches and writings began to attract attention, marking him for a rising public man, likely to be of real service to the state.

In the session of the legislature of 1837 and '38, a bill was introduced by a democratic representative "for the extension of the right of suffrage," and was rejected, the democrats voting for it, and most of their opponents of course against it. A proposition was made at the same session for

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taking the votes for and against a convention to remodel the state constitution, which was also lost; the parties having divided upon that, as upon its kindred project. During the next canvass for members of the legislature, these two propositions were the subjects of warm party discussion, more especially in the Ouachita senatorial district, where the candidates were Judge Morgan, a distinguished whig, who, as a representative in the other chamber, had voted against both bills, and General (then Major) Downs. The former in his circular justified his vote against the extension of the right of suffrage, while the latter, proclaiming his attachment to the principle in its broadest form, pledged himself to be willing to stand or fall by it, and all its consequences. General Downs, in this canvass, also took ground in favor of a convention to reform the constitution of the state, and had the honor to be, I believe, the only senator elected wholly upon these two issues. The democratic representative, the candidate upon the same reform and extension of suffrage ticket, was also successful; thus revolutionizing the parish.

On the meeting of the legislature after this election, in compliance with his pledges, General Downs brought forward "a bill for taking the sense of the good people of the state as to the necessity and expediency of calling a convention to amend the constitution," specifying in the body of the bill, the following as the alterations more especially to be attained, viz:

"1st. That all Judges shall be appointed for a limited period of years, and not for life.

"2nd. That any free white male citizen of the United States, above the age of twenty-one years, and who shall have resided twelve months in the state, and six months in the parish in which he offers to vote, shall be entitled to a vote.

"3rd. That a more equal and just system of representation, both in the Senate and House of Representatives, shall be adopted.

"4th. That Sheriffs, Coroners, Constables, and other parish officers be elected by the people.

"5th. That the Governor be elected by the people alone, without the intervention of the legislature."

The bill having been referred to the committee on the judiciary, of which he was a member, was reported back without amendment, sustained by a powerful report from his pen.

This bill was defeated in the Senate by the casting vote of the presiding officer, all the democrats proving its friends—and, with but one exception, all their opponents its enemies. At the same time, a similar bill was introduced in the other branch of the legislature, by a democrat. There it shared a similar fate—but a single democrat voting against it.

From this decision of the legislature, the democrats under the leadership of General Downs, (whose powerful report had at once advanced him to the position of the first champion of the proposed reform,) appealed to the people in the canvass of 1840. In this struggle, so disastrous to the democracy, General Downs, who was conspicuously active, devoted himself throughout the canvass wholly to the prime duty of defending and advocating his principles with voice and pen. Though the state threw her vote for the federal candidate, and, as usual, elected a federal legislature, so deep had the principles of constitutional reform sunk into the public mind, thanks to the unceasing efforts of General D.,

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and his fellow-democratic speakers and writers, that with the assistance of a few whigs pledged before the people to sustain this proposition to amend the constitution, upon this vital question, he found himself in a majority on the meeting of the legislature. His first move of the session of 1841, was again to bring forward his constitutional reform proposition, making, as chairman of a select committee charged with its consideration, another elaborate report in its favor.

In this document, after setting forth the difficulties thrown in the way of the consummation of the proposed reform by the requirements of the existing constitution, under which, to succeed would be almost a miracle, General Downs triumphantly demonstrated the blighting influence upon the prosperity of Louisiana involved in the existence of features of the judiciary of the state worthy of the political darkness of the middle ages, and of the anti-democratic feature of exclusive (limited) suffrage then remaining upon the statute books. He also attacked the principle, of life-tenure of office where ever found under the laws or constitution, with crushingly convincing force, and satisfied a vast majority of the people of the state, that in these and many other particulars, radical reforms were necessary in the civil polity of Louisiana, if they would ever hope for assistance from the laws in the enjoyment of their rights and the attainment of individual prosperity, such as they were fairly entitled to under proper institutions. Save the writings of Thomas Jefferson upon the dangers and embarrassments likely to grow out of the perpetuation in this country of veteran abuses in the law systems of Europe, I have met with no other so powerful exposition of the propriety of legal reforms. This paper having served as text for the advocates of reform in American state constitutions subsequently amended, will remain the guide, to direct the labors of all in the United States, who, desiring to live up to the spirit of the age, aim to effect changes in fundamental regulations framed to suit society, as it existed half a century since. The limits of this notice will not permit me to quote from this elaborate paper. Its eulogy, however, is to be found in the fidelity with which the principles it inculcates, were insisted upon by the reformers returned to the conventions which have since remodeled the constitutions of Texas, Missouri, and New-York.

Under the stunning effect of this report, the bill of General Downs passed the senate by the constitutional vote; a majority of all the members *elected* to the body. Unfortunately, the House, instead of immediately acting upon it, took up a copy of the bill introduced by a member, which seriously endangered the consummation of the project; as under the existing constitution, to authorize the submission of the question of a convention to the people, the bill for that purpose was required to be *enacted* by both houses within the first twenty days of the session. Commencing with a motion for postponement, (equivalent to a motion for its rejection,) the whigs in the house fought the bill at every step, by proposing odious amendments, and other tricks of legislative diplomacy which so often enable a minority to defeat the purposes of the majority. The bill was finally passed in a shape to give the convention *carteblanche* to enact any and all needful constitutional reforms, without regard to its specifications; but at so late a period, that a legislative *coup de main* was necessary to secure its re-enactment by the Senate, within the constitutional term of twenty days. To this end, General Downs procured the suspen-

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sion of a rule standing in the way of its consideration, over a decision of the chair against his motion. It was *passed* within the constitutional hour, and returned again to the house, the whig members of which body deserted their seats, to break up the quorum usually required when bills were thus returned. This ruse however proved of no avail; for, as the friends of the bill soon made apparent, it had been *enacted* according to the forms required by the constitution, (which did not demand its engrossement within the 20 days) if not by the custom of the legislature. After a short struggle upon this unimportant technicality, the whigs abandoned the contest before the legislature, and prepared to meet the friends of the reform before the people, the question being—shall this convention be called or not? At the same session of the legislature, through the exertions of General Downs and his democratic fellow members, a resolution for the extension of the suffrage to every free white male citizen of the United States above the age of twenty-one years, passed the senate by the constitutional majority, and was laid on the table in the house, its friends, as before, being democrats with one or two exceptions, and its opponents, all whigs.

On the 8th of January, 1842, the democrats of Lousiana met in New-Orleans, in State Convention, and nominating Governor Mouton as their candidate for governor, by resolutions and address, both from the pen of General Downs, the most prominent member, they made the proposed reforms their issues of the approaching canvass. In this address, General D. formally incorporated the war on the banking system of the state, which he and other individual democrats had carried on since 1837, in the cycle of the measures of the democratic party.

Upon these issues the democracy triumphed, for the first time electing a majority of the legislature, and obtaining the order of the people for the assembling of the convention to revise and amend the constitution.

At the succeeding session of the legislature, an election for members of the convention was ordered under the vote of the people above referred to; and in the memorable contest of 1844 they were chosen. Among them was, the life and soul of the movement, General S. U. Downs, himself. As the whigs had opposed the proposition in its every stage, in this election they were badly beaten, a handsome majority of the members chosen being democrats in favor of thorough and sweeping reforms.

On the 14th of January, 1845, this important body met in New-Orleans, and sat *de die in diem*, until May the 16th, following—full four months. Both political parties having sent up their first men, it embraced, indeed, almost all the great and learned men of the state identified in any manner with public affairs. During the year previous to the meeting of this body, General Downs had been elected a Brigadier General, (an office of responsibility and labor, under the old constitution of Louisiana,) and had served the state as a senator, and in the capacity of elector for President and Vice-President, which, in the south, it will be remembered, requires the devotion of all the time and talent of the candidate for the five or six months of the year in which residents of Louisiana avoid active bodily or mental exertion, as dangerous to health. While engaged in the discharge of his duties as

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a member of the convention, he was honored with the unsolicited appointment of District Attorney for the district of Louisiana. General Downs, however, did not qualify and enter upon the discharge of the duties of this office before seeing his hopes of radical constitutional reform crowned with success. The whigs opposed, with vehement resistance, almost all the reforms proposed; and more especially the proposition to place naturalized citizens in all respects on a footing with those of native birth. Upon this question, which was the subject of a protracted debate, in which all the great minds of the convention participated, he and a few others delivered arguments of so much force—so conclusively demonstrating the impropriety of requiring a longer residence in the state, to entitle *naturalized* citizens of the United States to the franchise, than it was the intention of the Convention to demand of the native born—that without distinction of party, the Europeans by birth, residents of New-Orleans, presented them with an address and medals. I recur to this fact, because, in having occasion to denounce the tone of Mr. Gallatin's famous pamphlet against the Mexican war in a speech in the Senate of the United States, he took occasion to point out, in strong terms, the impropriety of an indulgence in aspersions upon the integrity and character of the United States government, on the part of those naturalized citizens, whose hearts, like that of Mr. Gallatin, are wrapped up in the systems of the European world. This portion of his famous speech (on the Mexican war) was garbled and misquoted by the federal press, with the design of creating an unfounded impression, that his sympathies were with the native American party. This very characteristic federal trick, however, is so completely refuted by his previous labors to secure, unimpaired and without delay, all the rights of citizenship to the foreign born, as promised in the legislation of the general government, that it is not necessary to be further noticed here.

But to resume the thread of my history. The constitution of Louisiana, as then existing, (which had been adopted in 1812,) was but a version of the old constitution of Kentucky—the imperfections of which gave rise to the embarrassments and the general bankruptcy of its citizens—ending in the never-to-be-forgotten "old" and "new court" party troubles of that state, in which this charter was finally swept from their statute books.

The right of suffrage was restricted without reason or judgment. The judiciary were irresponsible, and held office for life. Of course, therefore, they were inefficient, tyrannical and corrupt. The public expenditures were enormous—out of proportion to the means of the state; having really brought the treasury to bankruptcy, only concealed by issuing stock for an annually increasing state debt; the actual revenue falling short some $200,000 a year of meeting the public expenditures. To go to law to obtain one's rights, was, in fact, to be well nigh ruined; and getting a judgment, after long years of litigation, was to find one's adversary's property swamped in paying his own costs of the suit.

The courts of Louisiana could, at will, strike from the list of the bar the name of any attorney, who was, literally, without redress. There was no mode of reversing the decisions of corrupt, ignorant or prejudiced superior justices. In some parts of the state, owing to the dif-

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ference of opinion existing between the courts, the laws received interpretations totally at variance with those enforced in other sections. The office of clerk of the courts had fallen into incompetent and unworthy hands, in many particulars, to the great detriment of the rights and interests of the people. Indeed, it was neither uncommon to hear of the adjournment over of a court, because the clerk was too intoxicated to discharge his duties, nor to find clerks so incompetent, that counsel were forced to draw up papers which the former were paid for preparing. In many parishes this office had come to be transmissible from father to son, with the consent of the court.

If the reader will fancy the confidence which should be placed in the decisions of a supreme judge of 80 years of age, who sat upon the bench for twenty years after he was stone blind and very deaf, he will realize something of the condition of the judiciary of the state when this great reform was consummated. Judge Martin, a man who, in his prime, possessed eminent abilities and great learning, presided thus, I believe, for twenty years, because, under the existing constitution, he could hold on to his office while a spark of vitality remained in his body.

Among the important reforms effected by this Convention were—

1. The extension of the right of suffrage, as advocated by Gen. Downs when a candidate, in 1838—"The adoption of the principle in its broadest form, and the voluntary assumption of all its consequences."

2. The total disfranchisement and disqualification from holding office of honor, trust or profit, under the laws of the state, of any one, who, since the adoption of the constitution, had been in any manner concerned as principal or second in a duel, or sending a challenge, in which the other party may have been a citizen of the state. Before the enactment of this provision, duelling was the common failing of the public men of that state more than of any other; since, duels are not matters of so common occurrence in Louisiana, as in the District of Columbia. I may with safety write, that not one man in ten of those who had previously risen to distinguished positions as public men, had passed through the necessary ordeal without fighting from one to a dozen duels, and some more. Full one-tenth of the most promising young men, who entered the political arena in Louisiana, have been *killed* in duels. These facts prove the necessity for the reform; and the altered condition of things is triumphant evidence that the remedy has extirpated the disease.

3. It limits the session (biennial) of the legislature to 60 days.

4. It prohibits members of the Senate or House of Representatives from holding, during the time for which they were elected, or for one year thereafter, any office created, or the emoluments of which were increased during the time such senator or representative was in office, except in cases where elected to office by the people.

5. It provides that no priest or religious teacher shall be eligible to the General Assembly.

6. It limits the governor's term of service to four years, and makes him ineligible for the next succeeding term.

7. It renders ineligible to state office of any description, any one who may have been entrusted with public moneys, "*until he shall have obtained a discharge for the amount of all moneys so entrusted.*" It accords to the

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governor the pardoning power, only with the concurrence of the senate. It simplifies the judiciary of the state, and otherwise so reorganizes it, as to make it more just and efficient than that of any other state of the Union, as follows:—

"The judicial power shall be vested in a Supreme Court, in District Courts, and in justices of the peace.

"The Supreme Court, except in cases hereinafter provided, shall have appellate jurisdiction only; which jurisdiction shall extend to all cases, when the matter in dispute shall exceed three hundred dollars. And to all cases in which the constitutionality, or legality, of any tax, toll, or import of any kind or nature soever, shall be in contestation, whatever may be the amount thereof; and likewise to all fines, forfeitures, and penalties imposed by municipal corporations; and in criminal cases, on questions of law alone, whenever the punishment of death, or hard labor may be inflicted, or when a fine exceeding three hundred dollars is actually imposed.

"The Supreme Court shall be composed of one chief justice, and three associate justices, a majority of whom shall constitute a quorum. The chief justice shall receive a salary of six thousand dollars, and each of the associate judges a salary of five thousand five hundred dollars, annually. The court shall appoint its own clerks. The judges shall be appointed for the term of eight years.

"*No duties or functions shall ever be attached by law to the Supreme or District Courts, or to the several judges thereof, but such as are judicial; and the said judges are prohibited from receiving any fees of office, or other compensation, than their salaries, for any civil duties performed by them.*

"The judges of all courts shall be liable to impeachment; but for any reasonable cause, which shall not be sufficient ground for impeachment, the Governor shall remove any of them, *on the address of three-fourths of the members present, of each house of the General Assembly.* In every such case, the cause or causes for which such removal may be required, shall be stated at length in the address, and inserted in the journal of each house.

"The state is directed to be divided into not less than twelve, or more than twenty districts, over which one judge may be appointed; except in the districts of New-Orleans and Lafayette, in which the Legislature may appoint as many as the public interest may require.

"Each district judge holds his seat for six years.

"The salary of a district judge may be fixed by law, but never less than $2,500 per annum.

"The District Courts shall have original jurisdiction, in all civil cases, when the amount in dispute exceeds fifty dollars, exclusive of interest. In all criminal cases, and in all matters connected with succession, their jurisdiction shall be unlimited.

"The Legislature shall have power to vest in clerks of courts authority to grant such orders, and do such acts as may be deemed necessary for the furtherance of the administration of justice; and in all cases the powers thus granted shall be specified and determined.

"The jurisdiction of justices of the peace, shall never exceed, in civil cases, the sum of one hundred dollars, exclusive of interest, subject to appeal to the District Court, in such cases as shall be provided for by law. They shall be elected by the qualified voters of each parish, for the term of two years, and shall have such criminal jurisdiction as shall be provided for by law."

The following are its limitations upon the powers of the state to contract debts:

"The legislature shall not pledge the faith of the state for the payment of any bonds, bills, or other contracts or obligations, for the benefit or use of any

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person or persons, corporation or body politic whatever. But the state shall have the right to issue new bonds in payment of its outstanding obligations or liabilities, whether due or not; the said new bonds, however, are not to be issued for a larger amount, or at a higher rate of interest, than the original obligations they are intended to replace.

"The aggregate amount of debts hereafter contracted by the legislature, shall never exceed the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, except in case of war, to repel invasions, or suppress insurrections, unless the same be authorized by some law, for some single object or work, to be distinctly specified therein; which law shall provide ways and means by taxation, for the payment of running interest during the whole time, for which said debt shall be contracted, and for the full and punctual discharge, at maturity, of the capital borrowed; and the said law shall be irrepealable until principal and interest are fully paid and discharged, and shall not be put into execution until after its enactment by the first legislature, returned by a general election, after its passage."

The following very important provisions of that instrument will be read by democrats on principle, with no little interest:

"No divorce shall be granted by the legislature.

"*The state shall not become subscriber to the stock of any corporation or joint stock company.*

"No law shall be revised or amended by reference to its title; but in such case, the act revised or section amended, *shall be re-enacted and published at length.*"

The following very stringent provisions respecting corporations, also deserve notice:

"*No corporate body shall be hereafter created, renewed, or extended, with banking or discounting privileges.*

"*Corporations shall not be created in this state by special laws, except for political or municipal purposes: but the legislature shall provide, by general laws, for the organization of all other corporations, except corporations with banking or discounting privileges, the creation of which is prohibited.*

"From and after the month of January, 1890, the legislature shall have the power to revoke the charter of all corporations, whose charters shall not have expired previous to that time; and no corporations, hereafter to be created, shall ever endure for a longer term than twenty-five years, except those which are political or municipal.

"The General Assembly shall never grant any exclusive privilege or monopoly, for a longer period than twenty years.

"No person shall hold more than one civil office at a time, except that of justice of the peace."

From these extracts, it will be perceived, that there is far more of the doctrines of Thomas Jefferson infused in the new constitution of Louisiana, than in that of any other state of the American Union. It certainly discovers more political foresight and insight, and more perfect reliance on the principles upon which popular governments are based, than are to be traced in any other series of these fundamental laws.

I need hardly pronounce the new constitution of Louisiana the best American state constitution in existence; for this opinion will suggest itself to all who believe with the writer, that the world is governed too much; one of the fundamental axioms of the creed of the Jeffersonian democrat. From the introduction of his first constitutional reform proposition in 1838, into the legislature, until the ratification of the new con-

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stitution, he led the reformers; never ceasing for an instant in his labors, or quivering under the many and severe personal controversies in which they involved him.

While engaged upon this Herculean task, as before remarked, he had another in hand of scarce less importance; more dangerous to himself, and requiring the exercise of severer exertions of his physical and mental powers. From 1838 to 1842, he was in the field against the banks of the state, sixteen in number. They were wholly irresponsible, and many of them insolvent; while they were encouraging among the people the spirit of individual business speculation and recklessness, (the existence of which alone enabled them to conceal their bankruptcy, so as, in fact, to control the fortunes of the people and the politics of the state.) General Downs, in performing his task, became a mark for the shafts of almost all the bank officers, orators, stock-holders, debtors, attorneys, and writers, in the state. The agents and supporters of these institutions in the legislature, men of eminent abilities and great weight of character, fought him at every step. Protesting their solvency, and denying his allegation that they maintained a fictitious vitality, only by fraud and corruption, they yet refused him the demanded exposition of their affairs. In Jan., 1842, he delivered his great speech (in the Senate of Louisiana) against the banks, which is replete with a more powerful exposition of the thieving iniquity of Mr. Biddle's bank schemes and principles, and of the dangers, corruptions, and flagrant wrong involved in the existence of banking privileges, as usurped by the monied corporations of Louisiana, than is embraced in any other state paper, to which the great Jackson contest against the power and corruption of the Bank of the United States gave rise; for this bank war in Louisiana was but a branch of the old Jackson anti-bank controversy. The banks of that state had suspended in 1837, and, resuming with Mr. Biddle, had again promptly followed his example, in suspending in 1839. The bank bill of this session, which was indeed the old project of 1838, was designed, first, to force these institutions to come under the control of the state; and next, to make such expositions of their affairs as would enable the legislature to judge whether they had forfeited their charters, and the community to distinguish the solvent from the insolvent.

At this session the labors of General Downs were crowned with such strong demonstrations of public opinion, that Governor Romain, (a whig,) and a handful of the whig members, came to his assistance, and thus carried through this important democratic project. Under the operation of this law, the truth was soon told; for the consequent examination of the banks resulted in proving the hopeless and fraudulent insolvency of eleven of the sixteen, all of which soon exploded, leaving but five in existence. To this day the five have continued sound. This irrefragible proof of the justice of the position so early taken, and sustained with so much courage and perseverance by General D., in overwhelming the state bank party under a load of public odium, operated greatly to increase his previous popularity; and thus eventually to place him in his present enviable position.

Throughout this bank contest, as in that for the extension of the right of suffrage and constitutional reform, General Downs was the main mark for the shafts of the opposition, who levelled their missiles of detraction at his head, as though impressed with the belief that in silencing him,

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they would achieve the overthrow of this important purpose of the democracy. The democratic reader, who has witnessed the struggle which combined and corrupt local banks make for the preservation of their privilege to plunder, when the rod of reform is uplifted against them, will understand that in this combat, every possible scheme to defeat the final exposure, was resorted to. Though aided in his good work by an almost unanimous democratic party, the chief labor and the weight of federal odium fell upon General Downs. By way of illustrating his position in this contest, I here present the reader with two extracts from federal papers of that day. The first is from the New-Orleans Bee, then the principal organ of the banks of the state, edited by Mr. Bullitt, who, on the 23d of this month, (June, 1849,) is to commence the publication at Washington, of the official organ of the general administration. The second, is an extract from a letter in the Concordia Intelligencer, then, as since, the best conducted federal paper in the state. From these papers it will at once be perceived, that General Downs was indeed the life and soul of the laborious task of reform the democrats of the legislature had in hand.

"THE CRISIS.

"THE STATE SENATE—THE PEOPLE.

"The fiat has gone forth, and henceforward an abject, dumb and servile submission to the imperial behests of the Senate can alone protect the citizens from the denunciation, reproach and slander of its inquisitor general. The Press must be muzzled, the Presidents and Directors of our Banks must violate the characters under which they act, and compromise the interests of their stockholders in the indecent haste to prostrate themselves before the Juggernaut that is to crush them; the citizen who refuses to abase himself before the standard of perfectibility set up by the Senate, is no longer entitled to the immunities or consideration of free men. We venture to assert that the history of free government from the dawn of liberty to this hour, does not furnish such an example of tyranny, usurpation, and scandalous disregard of the rights of the people as has been exhibited by the upper branch of the Legislature within the past month, unless, indeed, it be found in the legislation of South Carolina during the rebellion of '32, when jurors, judges, constables, and militia officers were sworn on the bible of nullification instead of the Holy Evangelist, before they could enter upon the discharge of their duties.

"The moving spirits in that body have assumed the powers of the Executive, Legislature and Judiciary. The Executive nominated, according to law, certain directors for those Banks in which the State had an interest The Senate held up the nominations until its bill had become a law, and forthwith passed a resolution enquiring of the nominees if they were opposed to the Bank Bill, and directing them to hand in their answer at a given hour. We would like to know when, before in the history of free government, was a step like this taken? and who can doubt that if a vacancy in the judiciary were to take place, that any one nominated by the Governor for the office, would be in like manner interrogated and his opinion favorable to the constitutionality of the Bank Law made the *sine qua non* of his confirmation. The nominations of those persons sent to the Senate as State Directors, who refused to answer the resolution above noticed, were rejected. This is a novel tenure of office. They have already passed a law, against the constitution, vacating the office of Attorney-General, in case he does not within 10 days after a prescribed period move against the Banks—thus assuming to themselves the power of impeachment vested in the House of Rrepresentatives, and condemning before accusation or trial, a high functionary under the constitution. There is but one step more to be taken,

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and that is to pass a resolution, requiring the judges of the Supreme Court to hand in their opinions upon the constitutionality of the law, and procure the impeachment of those who refuse to respond, or question its conformity with the constitution.

"The Senate's 'Finance Committee' have taken upon themselves the functions of inquisitors. They are not satisfied with encroaching upon the Executive, but they must invade the Judiciary. Their chairman, Mr. Downs, pronounces upon violations of law and denounces the penalties against offenders, with as much *nonchalance* as if he were judge, jury and sheriff. He seems ambitious of prying into every man's business, and enlightening the public upon every body's indebtedness to the bank. He thinks the other departments of government utterly useless. And indeed the Senate itself comes in for no better share of his esteem—the 'Committee on Finance' being alone capable of executing all the functions of government; and to simplify the system yet further, the 'chairman' of the Committee is fully competent to dispense with the assistance of his coadjutors. The whole theory, practice and power of the Government is reduced to a song—'*all in the downs.*'"

"In the Senate, those members who are obviously the prominent men, are Downs, Hoa, Sparrow and Walker. * * * * * * *

"Major Downs is a native of the country, now about forty years of age, and in the prime vigor of his physical and intellectual powers; he has been six years a member of the Senate, and in that time has gained the reputation and the character of a leader of his party in the State Senate; his politics are democratic, and these principles blend with nearly all his legislative efforts. In debate he is free, open, manly, and candid, and enters, with so much spirit and earnestness, into his subject, as to inspire confidence in his sincerity. Indeed it will require time for the observer to discover the discipline with which he has prepared himself for success, so candid and fair does he seem in discussion; yet it is probable that no member of the Senate drills his intellectual forces with more rigor for success at all hazards. When the conflict unexpectedly becomes difficult and doubtful, he becomes aroused, is somewhat thrown off his guard, and the weak points of his defence, if any there be, are developed; his strong prejudices are his greatest failing. Few have ever heard him yield a point; for he can defend, with considerable array of truth, and a tremendous cannonade of blank cartridges, after his effective ammunition is exhausted, any position which he assumes. He considers the principles of his political creed a sacred depository, which he is bound to guard from the attacks of the enemy's regular sassault in line, as well as from the insidious and skirmishing sorties of scouting debate; and he will command all his forces to charge, with the same desperation, upon a wandering whig militia-man, as upon the solid column of truth and justice, making good way to the citadel of democracy; he is a valiant soldier in the ranks of his party, and never loses an opportunity to fight. The course taken by Major Downs in reference to the banks and bank laws, has rendered him very unpopular in the city, with what degree of justice remains to be seen; for no one now seems able to guess what will be the ultimate effects of this strange and complicated fabric of legislative manufacture," (referring to the bank law urged by General Downs). * * * * * * * *

"Nature blessed him with a strong mind, strong body, decision of character, even to stubbornness. In the local relations of life he is much esteemed as a hospitable, temperate, and intellectual man; his stature is tall, but inelegant; his complexion dark; hair, black; eyes, blue; and, taken in all, is a very hard-favored man."

If the measures to compass the reform, taken by General Downs, were arbitrary, and involved the assumption of unlawful authority, as alleged in the article from "the Bee," their triumphant justification is to be found in the fact, that he was dealing with corrupt institutions, then *above all law*—almost wholly irresponsible—as the equally corrupt and bank-in-

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fluenced judiciary of the state, at that time, had decided. Dangerous diseases, at times, require desperate remedies, such as the Bee argues were resorted to. The final disclosure of the true condition of these institutions, relieved General Down of the "odium" which his measures had generated against him. That is, in the estimation of all of the community whose good opinion was desirable to a man of true integrity.

But I must hasten on. The blow up of the insolvent banks of the state greatly strengthened the democratic party—demonstrating the patriotism of its warfare, of five or six years' duration. Indeed, that event secured a triumph for the democracy, for the first time, in the state election soon following.

In the spring of 1844, General Downs was chosen to be a delegate for the state at large, in the Baltimore Convention, and instructed to support Mr. Van Buren. He was at the same time nominated a candidate for presidential elector, by the Democratic State Convention.

On the promulgation of the anti-Texas letter of Mr. Van Buren, which took place after these nominations were made, General Downs promptly threw them up; alleging that he could not support a traitor to the principles of democracy. But the State Central Committee, taking his view of the letter of Mr. Van Buren, rescinded the instructions; and General Downs then felt at liberty to fulfil these important functions. In the discharge of his duty as an elector, on the 19th of June, 1844, he delivered, at Farmersville, in the Parish of Union, the most elaborate, carefully-prepared, and powerful argument, in favor of the annexation of Texas, which, as far my reading extends, the canvass produced. This was at once printed in large numbers by the democracy, and sent in every direction over the south-west; furnishing the speakers and writers of our party with by far the most extensive and convincing collection of "proof from the record," brought to bear in favor of that great measure of the democracy. As before remarked, he was chosen an elector, and voted for James K. Polk.

On the occurrence of the first vacancy from Louisiana, in the United States Senate, after the election of 1844, General Downs, without solicitation, was unanimously nominated by the democratic members of the Legislature, and triumphantly elected to that honorable post, in which his career has been marked by quiet labor and retiring modesty. He has, however, in Washington, added not a little to his previous fame as a distinguished statesman. As chairman of the Senate's Committee on Private Land Claims, his indefatigable habits and extensive legal attainments have been of great service, in obtaining for honest claimants their dues, and guarding the public treasury against unjust demands. As one of the select committee, to whom was referred the bill of Senator Douglass, for the admission of California as a state, he made a minority report, dissenting from the views of his fellow committee-men upon the question of the constitutionality of the famous proposition of Mr. Douglass, and reviewing and refuting the positions of that paper, seriatim. It will be recollected that the majority report, drawn up by Mr. Berrien, denying the constitutionality of the proposed measure, went on to argue from the history of the action of this government in the admission of all the new states, by way of sustaining this view. General Downs attacked these positions at the root; showing (the historical facts of the majority report being untrue) that, in this case, Congress had been asked

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to do no more than it had in fact, at a prior date, done, virtually, in the case of Vermont, and in that of Kentucky. The latter when admitted had no state constitution framed, nor indeed for fourteen months after; and as for laws, she was then entirely without them—being in a chaotic state.

His triumphant refutation of the facts presented by the majority, and consequently of the conclusions drawn from those facts, made converts of a sufficient number of senators to render it apparent that a majority stood ready to enact some bill on the principles of that of Mr. Douglass, when satisfied that it could pass the other branch of Congress.

The speech of Senator Downs, upon "the ten Regiment bill," was regarded by Congress, without distinction of party, as, perhaps, the most conclusive defence of the war policy and measures of the administration to which that memorable debate gave rise. This paper—for it was an elaborate state paper—embraced the result of long labor, close investigation, and profound thought upon the subject matters being considered.

Yet young for his position, and in the possession of all his powers in full vigor, Senator Downs bids fair to win a broadly national reputation, in the war which special privilege is destined to wage, for the next three or four years, against the rights of the states and the people of the states, under the auspices of the federal administration of the general government. He can hardly fail to have, in the Senate of the United States, in all that time, a field suited to render his peculiar talents and attainments almost of as much value to the Union at large, as they have been to the people of Louisiana, within the period particularly reviewed in this sketch. Knowing the character of his mind, his abilities and attainments, and the history of his previous labors in behalf of sound republican progress; and also anticipating the efforts which federalism will essay in the legislation of the next Congress to take advantage of the election of President Taylor, the writer, in conclusion, predicts that if spared by Providence to his country, he will come to be regarded as perhaps the main senatorial bulwark of the democratic party, in future contests over principles or measures in which the supremacy of Thomas Jefferson's readings of law or rights may be involved.

I cannot close this sketch without noticing the fate of the class-mates of General Downs when under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Craighead, mentioned previously, for their story, full of vicissitude and sorrow, illustrates the state of society and of the times in which General D. persevered in his labors for reform until they were crowned with triumphant success. Of the seven, *five* are already in the grave.

Winn died at the close of 1810, a victim to fatigue and exposure in the Presidential campaign, and chagrin at the defeat of Mr. Van Buren. Frederic Guion fell in a duel at Natchez. One of the Whartons lost his life in the accidental discharge of a pistol; the other died from a wound received at the battle of San Jacinto. Bostwick, who since died in the service of his country in the Mexican war, had his right arm shattered to pieces in a furious rencontre; and General Downs, himself, was shot through the lungs by a musket ball in a duel. Yet there was not one among them not remarkable for suavity of disposition.

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FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

In our last, we mentioned that the state of the exchanges, and the general aspect of the foreign trade, indicated the speedy reimportation of specie from Europe. This has taken place during the month to the extent of over two and a half millions. That is, the packet of Apl. 7 brought $500.000; of the 5th, $250,000; of the 14th, $270,000; of the 21st, $1,000,000; and of the 28th, $415,000. The effect of these arrivals has been apparent as well in the rise of bills as in the amelioration of the money market. Sterling bills have now risen to 8 a 8½ per cent., and money has become abundant at six per cent., at which rate the banks loan, and considerable money has been loaned on treasury notes at thirty days without interest. The banks discount freely, but such paper as does not come within their limits, is done in the street at 7 a 9 per cent. It is to be remarked, however, that there is an absence of much speculation either in stocks or goods, and therefore the demand for money is not active. The stocks of cotton throughout the country, as well as the imports of goods, are becoming less, while the process of payment from the interior is producing an accumulation of money, although from causes indicated in our last, the sum of payments is less than was anticipated. It is to be inferred, however, that when, through the application of all available means, in most country towns of the Union, to California enterprise, both business and payments have been unfavorably affected, that the success of those enterprises, by imparting increased means to those localities, now straightened for outfits, will give a renewed impulse to general business, as well by closing up outstanding accounts, as by enhancing purchases and improving the demands for manufactured goods.

The amounts of money seeking employ are, however, increasing both in number and magnitude, and the disposition to create capital stock of moneyed corporations is very rife. Thus, at the late session of the Massachusetts legislature, there were passed laws to charter ten new banks, and to increase the capitals of thirteen old ones; also, to incorporate thirty-seven manufacturing companies of different kinds, in the face of the present "ruinous" tariff; and ten insurance companies. There were also passed thirty-nine laws concerning railroads, mostly new charters, and raising the capitals of old ones. These make one hundred and nine laws which authorize the appropriation by special privilege of at least $8,000,000 of capital. In Pennsylvania the legislation was quite as prolific, and probably $15,000,000, including the state loan of $400,000, will be demanded for capital, banks, rail-roads, &c. In New-York the formation of institutions under general laws is rapid; but requiring no special legislation in the matter, the results are less conspicuous, although their effect upon the demand for capital is not the less felt. By the new constitution of the state, no new charters can be granted to banks; and as existing ones expire, they have the choice of going into liquidation, or organizing under the general law, which requires them to deposite New-York stocks with the comptroller as security for their circulations. One of these, the Merchants' Exchange Bank charter expires June 1st, and its capital was $750.000. It proposed to organize under the general law, with a capital of $1,000,000, giving the old stockholders the priority of subscription. The result is, that all the old stock was subscribed, and new stock, to an amount which makes the capital $1,220,350, or nearly a quarter of a million more than was at first proposed. The result is the more remarkable, when we reflect that such structures as the Hudson River and Erie railroads, which not only promise to be the most profitable, but to have the greatest influence upon general business, as well as upon the value of other property in the state, have filled their subscriptions with great difficulty. The promptness with which the bank capital was raised, indicates confidence in the

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working of the general law, as well as in the success of banks generally, notwithstanding the operation of the independent treasury, specie clause and all. A new institution, called the Broadway Bank, capital $1,000,000, is also being organized. It is to be observed, that this large and growing bank influence is altogether opposed to the creation of any overshadowing federal bank influence in the renewal of any new United States Bank project. The commercial interests of all classes are also convinced, by the operation of the independent treasury, that it is preferable to the bank system; an indication of this is presented in the course of the Journal of Commerce, which unceasingly denounced the independent treasury plan as a humbug, until corrected by the voice of its readers; and it now strongly opposes a new national bank as a greater humbug. It is to be remarked, that the demand for capital indicated in the number of charters in this and neighboring states is very important—exceeding, perhaps, when we remember the demand on California account, the accumulations, and becomes an important element in the high rate of interest.

The leading features of the New-York banks, for the last several returns, indicate the following results:

NEW-YORK BANKS.

1848.	Loans.	Specie.	Circulation.	Deposites.	Bal. due.
August	80,744,977	11,983,624	25,091,683	36,281,080	10,830,465
November 11	80,558,529	9,107,920	26,237,156	35,096,318	6,308,777
November 13	82,561,614	7,418,928	25,870,131	35,669,795	6,116,878
1848.					
March	73,921,811	6,722,326	23,047,826	29,741,507	4,444,039
June	72,318,986	6,751,338	20,718,825	27,650,590	5,663,958
September	73,503,787	5,721,134	22,701,051	28,835,024	4,165,416
December	74,998,932	6,817,814	23,208,289	29,205,233	4,142,477
1849.					
February	76,824,565	5,481,874	22,509,882	30,216,287	4,439,085

These returns, through the neglect of the proper officer, seldom make their appearance in season to convey timely information. The return ordered for February 9, was not published until the close of April, or nearly three months after it was made up, and when the circumstances of the market were entirely changed. The law of 1843 required that the result should be published within twenty days from the time of its date. This provision was smuggled out of the amended law, thus frustrating its whole design in requiring the returns made. Since February, when the above returns were made, the money market became intensely tight, and has again become quite easy; yet in all that time no official figures enabled the public to estimate the influence which the corporate institutions have had upon the state of affairs.

The anticipations at first indulged in relation to a large and sudden influx of gold, have, up to this time, not been realized. Nevertheless, the quantity of gold that has left San Francisco is very considerable, and not measured by the high standard of the excitement of last fall, is astonishing The discovery of the mines took place in February, 1848, and during the remainder of that year gold mining was carried on by persons almost destitute of the proper means of working the mines—without capital, without machines, or necessaries, and many of them inexperienced in labor. Under these disadvantages, the shipments have been over $3,000,000, and will reach a product of $4,000,000 for the 12 months. This is an immense result; although most of the gold has gone to England, by reason of the peculiar circumstances of the first discovery, and the fact that the supplies of goods that first reached the mines, being the stock of English merchants on the South American Pacific coast, yet the improved means of communication for the coming year will ensure the shipment to the United States of a large portion of the considerable sums which must result from the scientific and systematic operations of the well-provided thousands who have sought that region for its mineral wealth. The gold product of California last year

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exceeded the value of the whole rice crop of the Atlantic States, and was equal to one-half of the tobacco exports. How much greater, then, will be the magnitude of the production, under more rigorous prosecution of the mines, the inexhaustible nature of which seems to be well authenticated.

The renewed import of specie into the United States from Europe, after the extraordinary exportation of those metals last year, to purchase the manufactures and wares of Europe, sold, under the influence of political panic, at rates ruinous to producers, is a gratifying instance of the corrective agency of sound commercial principles. Specie being the common standard furnished by nature for the world, it moves always to that point where other products of industry are cheapest. Where any nation, by the undue creation of false money, or its paper representative, disturbs the common standard, it induces specie to flow out until a collapse takes place, through the over consumption of goods on credit. Last year, specie went abroad, not because goods were too high in the United States, but because they were unusually low, and a great deal of labor expressed in manufactures could be got for a little money. This year, less goods can be got for the same money, and it returns for the agricultural produce of the United States—cotton and breadstuffs being more in demand in Europe.

The canals are in activity, and the quantity of goods coming down very considerable, stimulated by those favorable accounts from abroad which have been accompanied by orders induced by freer and rising prices, as well of breadstuffs as cotton. The bad state of the roads last fall, prior to the closing of the canals, kept considerable quantities of breadstuffs back, and these are now pressing down. The stock of flour on hand at New-York, when the canal opened, was variously estimated, from 25,000 to 60,000 bbls.; but the truth is not far from 45,000 bbls. The late accounts of prices in England, have caused the advance; and a rise of some 3 per cent. in exchange, is equal to the corresponding rise in favor of the shipper of produce. Thus, the rise of from 5½ to 8½ per cent., in sterling bills, is equal to an advance of 15 cts. per bbl. in flour, and 2 cts. per bushel in corn. This advance has been obtained in the face of a considerable supply of bills, drawn against stocks, of which the sales continue active in London.

The prospect is, therefore, of a prosperous year, notwithstanding that the political horizon is threatening in the extreme. The trade in farm produce is daily becoming more important, notwithstanding the alleged competition in the countries of Europe.

The growing character and importance of our foreign produce trade may be seen at a glance by the following tables, gathered from official sources:—

EXPORT OF FLOUR FROM THE UNITED STATES.

To	1840. bbls.	1846. bbls.	1847. bbls.	1848. bbls.
England	620,128	1,015,244	2,457,076	958,744
Gibraltar	12,891	7,302	23,974	6,038
British East Indies	4,565	3,356	7,358	5,091
British West Indies	232,329	292,715	274,275	227,226
Do. American Colonies	432,356	310,091	272,299	174,206
France	74,416	9,138	612,814	28,895
French West Indies	10,491	10,632	25,414	21,269
Hayti	28,724	49,997	40,257	28,009
Cuba	69,818	13,831	49,446	29,872
Spanish West Indies	20,966	10,803	17,780	14,846
Mexico	15,826	15,922	5,928	12,070
Venezuela	28,707	35,670	37,604	28,446
Brazil	197,823	396,460	254,300	294,816
Other places	144,142	225,405	303,371	190,865
Total	1,893,182	2,289,476	4,382,496	2,119,393
Value, dollars	10,355,000	11,668,000	26,133,811	13,194,109

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QUANTITIES OF CERTAIN ARTICLES OF PROVISIONS EXPORTED FROM THE UNITED STATES.

	Beef. bbls.	Cheese. lbs.	Pork. bbls.	Hams. lbs.	Lard. lbs.
1837	28,076	411,338	24,583	965,939	6,388,174
1841	56,537	1,748,471	133,290	2,796,517	10,597,654
1844	106,474	7,343,145	161,629	3,886,976	25,746,355
1846	149,223	8,675,390	190,422	3,006,630	21,843,164
1847	111,979	15,637,600	206,190	17,921,471	37,611,161
1848	103,719	12,913,305	218,269	33,551,034	49,619,539

The exports of breadstuffs from the United States to Great Britain and Ireland continue large. For four leading articles they have been as follows:—

EXPORTS OF BREADSTUFFS FROM UNITED STATES TO GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

	Flour. bbls.	Meal. bbls.	Wheat. bushels.	Corn. bushels.
September 1 to January 1	639,994	45,193	854,005	5,071,713
January	51,874	15,088	101,022	918,205
February	35,111	753	1,392	861,596
March	37,298	4,075	11,613	972,479
April	77,687	5,726	109,874	1,129,799
Total, 1849	840,964	70,835	1,076,906	8,853,792
" 1848	155,666	89,157	215,139	2,452,921
" 1846	1,685,734	455,666	1,570,616	11,245,775

The import of breadstuffs into Great Britain has been very much promoted the past year by the anxiety of holders in Europe to realize cash, and by the removal of the duties. The result has been larger receipts in the British ports than ever before, with the exception of a famine year. Under these circumstances, the prices in England have fallen very low; the average for wheat being at the latest dates 44s. 5d. per quarter for the whole kingdom, against 100s. in the year 1847. This low price has promoted a much more extensive consumption; and yet, under the unusually active competition of Europe, growing out of political causes, the ability of the United States to supply advantageously at these prices is manifest in the table of exports. With a good harvest in England in 1848, and large foreign supplies, the demand for United States produce is this year larger than in any year previous to 1847. This is a fact so pregnant with importance to the whole agricultural interest, as to merit a constant recurrence to it. It is also to be remarked, that the purchase of such vast quantities of food by England is no longer attended, as in former years, by financial distress as an immediate result The quantity of breadstuffs imported for several years was as follows, for the year ending January 5, 1849:—

	1845.	1846.	1847.	1848.
Grain in quarters	2,162,644	3,814,666	9,436,675	6,994,576
do. bushels	19,463,796	34,331,994	82,939,175	62,951,184
Flour, cwt	953,258	3,356,812	8,633,991	2,042,696
Bullion in bank	£13,325,886	£14,760,506	£12,578,361	£14,523,590

The immense imports of 1847, added to the railroad speculation and the outlay in Ireland, reduced the bullion to about £8,000,000 in October of that year, but it subsequently rose rapidly; and the large grain importation of 1848 did not prevent a continued accumulation of coin and fall in the value of money. This is the conservative influence of comparative free trade. Buying and selling result only in prosperity, if not interfered with. It is the attempt to restrain hat creates mischief.

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As the Independent Treasury promotes a steadiness of prices, and promptly corrects the exchanges by preventing any disturbing inflation of circulating credits, so does it aid the more liberal commercial legislation of England and America in raising the federal revenues. By keeping prices regular and steady the surplus products of the Union find a market, constantly becoming more certain and of greater magnitude. It results that the proceeds of sales abroad, returning in the shape of dutiable goods, swell the revenue in proportion to the sales.

The leading items of federal revenue for the quarter ending March 31, as compared with the corresponding quarter, last year, were as follows:—

UNITED STATES REVENUE, QUARTER ENDING MARCH 31.

	Customs.	Lands.	Miss.	Loans.	Total.
1848	9,383,000	700,000	176,200	5,387,820	15,647,020
1849	8,374,928	389,566	2,185,350	2,734,500	14,680,044

This very unusual item of over two millions under the miscellaneous head requires explanation. As well might the whole revenue be called miscellaneous as to publish such vague statements, that, giving no information in relation to the operation of the department, are an evasion of the law requiring their publication. The revenue from customs has fallen off, it appears, about $1,000,000 on the quarter, and the sales of lands also considerably. The heads of expenditures are as follows:—

	1848.	1849.
Civil	1,389,582	2,873,030
War	7,241,659	2,488,259
Navy	1,964,772	2,091,291
Debt	6,229,813	3,510,108
Interest	228,541	167,308
Total	17,054,372	11,129,996

Of the expenditure under the civil head, $1,030,050 63 was the sum advanced to the Messrs. Barings, of London, as a part of the instalment due Mexico in July, and may be considered a part of the war debt. If, then, we take the sum of the regular revenue, say customs and lands, making an aggregate of $9,764,494, we find that it exceeds the sum of the ordinary expenditure, namely, civil, army, navy, and current interest, ($6,599,830) by $3,164,664, and that there was $1,000,000 more debt paid than contracted, and that the amount of money in the United States Treasury has increased from $4,314,164, at the close of December, to $6,974,007, at the close of April, an increase of $2,659,843 This exhibits an exceedingly prosperous state of the finances. It is, however, a manifest extravagance to retain near seven millions in the Federal Treasury, when the government is paying 6 per cent. interest on a like sum, making a useless charge of $520,000 per annum on the Treasury. This difficulty grows out of the fact that the Treasury notes were allowed to be funded in a twenty years' stock; and as money becomes plenty and the stock in demand abroad, this privilege is availed of. Thus, the amount of Treasury notes outstanding Oct. 1, 1848, and May 1, 1849, was as follows:

TREASURY NOTES OUTSTANDING.

	Acts prior to July, 1846.	Act, July, 1846.	Act, Jan., 1847.	Total.
Oct. 1	161,989 31	290,850	11,326,550	11,779,389 11
May 1	150,339 31	135,850	5,673,550	5,959,739 31
Decrease	11,650 00	155,000	5,658,000	5,819,649 80

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The effect of this funding is to convert a debt, payable at the end of the year, into one payable at the end of twenty years. As the twenty years' coupon stock is now worth 12 per cent. premium, it is equal to a bonus of 12 per cent. to the government credit. The cost of this to the government will be the interest on $12,000,000 for 19 years, say $13,680,000, and this while there is the large sum of near $7,000,000 lying idle in the Treasury. The large sum of over $13,000,000, which must be produced by the labor of the American people, will be sent to Europe to increase the wealth of those who are now buying the United States stock. Under these circumstances it would seem to be important that the Secretary of the Treasury should be directed to enter the market and purchase stock at its current rate. If the government is compelled to give a premium, the stock must be, to it, worth as much as to the public.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

The awakening of nature has appeared; our mother earth is already dressed with her green and flourishing mantle; and the peaceful American farmer starts for the field to till the ground for a new and abundant harvest. Here are liberty, unity, and independence; everything is in a state of progress and of civilization; and, thanks to the creators of this glorious commonwealth, the present generation is enjoying the fruits of the noble deeds performed by its ancestors. It has acquired vast territories; and stands broader and stronger than any of the great powers of Europe. All this is the consequence of the blessings of free democratic government and sovereignty of the people; and all the gigantic institutions of this new country are merely derived from an industrious and intelligent nation taught at the school of republicanism. But if we pass from this continent to the old world, we are sure to meet with a very different state of things! No public industry nor social order—on one side we see anarchy struggling with despotism; true republicanism crushed by kings, or by men called liberals of *la veille*. It seems that Europe is on the eve of a great and general conflagration, in which tyranny or freedom must at last acquire the ascendancy, and dictate to the world.

A year ago the French made a revolution—glorious in its birth, and great for its democratic principles; a reaction followed that bloodless insurrection, caused by the wants of the poorer classes, and originated by the amalgamation of different parties. Next came a Dictatorship; and now a Napoleanic Republic, which will end in a constitutional monarchy, or with a new and bloody revolution. France has abjured her institutions and principles. In May, 1848, it was decided that all nations struggling for freedom should receive the support and sympathies of the Gallic people. In May, 1849, we see the Assembly in Paris decided to put down another republic—to interfere in favor of the Pope, against the will of the Roman people! This treacherous policy will condemn to an everlasting infamy the government and the people who permitted such an infamous step against a sister republic. There is certainly no nation more indebted to Italy than France. Many thousand children of this unfortunate land were slaughtered for the glory of that country, during the consulship and empire of Napoleon. The Italians fought bravely for France; and at present we see Gallic bayonets and cannons arrayed against the modern Romans, who attempted to return to a democratic life, and acquire a rank among other powers. The Republic of Rome was as sacred as that proclaimed in Paris. It was created by the majority of

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the Assembly, and voted by the whole population. The Pope had been deposed, *de facto et de jure*, only of his temporal sovereignty; while the Democratic Roman Government had promised to respect and protect his sacred dignity of chief of the Roman Church. In 1831, when Louis Napoleon was a simple citizen of the Roman States, he, with his elder brother, took up arms, and marched with other liberals against the troops of Gregory XVI. Now that he is the *President* of France, instead of protecting the Romans, he goes against their government, and forgets his just conduct in so noble a cause! The affairs of Italy are still more complicated; and, thanks to the treachery of the Piedmontese government, the Austrians have entered that territory, and occupied the strong fortress of Alexandria. So we see the French in Civita-Vecchia; the Austrians in Alexandria; Leghorn contumacious; Florence servile; Catania reduced in ashes; and all Sicily surrendered to the hateful tyrant of Naples. But the cause of the Italian peninsula is not yet abandoned. In spite of all the efforts of her different enemies, the foreigners must evacuate soon, or find their graves in this revolutionary country. General G. Avezzâna, a naturalized American citizen, after having protested against the Piedmontese armistice, fought bravely in Genoa, and afterward went to Rome, called to discharge the office of minister of war; and when the leaders of the Roman Republic shall be compelled to leave the sanctuary of the true Italian freedom, from Rome they shall go to Ancona, and there can resist the hostile attacks of the French invaders, should they persist after the repulse they have encountered.

France is agitated and threatened with a new revolution, which may be decisive of the fate of the whole European continent. The President has become very unpopular, not only among the socialists, but even with his most faithful partisans, as Napoleon Bonaparte and General Montholon, both of whom have published an adress, in which they protest against the French intervention in Italy. The coming elections excite great interest, and if the modern French should so disgrace themselves as to choose a legislature of Légitimists, the Republic will have sunk into the arms of the Bourbons or Orleanists, who may return to Paris and rule France with an iron hand. The Socialists, although they are persecuted more than under Louis Philippe, are not inactive; they hold public meetings, and their ramifications have been extended even among the troops, doing much injury to the cause of true democracy. A banquet of Catholic priests, annexed to Socialism, took place in Paris, and the Abbé Franchard presided; there were more than 7000 persons, among whom were several women and soldiers. The regiments who sympathise with the Red Republicans are being removed from the capital, and a colonel of a regiment of the line, of the garrison of Paris, has been placed on half-pay for having addressed his fellow-soldiers in a language so democratic, as to endanger the presidential chair of Louis Napoleon. Mr. Duchesne, responsible editor of the *Peuple*, was again condemned to two years imprisonment, for having published an article against the proceedings of the government, concerning the trial of the individuals connected with the assassination of General Brea! Three representatives were arrested for having endeavored to foment riots in the streets. One of the arrested representatives, N. Louisy, a negro from Martinique, complained that he also had been arrested and thrown in a *dark hole*. Here the *honorable* representative uttered a most strange sound, like what was heard some years back in England, on the stage, from Mr. Rice, when enacting *Jim Crow*, and other imitations of negro character; this unusual sound, say the Parisian papers, excited great laughter throughout the chamber. The year 1848 was the greatest epoch of popular revolutions, and 1849 will be the year of wars, and the largest field of action is going on with great progress in Germany. Frederick William, of Prussia, it will be seen, has refused the Imperial Crown of Germany; the different governments of this vast and interesting country have broken the national league, and decline to unite in a single body the whole German family, and the *liberal* sovereign of Berlin has resorted to a measure dear unto monarchs aspiring to absolutism; he has dissolved one chamber and adjourned another. The Berlin populace were treated in another

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favorite way; the volleying musket played upon them. The king of Wurtemburg, after declaring himself against the constitution and the law of election, has been obliged to yield everything; the Chamber published a triumphant proclamation, and his stupid majesty left the court and the capital with a march that much resembles a flight. But the most important topic of the German question is the entry of the Russians into Austria, called by the young Emperor to subdue the valiant Hungarians. The intervention of Russia in the affairs of the Teutonic Empire, may be the signal of a general rising in Germany, not only against their established governments, but also against any foreign invader. We may expect to see Poland and Bohemia enter the field of battle in favor of the Hungarian cause, and the ferocious *paysans* of Gallicia annihilate the Russian and Austrian armies. The recent triumphs of the Hungarians have shown heroism and generalship in their proceedings, and may yet stand gloriously against the allied powers. The news from Hungary has awakened much excitement in Vienna, and fears were entertained that a fresh outbreak of the workmen will happen if the Hungarians should make any approach to the Austrian frontier. Pesth was evacuated, Bem marched against Windischgratz into Austria, and General Dombinski at the head of 15,000 men entered Pesth, amid the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. The war between Denmark and the Dutchies continues, fiercely contested on both sides. The Danes have been less successful than last year; after having lost a part of their squadron they have been defeated at Kolding, and were obliged to leave the city and trophies to the Schleswig Holstein troops. A long and bloody combat of six hours' duration ensued at Kolding, and almost the whole city was reduced to ashes after having been taken by storm. It is reported that preliminaries of new conditions of peace have been proposed by England and Sweden, and already accepted by Prussia. They are the withdrawal of the troops from Jutland, and the simultaneous cessation of the blockade of the German ports by the Danes.

Spain is restored to internal peace; the Count of Montemolin, the aspirant to the throne, has returned to 38 Harley-street, London, and Cabrera, the Carlist General, was arrested at Perpignan, and taken to Fort Lamalgue. Queen Isabel can now devote herself most safely to the study of what are the best bonbons, and how the Pope can be best restored. Pius IX. has promised many gratuitous indulgences to the chaste Spanish Queen, should he ever return to his Vatican, against the will of the Roman people. But although there appears to be, in some parts of Europe, a temporary lull at this moment, we must believe that the storm is only momentarily suspended; we are sure that it has not blown away; and in less than a month all Europe will be set on fire. There will be a general war, not between nation and nation, but between freedom and tyranny. The struggle will be hard and terrible; it will be long and full of all the horrors of a battle of life and death; and we have faith that democracy shall rise proudly from the ruins of monarchy, and freedom shall be the only government of the whole European continent.

"Yet, Freedom! yet, thy banner, torn, but flying,
Streams like a meteor against the stormy wind."

Art Union.—The great prosperity of this popular institution is such, we are pleased to hear, that it has purchased the lots adjoining to its present gallery for the purpose of doubling its size and accommodating an increased number of visitors, as well as to display an increasing number of rich specimens of American art. To the public spirit and patriotic zeal of the gentlemen who preside may be ascribed the means which has attended this effort to create a market for the works of American genius; and it is gratifying to note already, in the general increase of demand for pictures and works of art throughout the country, the perceptible fruits of their exertions. It is of little avail that brilliant pictures are produced, if there are none to appreciate. Gen. Wetmore and the other gentlemen are performing the singular service of producing a demand, by creating a taste for, and an ability to appreciate, the efforts of artists. The institution has become of great magnitude, and its arrangements for engraving, paper-making, printing and distributing, are on the most extensive scale, giving employment to great numbers of persons.

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NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

1.—THE ADIRONDACK; or, Life in the Woods. By J. T. HEADLEY, author of Washington and his Generals, &c. Baker & Scribner, New-York.

Many of our readers, especially our city readers, will be absolutely startled to hear, that within the heart of the great and populous state of New-York there lies a vast region, extending over more than one hundred miles in every direction, which remains to this day a perfect wilderness, uninhabited by man, although offering many inducements to settlers. Such is, nevertheless, the fact. The wildest and fiercest and largest animals of the American forest still range over a tract which embraces eleven counties of Northern New-York. There the beaver still builds, and the great moose browses ignorant of hounds; and the bear and the panther have still to learn what a fearful enemy is man. Mr. Headley calls this region the Adirondack. We believe that this name properly belongs only to the eastern section of it, in the neighborhood of the Adirondack mountains. At all events, the settlers on its borders generally call it after some of the original grantees. But to obviate confusion, and because the name of Adirondack hath a savor of aboriginal euphony, and sounds infinitely better than "Mac Comb's Purchase, or "John Brown's Tract," we accept Mr. Headley as a sponsor for this Cimmerian country. During a residence of some years on the northern border of this state, we acquired some personal and much hearsay knowledge about this *terra incognita.* We penetrated its western slope in pursuit of the trout and game in and near the waters of the Oswegatchie and Moose rivers, sometimes even venturing towards the nameless lakes that sleep in solitary beauty many miles from any path or road, in the bosom of a natural forest, whose shades few travellers had entered, and whose trees no surveyor had ever notched, guiding our way by faith and a pocket compass. We therefore took up Mr. Headley's work with a degree of interest, heightened by personal experience and recollection. We have to thank him sincerely for the agreeable hours we have passed in the perusal of his work. Those charming letters really deserved to be redeemed from their ephemeral demi-notoriety, and graced with the honors of binding; he has travelled not only as a sportsman but likewise as a poet, storing his mind with the varying incidents and scenes of a "life in the woods," and his graceful style was admirably adapted to describe the more than Switzerland of our American wilderness. He has availed himself of the pencil of Ingham, Durand, Hill and Gignoux, to adorn his book with appropriate engravings, conveying, if even his pen failed to convey, a good idea of some of the landscapes on his route. But we fear that his book, agreeable and instructive as it certainly is, may deceive many of his readers who will hastily apply to the whole of this section the descriptions which our author intended only for that part of it which he traversed. Mr. Headley was fortunate, or well-advised enough, to select a route which led him over some of the most delightful spots in this country—the sole redeeming features of a most savage wilderness, bristling with horrors, and almost inaccessible to man. As it was, he encountered much toil and fatigue in his progress; but we commend him for his next trip to "John Brown's Tract" proper. He speaks of the ascent of Mount Tahawus as a laborious undertaking—let him try a cedar swamp. He mentions black flies and mosquitoes—let him make the acquaintance of a microscopic friend of ours, called by the Dutch folk of Lewis county a "*Punkie.*" It appears that he succeeded in sleeping tolerably well in his wanderings; but we, borderer as we are, have been driven to the necessity of anchoring our boat to a snag in the middle of a stream or a lake with a "smudge," to windward. We never heard of a backwoodsman so rash as to undertake to trout in that part of the Oswegatchie which skirts this wilderness, without a green veil on his head. That section of the region in question, which we have penetrated, is a hideous howling contiguity of rocks, swamps and dismal evergreen woods, that would frighten Pandemonium with its rugged features by day, and its wolf-barkings and panther-screeches at night. The traveller, on his way over the highlands from Utica northward, has a bird's-eye view of a considerable portion of the "Adirondack." Far as the eye can see—a monotonous plain of melancholy woods rising towards some blue summits at the eastward. Not a clearing can be seen, nor a sign of life, save that the woodcutter's smoke here and there announces that a stream

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meanders its sluggish highway for lumber. The heavy vapors hang in spots over the summits of trees, suggesting unpleasant ideas of ague and malaria. The timber looks unwholesome—the air seems infected. A dismal spirit seems to be brooding over the entire dreary waste, warning off the rash enterprise of man. At regular periods this wilderness changes owners through a summary process of conveyancing, peculiar to the comptroller of the state of New-York, when he sells lands for taxes.

Nevertheless, civilization has already begun to pierce through the heart of this hitherto impervious barrier of savage nature. A road is now being cut from the flourishing village of Carthage to Lake Champlain, which will render some of the beautiful scenery, so well described by Mr. Headley, readily accessible to the most fastidious of tourists. For this praiseworthy enterprise much credit is due to the indefatigable zeal and energetic representations of Mr. N. J. Beach, the skilful engineer, and at present one of our canal commissioners. The Black River canal, now in process of construction, opens a water communication between the Erie canal and the Black River, at the foot of the High Falls, from which place that romantic stream remains navigable for forty-five miles, skirting and just avoiding, like a sensible river, the outer rim of the repulsive "Adirondack," until it reaches Carthage, the terminus of the Champlain road, and there the frolic river, delighted as it were with the idea of escaping from such a tedious neighborhood, breaks into a thousand antics, leaping and skipping from rock to rock, through "long falls" and short falls, and mill races, cataracts and cascades of all sorts and names, until it plunges headlong into lake Ontario. In the very centre of the "Adirondack," on the borders of Long Lake, another symptom of civilization has been for several years in existence in the shape of a most patriarchal and neighborly settlement of some fifteen families or so. These persons have organized a regular township and road district. Their town is the largest in the state, and extends over the greater part of Hamilton county. Yearly they assemble and meet at the polls, religiously exercising the privilege of voting, which furnishes their messengers with the opportunity of a well-paid trip to Albany and back. Yearly they decree great public outlay in road and highway repairs. The benevolent comptroller is amazed at the enormous returns which he receives of lands belonging to non-residents, and assessed for highway labor. He doubtless imagines that causeways on a most gigantic scale are being erected by the patriotic settlers. But still as these returns are regular, the worthy functionary has nothing to do but to cause the amounts to be paid, and advertise the returned lands. Their supervisor, who lives about forty miles from the seat of government, is obliged to travel some three or four hundred miles to attend the meetings of the board; the direct road leading through a district which is impassable during more than half of the year.* Thus progresses civilization in the "Adirondack." Yet the day is not far distant when its enormous mineral wealth shall be developed, and its solitary water-falls shall work Cyclopean bellows and forge hammers. The streams that issue from this desolate wilderness are all impregnated with oxide of iron. These streams may also be appealed to as offering, by their eccentric and broken courses, a striking and significant illustration of the rugged nature of the ground which they drain. The whole expanse of the Adirondack is studded with innumerable lakes, some of which are admirably described by Mr. Headley—to say nothing of swamps, likewise innumerable, which he does not stop to describe. These lakes and these swamps send forth their waters in four or five different directions. The Mohawk takes its rise in the southern part of the Adirondack, receiving the tribute of East and West Canada creeks. The Black River, an important and interesting stream, worthy of a more poetic name, drains a large portion of this region through its own channel, and that of its tributaries, Moose and Beaver rivers; while Grass and Raquette rivers empty at different points in the St. Lawrence the surplus waters of the northern slope, being relieved of a part of their duty by two most unaccountable streams, the Indian and Oswegatchie, a pair of twin vagrants, which, after describing all manner of geometrical figures in their course, sometimes approaching very close to each other, sometimes widely separated, and finally tumble together into the St. Lawrence. Thus this rugged country throws off its spare moisture in as many different directions as the most diligent "boxing" of the compass can suggest, through rivers that now spread into swamps, or, metamorphosed into placid lakes—mirror the sky—and now rush headlong between narrow perpendicular walls of limestone, or cover with foam some slanting bed of rocks. Nay, there is a lake whose current runs in two opposite directions. This is lake Paradox, alluded to in the work.

* The various town offices are distributed on the most democratic principle of rotation. To the honor of this community be it said, that their justices have little or no business, excepting to award bounties at the expense of the state and county for the destruction of wolves, wild cats and panthers.

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The circumstance of this region presenting such a number of different slopes, the character and course of its waters, and the presence of summits of immense magnitude, will convey to the reflecting mind a sufficient general idea of this vast wilderness. For a graphic and pleasing account of some of its particular features—an account agreeably interspersed with personal narrative and lively incidents of a "Life in the Woods"—we commend our readers to a perusal of the work which has suggested our present notice.

2.—Kaloolah: or, Journeyings to the Djebel Kumri. An Autobiography of Jonathan Romer. Edited by W. S. Mayo, M. D. Illustrated by Darley. G. P. Putnam, New-York.

We have had the pleasure of seeing the pages of this work both in MSS. and while passing through the press, and we but express our conviction, when we assert, that it is by far the most attractive and entertaining book that we have read since the days when we were fascinated by the chef d'œuvre of Defoe, or the graceful inventions of the Arabian Nights. It is truly an American novel—not wholly American in scenery, but American in character, and American in sentiment. The style is fresh and vigorous—the adventures abundant and exciting. We predict for this work a place in the front rank of modern romantic literature.

Dr. Mayo is not altogether unknown to the readers of the "Review." Many remember a pleasing sketch under the title of "The Captain's Story," and in the present the author has improved in the clearness of delineation and chasteness of style by which that story was characterised.

3.—Irving's Works.—The Crayon Miscellany. By Washington Irving. Author's revised edition. George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

This volume forms number nine of the standard edition of the works of Washington Irving, and we trust that standard editions of the works of other American authors will follow in due course. Already we observe that Mr. Putnam has issued the first of a uniform edition of Mr. Cooper's works, which will doubtless be as eagerly sought for all private libraries as this edition of Irving's. This volume of the Crayon Sketches comprises a series of the most popular productions of the "Prince of story-tellers."

4.—Dahcotah; or, Life and Legends of the Sioux around Fort Snelling. By Mrs. Mary Eastman. With Designs, by Capt. Eastman. John Wiley, 161 Broadway.

Mrs. Eastman, it appears, lived for seven years at Fort Snelling, at which fort her husband was in all that period stationed. She employed most of the leisure time which the monotonous garrison life left at her disposal, in studying the Indian character as it developed itself in the Dahcotah who dwelt in the neighborhood. The fruits of her observations are given in a very interesting form, and the legends which she has carefully collected, throw much light upon the hitherto little understood character of a race now nearly extinct. The work commends itself by its apparent truthfulness, in forming important evidence, by an accurate witness, in relation to the yet unwritten history of the red man.

5.—Last Leaves of American History; comprising Histories of the Mexican War and California. By Emma Willard. George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

This work can by no means aspire to the dignity of "history." In the compass of 230 pages, it touches superficially upon the prominent events of eight years of American progress, but in no degree defines the circumstances from which leading events were developed with sufficient clearness to aid the learner, or merely to serve as a book of reference. As an instance, in page 13, under date of 1841, it is stated that the old U. States Bank failed; that Nicholas Biddle, after "doing much to sustain struggling merchants," going "beyond his depth, he and his bank failed." The bank stopped payment in 1837. Mr. Biddle left it finally in 1838. The bank resumed in January, 1839—again suspended in date 1839, and finally failed February, 1841, three years after Mr. Biddle left it, without having done anything for merchants. This manifest inaccuracy of a work purporting to be a history, is observable in almost all the prominent statements.

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6.—Adventures in the Libyan Desert and the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. By Bayle St. John. George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

This is an agreeable account of a journey by the author in 1847, from Alexandria to the Oasis, which is now proved to have been that to which Alexander repaired for proofs of his divine origin. The style is lively and sketchy, and the interest well sustained.

7.—Kavanagh: A Tale. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. W. D. Ticknor & Co., Washington and School-streets, Boston.

The neat, graceful style of the publications of Messrs. Ticknor & Co. is well known and appreciated by the public; and the appearance of this tale by Longfellow sustains their credit. A work by Mr. Longfellow is always a matter of high interest in the literary world, while general expectation is still disappointed in relation to any enduring monument of Mr. Longfellow's genius; and the present tale, which depicts the lofty aspirations of a poetic soul, conscious of great abilities, but without the energy or perseverance to undertake, may in some respect define the position of the writer. We trust, however, that the despairing accents of the hero, with which the book closes, are not the expression of Mr. Longfellow's feelings.

8.—Grammar of the Latin Language. By Leonhardc Shmitz, F. R. S. E. Lea & Blanchard.

This is one of the classical series, by Schmitz and Zumpt, published in the neat style of Messrs. Lea & Blanchard.

The neatness, cheapness, and accuracy of this series, together with its skilful adaptation to the wants of both teachers and students, have secured for it the universal approbation of those to whom it has been submitted. They help where teachers have found by experience that the student most generally needs aid; and yet the help is such as renders it impossible for even the lazy to escape without a careful analysis of the text.

9.—The Genius of Italy; being Sketches of Italian Life, Literature, and Religion. By the Rev. Robert Turnbull, author of the Genius of Scotland. G. P. Putnam.

At a moment when Italy is about to become regenerated—when the long slumbering spirit of the people is about assuming its ancient vigor, a work of this kind is desirable; and the country, its people, and prominent features, are given with much truth and force. While we agree with the author in his wishes for the emancipation of Italy, we cannot subscribe to his notion, that it is better for the hand of power to hold democracy in check "a few years longer." It would seem to us, that if the long ages in which that people have been submerged in misery have not sufficed to consolidate their republicanism, a few years longer will scarcely be of further service. The book is valuable for its descriptions rather than for its reasonings, or the conclusions of its author.

10.—The Incarnation; or, Pictures of the Virgin and her Son. By Charles Beecher, Fort Wayne, Indiana. Harper, Brothers.

A neat little volume, fraught with piety and truth.

11.—The Hill of Difficulty, and some Experiences of Life in the Plains of Ease, with other Miscellanies. By George B. Cheever, D. D. John Wiley, 161 Broadway.

This volume embraces a selection of writings which the author in his preface calls "*Leaves*," comprising "Deacon Giles' Distillery," "Deacon Jones' Brewery," &c. The former of these was some years since, if we remember right, the basis of a libel suit. The admirers of Dr. Cheever will doubtless find in this new volume sources of pleasure and instruction.

12.—Fernande; or, the Fallen Angel. By Alexander Dumas. Stringer & Townsend, 222 Broadway.

The prolific pen of Dumas maintains its reputation for piquancy and interest. No writer follows with more truth and genius the sinuosities of social life as it exists in Paris. The high popularity his works have attained are the evidence of his success in touching a responsive chord in the public mind.

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